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Collier's

THE NAT WEEKLY ★

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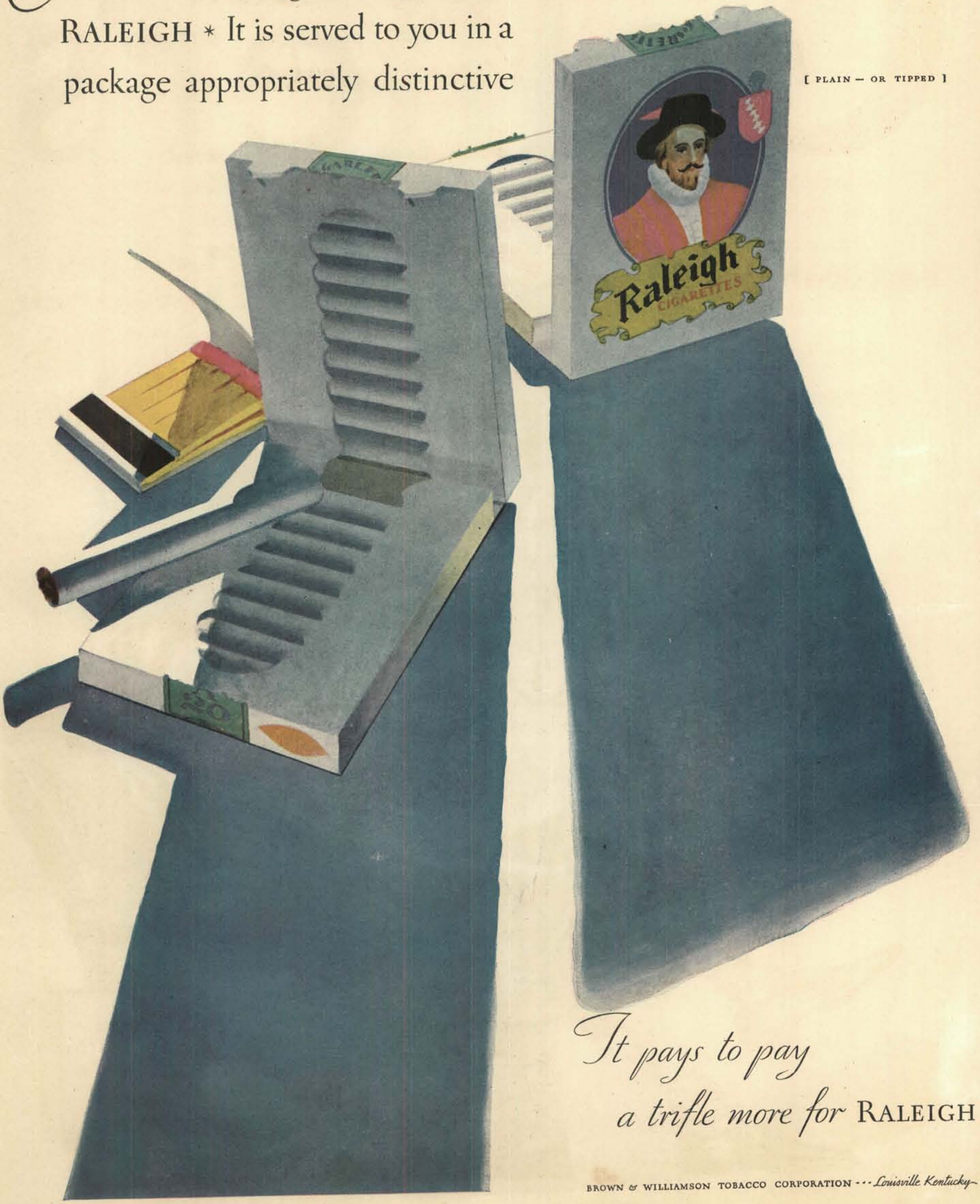

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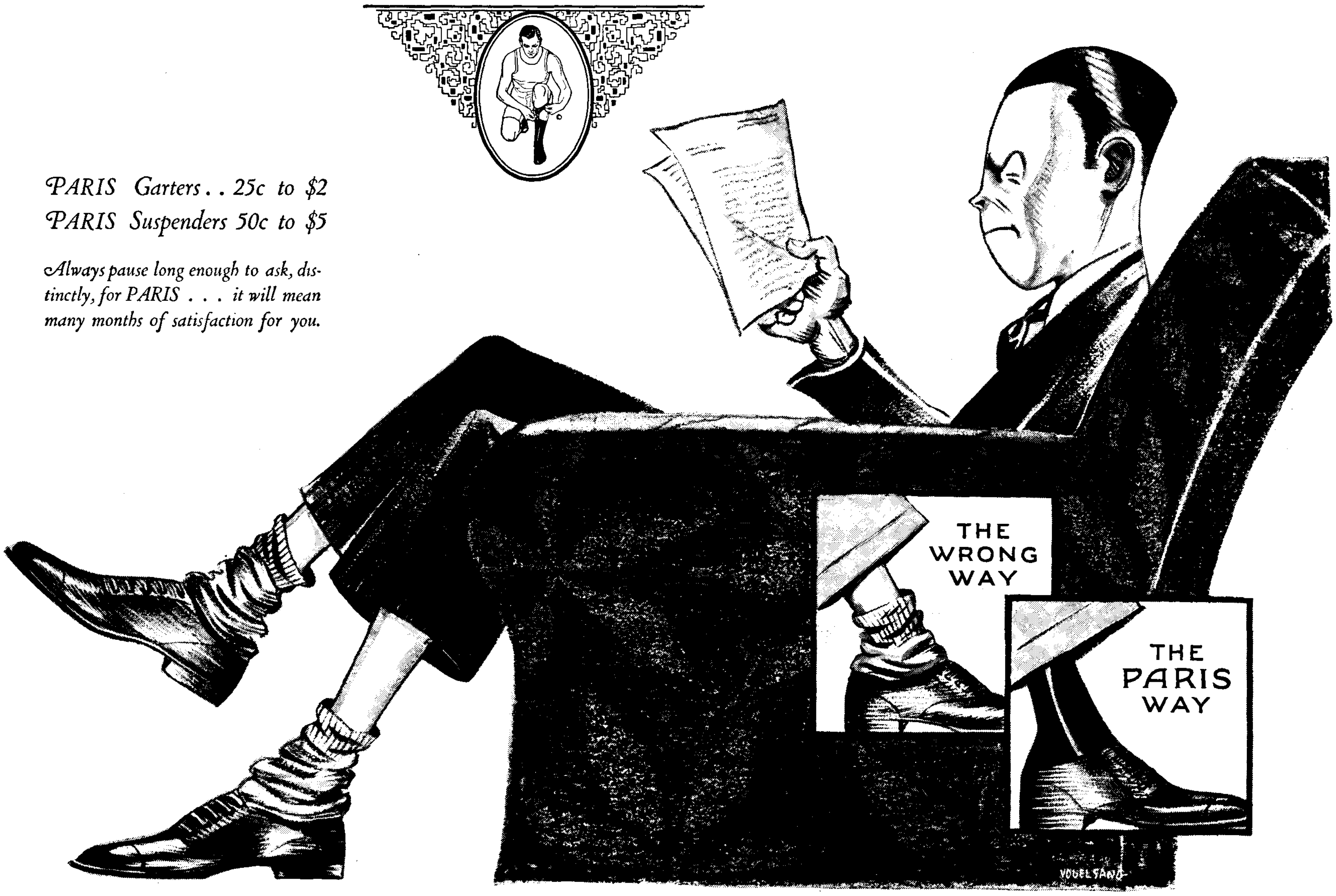

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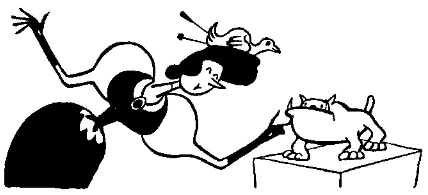
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

OUR under-cover men report that the Clemenceau articles are making new thousands newsstand conscious, an advertising term denoting success. We had gathered as much from our mail. Investigations seldom turn up anything you don't already know.

The third article appears next week. It deals, among other things, with the work of President Wilson at the Peace Conference. As you read it think of the old Tiger sitting alone in the shadow of the grave recording his victories and defeats, bestowing praise and blame, still fighting with all his old vigor and wit. A colossus to the end.

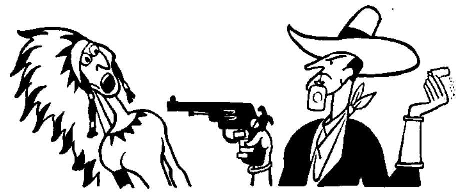


THERE must be a whole generation of voters in America who have never so much as seen a pug dog, to say nothing of hearing one cough. Our fortunate youth, therefore, will not wonder at the difficulties which beset the property man of "Sweet Adeline" who simply had to find a pug before Miss Irene Franklin could be expected to play a burlesque queen of the nineties. He found one, after long search, in Chicago, the ultra-modern city.

Alexander Woollcott tells about it, with many a sigh for other days, in his highly entertaining article about animal actors, non-union. Do you remember Michael, the dog in "Peg o' My Heart"? You *are* young. Well, a good story—"Victoria, Lizzie and Others."

—

WE DON'T come out boldly in support of bigamy, but when the bigamist is a ferryboat captain our righteous superiority is practically nonexistent. From the title of Wallace Irwin's story "Heads Together" you will suspect that the wives meet. They do, and right on Cap'n Zep Tilly's own boat. We were never so glad to get ashore in all our days.



WHEN Teddy Pinkney took his boy scouts to the great open spaces for their two weeks' vacation no one thought the talking pictures were about to suffer the injection of a new idea. Least interested of all was Rosie Cary, the manicurist, who expected a ring from Teddy and didn't get it. But, as we observe frequently when in a metaphor-mixing mood, an earnest young man who gets the breaks can move mountains. If the breaks are funny, as in Nina Wilcox Putnam's "Good Scout," that's so much velvet.

—

CATCH up with "Fu Manchu's Daughter" and "Reckless Cinderella." Then try Chester T. Crowell's excellent short story "A Petition for Pardon," George Creel's "Two Too Many," Grantland Rice's article, Ring Lardner's—there's so much to read. We shall be accused of working for the electric light trust before the week is out.

THIS WEEK

April 12, 1930

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Any Week

MR. CREIGHTON R. SILVER assures us, from Leeds, England, that only his job as European manager for an American manufacturer of farm machinery keeps him absent from his native state of Iowa.

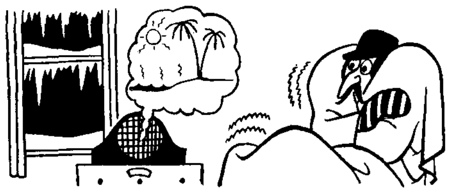
"I have been here two years," writes he, "and have not forgotten a parting injunction from my boss in Chicago. He told me to work hard, keep my nose out of politics and never to forget that I am an American.

"You may be interested to know, therefore, that while the newspapers from home keep me informed of what is going on, it is Collier's Weekly that keeps the edge on my Yankee spirit. No propaganda one way or another, just brightly, enthusiastically and typically American throughout—that's Collier's. I thought you'd like to know."

—

A COUNTRY doctor in Tennessee who says it would be just as well if we didn't publish his name writes that he is retiring from practice after forty years.

"I've stood by my people as they came into the world and I've held their hands as they drifted out. Tolerance and understanding are two of the rewards of such intimacy with life. But now I'm quitting. On one hand I am sneered at for a dodderer because I will not issue whisky prescriptions merely to satisfy alcoholic appetites; and on the other I am threatened with boycott because I refuse to sign a church petition calling on Congress to abolish the right of a physician to prescribe liquor in any case. . . . Suddenly I have grown very tired, so I'm quitting."



AMONG the things that will not get into this column is what Mr. Theodore A. Clarke of Wallagrass, Maine, said one Sunday evening in January. We have it from Mrs. Clarke that Mr. Clarke was applying a soothing unguent to a pair of frosted feet (his own) when she tuned in on Collier's Radio Hour and the love-story girl opened up with a Florida romance. Mrs. Clarke withheld the more stirring details; but she did write that the thermometer then registered forty below in Wallagrass.

—

MRS. EUNICE JORGENSEN of Minnesota (we can't quite make out the town's name) complains somewhat bitterly of Miss Helen Z. Smith's "Stepdaughters of War." She condemns it as immoral. She says it encourages irreverence toward one's parents. It tends, writes she, to lower the high standard of womanhood and suggests that Miss Smith and her sisters-at-arms were not all that they might have been—morally, that is.

But worst of all, Mrs. Jorgensen, after forbidding her eighteen-year-old daughter to read the story, discovered that the girl's sorority read and discussed the Smith serial at their Tuesday-evening meetings. This, says Mrs. Jorgensen, is our fault. Her logic is irrefutable: If we hadn't published the story, Miss Jorgensen would not have defied her mother and read it in secret.

—

Still, somehow we just can't condemn Miss Jorgensen. You see we ourselves have read Miss Smith's beautiful story twice.

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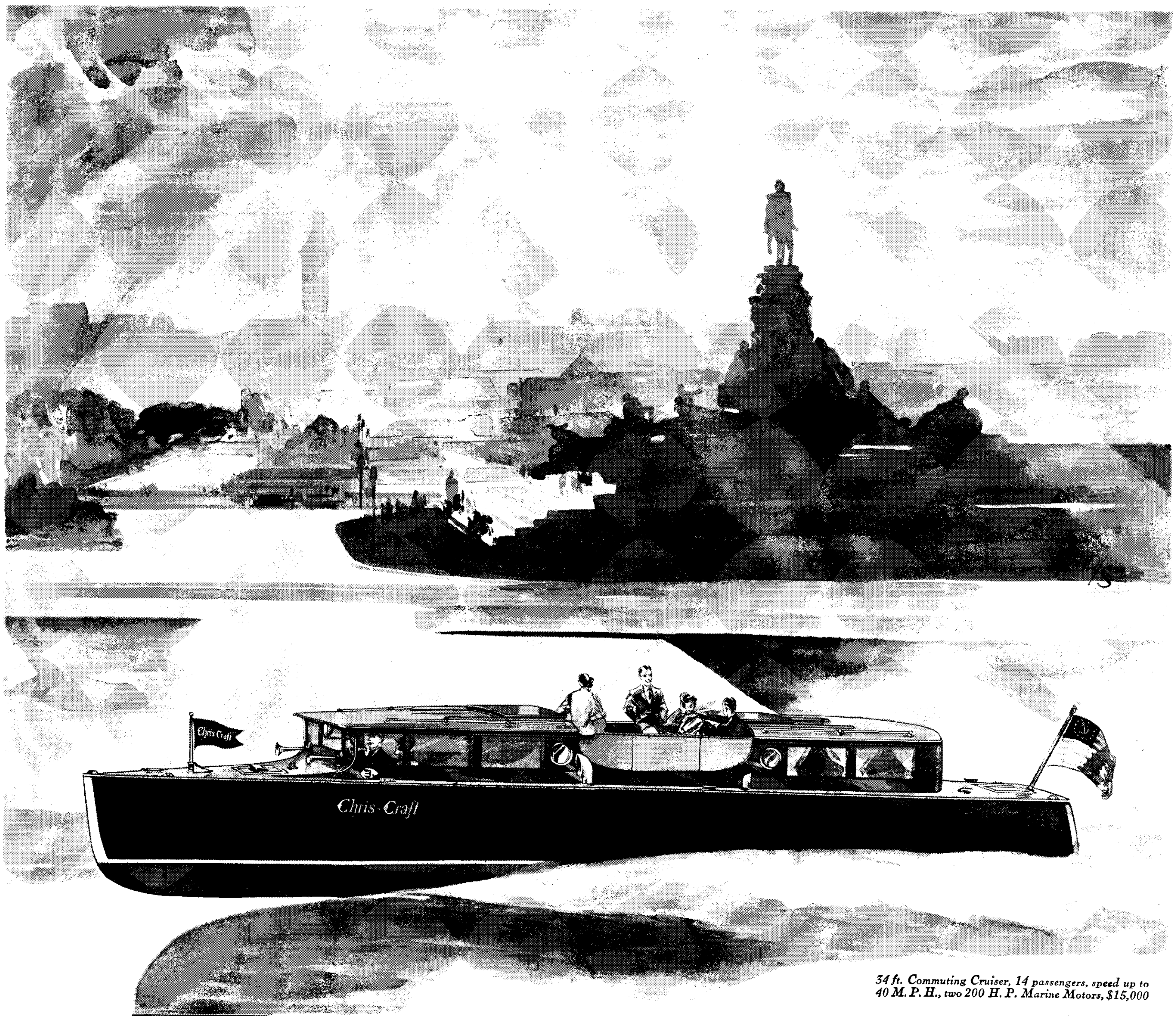

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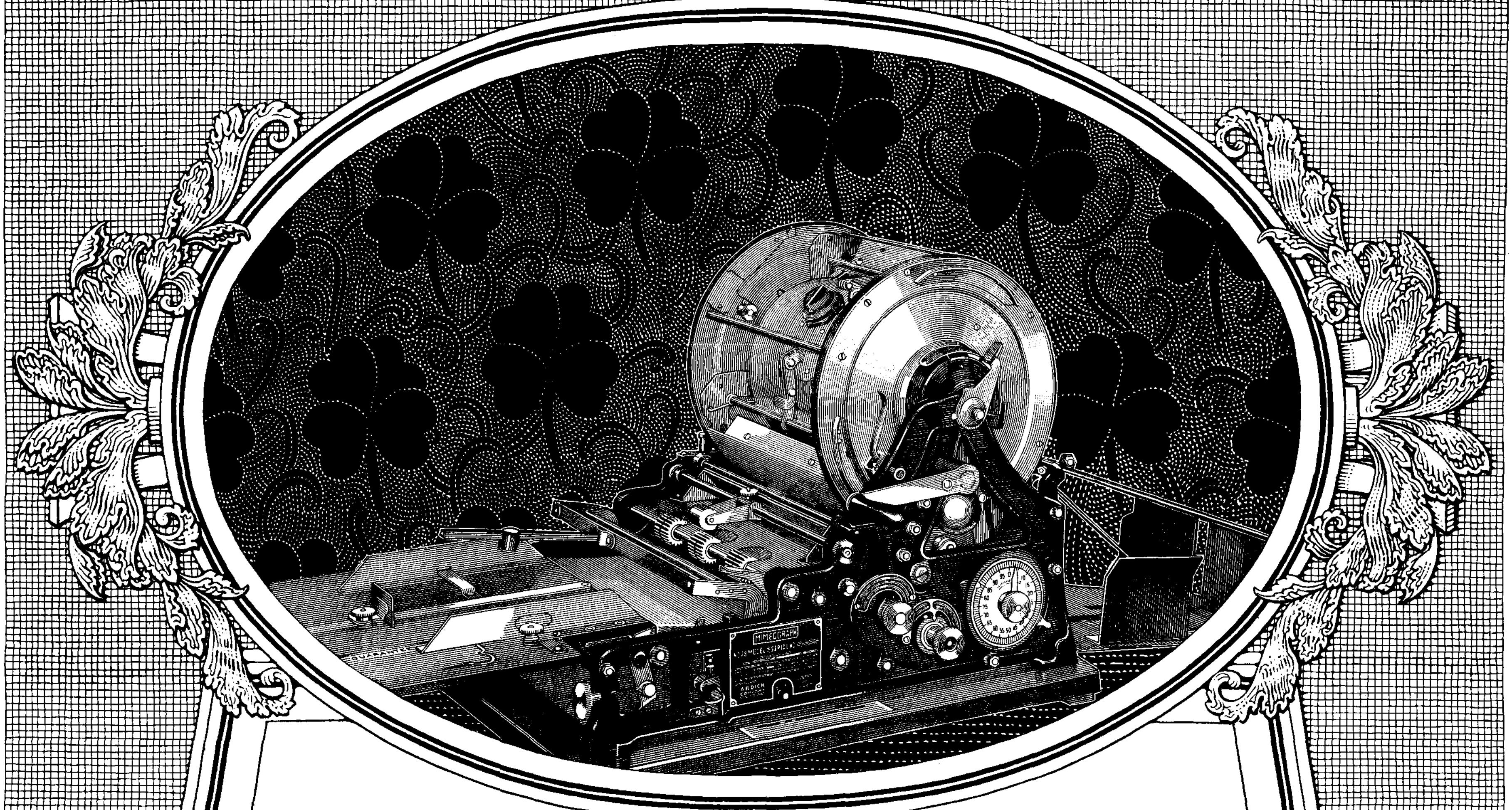

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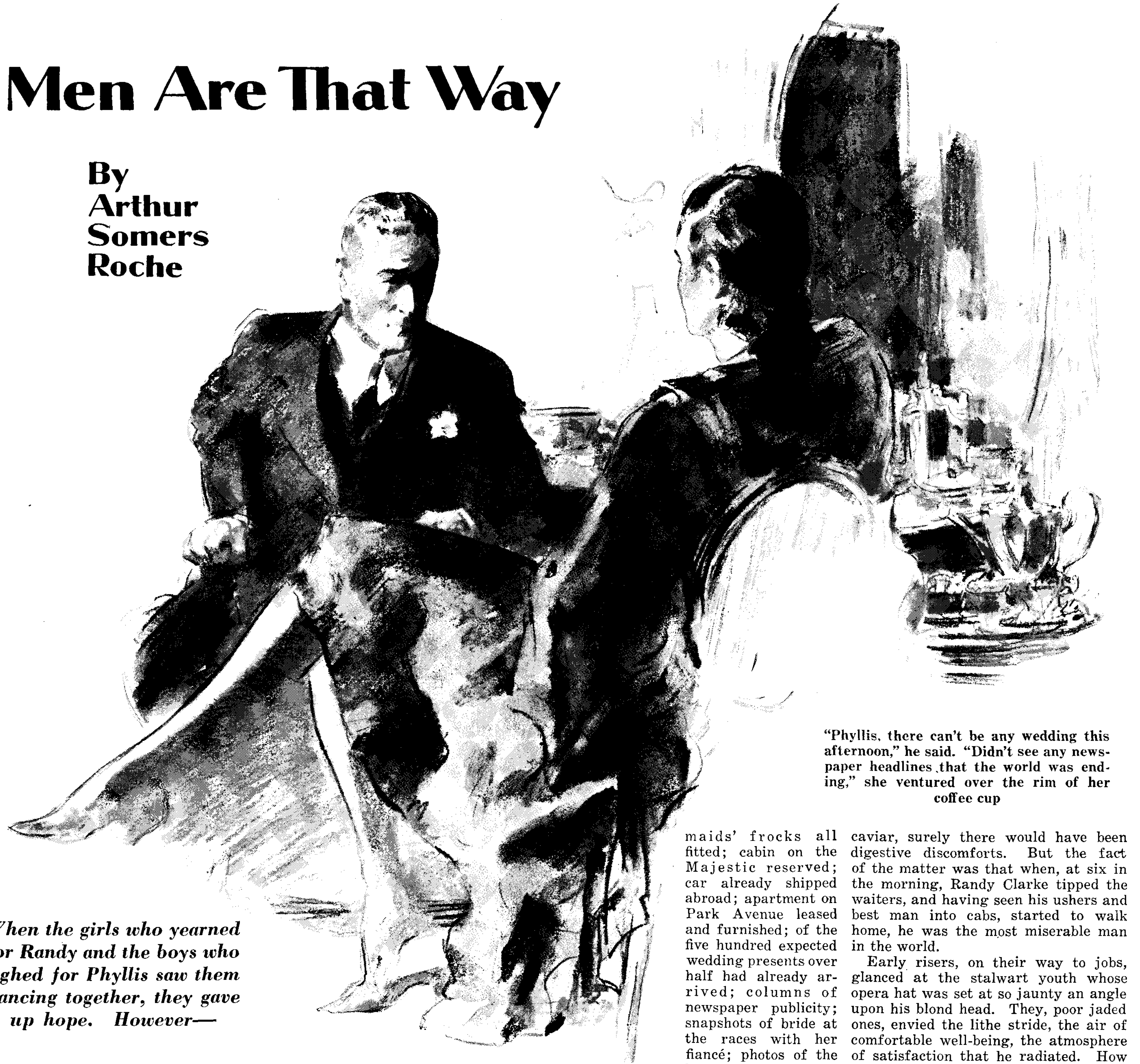
Men Are That Way

By Arthur Somers Roche



"Phyllis, there can't be any wedding this afternoon," he said. "Didn't see any newspaper headlines that the world was ending," she ventured over the rim of her coffee cup

When the girls who yearned for Randy and the boys who sighed for Phyllis saw them dancing together, they gave up hope. However—

MEN are that way, too.

I know, girls: John was *so* insistent. He just swept you off your feet. When you wanted to postpone the wedding, he wouldn't *hear* of it. Men are so certain, while girls can never be sure. Why, half the marriages happen because the man just makes the girl say yes.

Yeah? Uh-huh? Is that so? Well, scratch my name off the list of candidates for the Order of American Chivalry, and at the next meeting of the Sorosis Club turn my picture to the wall.

For men are that way, too, my pets. For instance, there was Randy Clarke. And will you ladies kindly stop crowding as I present him? A swell lad. Tall, good looking, money, position, and a way with him. But quit pawing him in that shy fashion of your sex, girls. Remember you have mothers, even though your fathers never see them when Rudy Vallée passes through town.

And now, take Phyllis. No? All right, girls, I'll take her. Slim, lovely, convex here and concave there, violet-eyed and brown-gold of hair; red lips and white throat and what not and why not. Money, position, and a way with her. And if the gentlemen will kindly remember that I saw her first, and quit crowding me . . .

Just made for each other. The girls who yearned for Randy and the boys who sighed for Phyllis saw them dancing together, shrugged or wept as the case might be, and made mental estimates of the cost of wedding presents.

As for Phyllis and Randy, they disdained those fencings which ordinarily precede engagements. She didn't pout and he didn't glower, and they didn't quarrel for the fun of making up. Quarrels were degrading, they both felt. If you cared for someone, and someone loved you, it was much easier to ask a question if anything went wrong than to scold.

Sane, sweet, reasonable, and madly in love with each other. Nothing on earth to prevent their getting married; engagement ring selected and tried on and worn; trousseau chosen; bridesmaids' frocks all fitted; cabin on the Majestic reserved; car already shipped abroad; apartment on Park Avenue leased and furnished; of the five hundred expected wedding presents over half had already arrived; columns of newspaper publicity; snapshots of bride at the races with her fiancé; photos of the bride on Fifth Avenue with her fiancé; Bishop Blair engaged to say the fatal words; ushers all drilled in their duties at the church; bride's attendants praying, each of them, that she'd be the lucky one to catch the bride's bouquet tomorrow.

Which brings us right up to the groom's bachelor dinner. What ho and wassail, and it's always fair weather, and what the hell, Randy, you're only married once, and drink her down, drink her down.

" 'S love match," said Pete Burleigh, the best man. He looked truculently around the table. "Can lick any blankety-blank here dares say ain't love match. Can lick anybody in whole wide worl' says ain't bes' love match in his-t'ry. Bes' pal all wide worl' gonna marry swell li'l girl and all for love. Randy, old pal, envy from bottom of heart. Lucky lad."

Now don't ask me what did it. The champagne was absolutely vouched for. The bootlegger who furnished it was an honorable gentleman who wouldn't give a gent bum licker. If it had been the caviar, surely there would have been digestive discomforts. But the fact of the matter was that when, at six in the morning, Randy Clarke tipped the waiters, and having seen his ushers and best man into cabs, started to walk home, he was the most miserable man in the world.

Early risers, on their way to jobs, glanced at the stalwart youth whose opera hat was set at so jaunty an angle upon his blond head. They, poor jaded ones, envied the lithe stride, the air of comfortable well-being, the atmosphere of satisfaction that he radiated. How could they know that he walked smoothly because he was a trained athlete and could not slump dejectedly if he tried?

Yet the least of these who envied him aroused his jealousy. They were free. At least, for the sake of argument he preferred to assume that they were. While he, Randy Clarke, was going to sign himself into lifelong servitude at four o'clock this afternoon.

And why?

BECAUSE a pretty face, an alluring figure, a clever mind, and a sweet character had been too much for him. But he didn't want the pretty face or the lovely figure or the sympathetic soul or the brilliant mind. As a friend—yes. As a chum—swell. But as someone whose interests and rights you had always to consult, whose feelings you must always consider . . .

What a pack of slaves men were. A darkened corner, a pair of yielding lips, and a man mumbled a lot of damned nonsense which Galahad couldn't mean, and the next thing he knew he was altar-bound, and home-bound, and family-bound, and grand-parentally-bound. . . . He couldn't tell his man to rush a couple of trunks to the Aquitania. Heaven help us, no!

Passage must be purchased weeks ahead; one's wife's maid must be notified that madame's clothes may be in order; and the trip must be postponed because of the Stayley luncheon, or the Mannering dinner. . . .

What wife would want to go Florida in June? Why, the absurdity of it. Suppose the tarpon don't bite in March, *everyone* will be South then, and no one will be South in *June*.

Suppose someone telephoned for a fourth at bridge? A man couldn't let his wife mope at home alone, could he? And the chances were a hundred to one that she would have booked you for the night, anyway. Oh, sure, there were those married men who vowed the little women were sportsmen, and never interfered, but you saw those boasting old birds tagging in to dinner six nights a week just the same, didn't you?

"But, damn it, Ran Clarke, you *love* Phyllis," his accusing conscience told him.

"Love? Love? What's love? Who knows what it is? How do I know I love her? Like to kiss her, like to hear her talk, like to hear her laugh, like to dance with her—what's that to do with love?" Thus another part of him retorted to conscience.

A COLD bath failed to rout the demoniac thoughts that possessed him. A cigarette had no alleviation to offer his tortured nerves. His soft bed enveloped him in blankets but not in sleep or even rest.

"The condemned man ate a hearty breakfast," he quoted as, after three hours of tossing, he finally rang for his morning tray. But the toast tasted burned, and the coffee was bitter, and he couldn't go his egg at all.

The morning papers could not hold his wandering attention. Suppose there *was* a quake here, and a flood there? What did those people know of suffering? They weren't being dragged to the stake, weren't holding out their hands for the chains. . . .

Damnation, a man couldn't be *forced* into matrimony. Vulgar women made men pay money for refusal to wed, but the lagging lovers weren't compelled to go through the marriage ceremony. By God, he wouldn't do it.

He drew a deep breath at this thought. What a caddish thing to contemplate, to permit to enter one's thoughts. But why? What was caddish about it? This strange woman whom he didn't know—this Phyllis Conrey whom he was to marry this afternoon—what right did she have to inflict upon him her will and wishes for a lifetime? Suppose he *had* told her he loved her? Suppose he had asked her to marry him? A man could change his mind, couldn't he?

Caddish? On the contrary. Only possible decent thing to do. Despicable to marry a girl you didn't love. Contemptuous, too. Showed you pitied her so that you felt you had to give her yourself. . . . A girl like Phyllis wouldn't want that sort of pity. Why, if Phyllis knew how he felt, wild horses couldn't drag her to the altar.

He reached for the telephone.

"Miss Conrey is asleep, Mr. Clarke," he heard her maid say.

And then another voice, a voice that yesterday had held tones that thrilled, cut in on the maid's excuses.

"I'm on this extension, Martha; hang up, please." Then: "Oh, Ran, of course I wasn't asleep. I've been awake half the night—but I was afraid you'd be tired out from the dinner—was it a great time?"

"I guess so, Phyl," he answered. "Everyone was boiled so I suppose it was a success. Phyl, I want to see you."

"Darling, I want to see you," she said, "but I just haven't one single moment to spare all day long. But, Ran, you'll see me enough after four o'clock—"

"Won't do. Got to see you this morning—now," he insisted.

"This morning? Why, Ran, what's wrong?"

"Coming up now, got to see you," he said.

She laughed, but her mirth was forced.

"Come and watch me drink my coffee," she suggested. "It will shock Mamma, but—"

"Be there—twenty minutes," he said.

He was. And a somewhat scandalized maid ushered him into the boudoir-den-breakfast-room where, behind a tiny table, more lovely in some sort of wispy negligee than he had ever seen her, sat Phyllis.

If his manner over the telephone had alarmed her, she had conquered uneasiness now. She waved a gay hand in greeting.

"Can give you five minutes, Ran," she said. "Then I must be made beauteous, old man."

"You're beautiful now," he said heavily. Funny that he didn't want that beauty, that it left him unmoved.

Illustrated by William Hoople

"Terribly so?" she asked archly.

He nodded miserably.

"Prettiest girl in the world," he said flatly, without enthusiasm, as though he were justly rendering her her exact due and no more.

"I wish I were—to make you proud this afternoon," she said.

"Phyllis, there can't be any this afternoon," he said.

Her lips smiled, but her eyes didn't.

"Didn't see any newspaper headlines that the world was ending," she ventured over the rim of her coffee cup.

"I mean our marriage," he said. "Phyl, I can't go on with it."

The coffee cup was replaced upon the table, replaced without clatter, without the leakage of a drop over the brim.

"A bit extraordinary, Ran," she said quietly.

"I know it," he miserably admitted.

"I don't suppose that—er—you're not the kind to listen to tales, Ran."

"There couldn't be any tales about you, Phyl," he said.

"One never knows," she said soberly. "There'd be no truth in them, of course. Then what, Ran?"

"I—I can't tell you, Phyllis," he said. "I—you're great, Phyl. If I could ever marry anyone, it would have to be you. But—the whole idea—marriage—slavery—Phyl, I can't go on with it. Phyl, I'm not in love with you."

"A pity you didn't find it out earlier," she commented.

"Go ahead—say anything to me," he groaned.

She shook her head.

"Not going to scold at all, old man. Didn't mean to seem sneering. Just meant it *was* a pity."

"You forgive me, Phyl?" he pleaded.

The violet eyes were misty as she looked at him.

"Bless your heart, Ran, old boy, of course I forgive you. You can't help your feelings. It might have been I who changed. Just happened to be you. That's all. Tough on me, you'll admit, but—life does that sort of thing now and then. What are we to do?"

"Phyl, you're the most wonderful, the bravest—"

"Sh-sh," she held up a finger. "Don't want to spoil it all by crying, Ran. After all, I'm rather young, and—I've cared a lot, Ran. After all, it's brave of you—mighty brave. Lots of men wouldn't have had the courage—"

"I knew you'd die if you thought—ever found out—that pity—"

"I prefer it this way, Ran," she interrupted. "But what are we to do?"

"Just call it off this morning, and—"

Her lovely face grew stern, as the countenance of a just judge might become.

"A girl can't live that sort of thing down, Ran," she said. "An engagement that's broken on the wedding day—well, it must be absolutely certain that the girl broke it."

"It could be announced—"

"Even so. People would say you were chivalrous. Ran, I didn't propose to you. You proposed to me. The burden of the thing is on you."

"Of course," he said. "Phyllis, anything—"

"I just won't show up at the church," she said.

It took a full minute for all the implications of her speech to reach him. Then he gasped:

"My Lord, Phyl, you mean for me to stand there at the altar—what'll I say?"

"What'll *I* say if we just call the engagement off?" she cried. "How can I reply to the thousand and one innuendoes? Whereas, if you are jilted at the altar—at least, the world will say that *I* was the one who refused to marry. And, Ran, you owe me that. A man can live things down; a girl can't. For it to be whispered that you jilted me—well, Ran?"

"I'll do what you wish," he said. "Good-by, Phyl."

"Good-by, Ran," she said.

He made a move to touch her hand, but she withdrew it. Her eyes were stony as she looked at him. Feeling infinitely small, he left the room. But his spiritual stature grew as he reached the street. A contemptible, filthy thing to have done, but—he was glad of it. And the avoidance of marriage was well worth the price he must pay. The columns of speculation in the press, the buzz of the spectators at the church, the consternation of his friends when Phyllis failed to arrive. Street-cleaners would sneer at the man who was jilted at that altar, but—he'd be free, free, free.

But Phyllis had been dead right. Whatever ridicule ensued must be directed solely at himself. There must not be the slightest intimation in his manner or voice or actions which would indicate that he did not expect to be wedded in lawful matrimony at four o'clock this afternoon.

He went through the final conferences with his man about the steamship tickets, about the trunks; he answered phone calls from his lawyer, left careful forwarding directions for his mail. And when Pete Burleigh called for him at about quarter past three, the groom was ready.

"I suppose," jeered Pete, "you've lost the ring?"

Randy handed over the symbol of ownership. Pete thrust it in a waistcoat pocket.

"Haven't lost the ring; don't seem to have lost your nerve; how about your thirst? It's in moments like these that man turns to his best friend, and I got a whole pint of that friend in the cunningest little flask that ever helped to get a bridegroom cock-eyed. Shall we down a couple to the bride, and a few to the groom, and five or six to the best man, and—"

"From one pint?" demanded Randy.

"I got more in the car outside," explained Pete. "No gentleman ever carries more than a pint in his clothes, but he doesn't permit himself to get far from his filling station. No?"

Randy shook his head.

"Not today," he said.

"Well," said Pete, "I'm just a best man, not a bridegroom. Will you kindly watch me while I inhale a slug? Ran, you're a lucky stiff. Great girl, Phyllis. And remember, when a sense of your own unworthiness overwhelms you, and you're about to run right out of the church, that your stanch old pal, Pete Burleigh, is right beside you."

"I think it's time to start, Pete," suggested Randy.

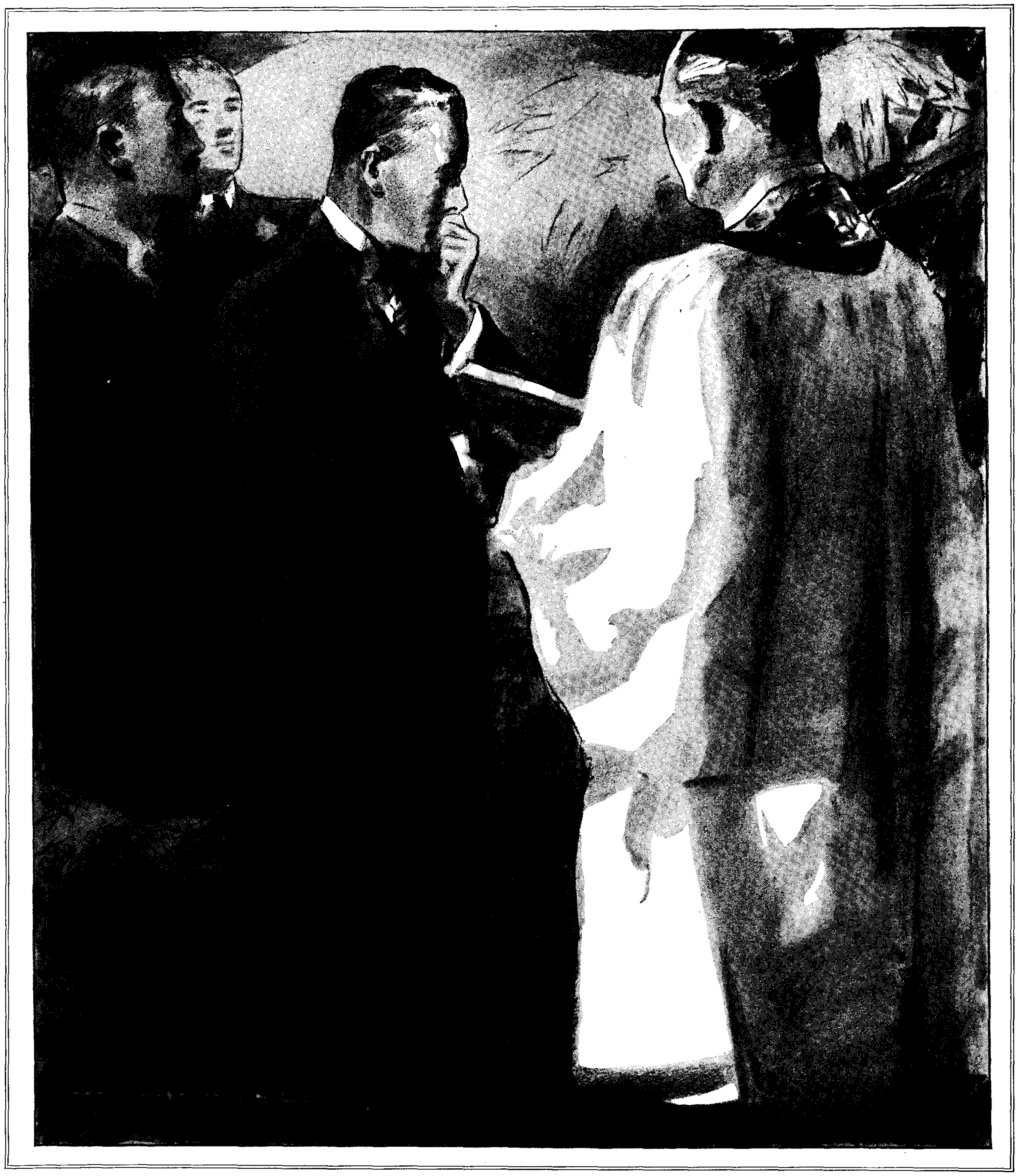
PETE carefully screwed the cap on the flask, slipped it beneath the tails of his cutaway, and surveyed the groom closely.

"Flower in the buttonhole, gleam in the eye, drops of perspiration on the forehead—everything in order. Forward—march."

Pete chatted gaily on the ride to the church. Like every other best man, Pete felt the moment solemn, almost tragic, and his efforts to lighten the situation were ghastly.

If he had only known how tragic the situation really was, thought Randy. A sudden terrible compunction swept over him. In the feeling of relief that he wasn't to be married, and in contemplation of the ridiculous figure he would cut when his bride failed to arrive, he had not given much thought to Phyllis.

God, what a game kid! Took it right over the heart, an absolutely killing punch, and never batted an eyelash, never whimpered. At home now, di-



The strains of Here Comes the Bride. And then, through a fog, the sudden realization that Phyllis wasn't coming

sheveled, tear-stained, sobbing.... Her parents probably were raising heck with her, and she couldn't tell them—bless her pitiful pride—that it was not her reluctance but the reluctance of the man she loved.... Here was the church.

Pete led him to the little room off the altar. There was the rustle of feet as people came down the aisle; there was music; there was that breathless suspense that precedes religious rites of any sort. And then, urged by Pete, he was at the altar.

The perfume from massed banks of flowers; incense from the altar or somewhere; five hundred pairs of eyes that stared and bored right through a man.... The strains, triumphant, swelling, of Here Comes the Bride. And then, through a fog that had hemmed him in, the sudden realization that Phyllis wasn't coming.

Not that he had been a cad, but that he had been the fool of all the ages; not that he was to be made ridiculous, but that he was to be made more miserable than man had ever been before.

His Phyllis! His adorable, lovely girl! And he had gone to see her this morning, and broken off their engagement, and in five minutes the audience would begin to rustle, and in ten minutes it would whisper, and in fifteen minutes it would snicker....

But he didn't care about the spectators. He didn't care about the newspapers; he only cared about his girl, the girl he loved, the girl of all the world....

And now there was a great stir in the church.

"Don't look around, you fathead," whispered Pete. "Godlemighty, anyone would think you didn't expect her."

His nails biting into his palms, Ran stared straight ahead of him. Of course she was coming; the exhalations of admiration could be inspired only by the lovely bride.

She was coming; though he couldn't see her, he could tell her progress by the deep breaths of the audience that sounded nearer and nearer as she came into view of each successive pew. And then she was at the altar; he smelled the fragrance of orange-blossoms; he saw her, radiant, adorable; he felt Pete pressing the ring into his palm; he saw his shaking fingers slipping it over the steady finger of Phyllis....

". . . this woman to be thy wedded wife. . . ."

". . . pronounce thee man and wife. . . ."

The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden . . . the reception . . . the wedding breakfast . . . the cake . . . the rice and old shoes . . . and then she was in his arms.

"Phyl, Phyl, my darling, my beloved—oh, my God, Phyl, I was mad, crazy. And I came to, and I was standing there, and you weren't coming, and I wanted to die, Phyl, to die, because I'd lost you—oh, my beloved, will you ever forgive—and to think that you knew, knew me better than I knew myself.... Phyl," he said solemnly, "suppose you'd taken me seriously?"

Through tears a smile showed.

"Ran darling, a sensible wife never takes a husband seriously. Girls, Ran, get nervous, upset, frightened, unstrung. Why shouldn't a man get that way? I knew that when it came time for me to arrive, you'd want me there."

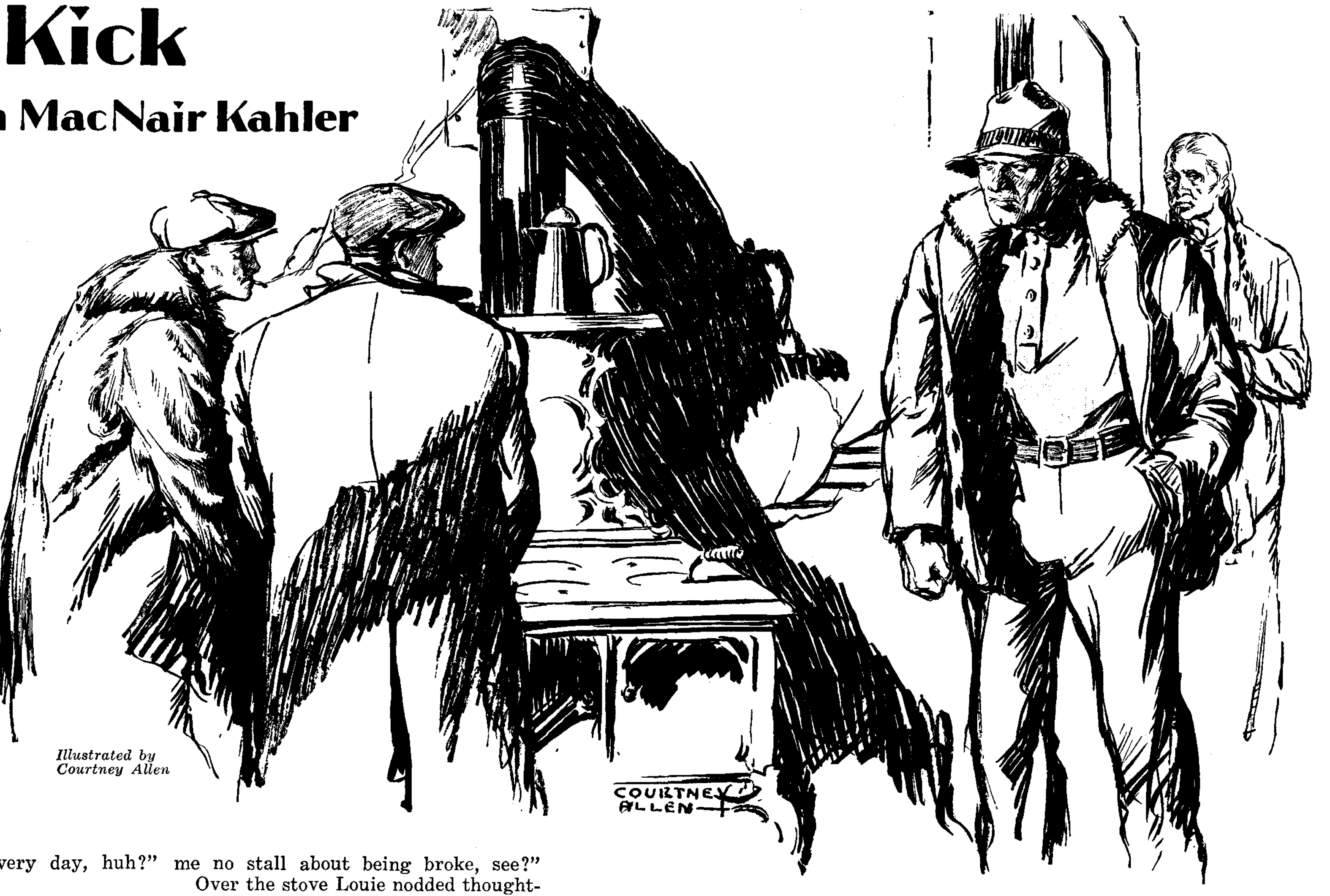
"Want you? Oh, Phyl. . . ."

Certainly, men are that way, too. Thank God that women aren't.

Kick

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

A Short Short Story complete on this page



Illustrated by Courtney Allen

"Just stopped in to get warm," said Louie. "That's all right by me," the big man replied. "Make yourselves to home. I gotta beat it"

"A GOOD deed every day, huh?" said Louie.

"Yeh, a good deed every day," said Big Joe. "You gotta do it, the kid says."

Louie took time to think it over. He pulled his head, turtle-fashion, deeper down into the collar of the fur benny. It was a cold night and the speed of the open bus didn't make it any warmer.

"For nothing, huh?"

"Yeh, for nothing," said Joe. "Even if you get offered a piece of jack you pass it up."

Louie meditated for another bleak mile.

"Then what's the idea? What does it get you?"

Joe shook his head. "Search me. That's what I ast the kid. He tried to tell me there was a kick in it."

He laughed. Louie said nothing. It was getting colder every minute.

"We gotta stop, first chance we get," said Louie. "I gotta get warm."

His teeth chattered. Joe nodded. He stepped on the gas. Louie huddled deeper into the fur-lined benny. It was a long time before they saw a light, and this came from a house that stood well back from the highway, with only a footpath trodden through the snow of the narrow lane that led toward it.

"Stop, anyhow," said Louie. "I gotta get warm."

Joe parked the car. They stumbled, stiff-kneed, toward the lighted window. Joe didn't bother about knocking; the door wasn't locked; they came into a kitchen and made straight for the cook-stove, leaning over it, holding numb hands close to the warm metal.

Somebody was talking in the next room. The voice came through the partition, a heavy voice with a jeering laugh in it.

"Oh, all right, then. If you're so hard up as all that I better take the kid along with me. If you ain't got a cent in the house how you going to feed her? Get her clothes and—"

A murmur, in another voice. Then a laugh.

"I thought so! All right. Come through, then. And nex' time I hike all the way out here, don't try to gimme no stall about being broke, see?"

Over the stove Louie nodded thoughtfully. His fingers were coming back to life; he made them squirm slowly in the warmth.

He kept on working them when the door opened and a big man in a sheepskin jacket came to a sudden halt on the threshold, staring at the two who crouched beside the stove. The big man's hand held a few dollar bills and the thick fingers slowly wadded them together, but except for this there was a moment of watchful silence.

"JUST stopped in to get warm," said Louie.

"That's all right by me," the big man replied. "Make yourselves to home. I gotta beat it."

He shambled quickly across the room. The door slammed. Joe and Louie turned to face the old woman who stood in the doorway. She was homely and shapeless in the baggy red sweater buttoned over a flannel nightgown; her gray-streaked hair fell in a loose, skimpy braid; her faded eyes were heavy with sleep.

"It's all right," said Louie. "We saw your light and we stopped in to get warm, that's all."

His teeth still chattered and in spite of the stove and the fur benny his narrow shoulders shivered a little. The old woman came suddenly awake.

"You're chilled through," she said. "I'll make you some real hot tea. That'll do you more good than the stove will."

She set about brewing it, moving soundlessly in shapeless felt slippers and talking in a carefully hushed whisper. By the time the kettle boiled Joe and Louie had heard all about her granddaughter, who had a little cold and mustn't be waked up if it could be avoided; they heard about the pension-money, too—you could get along first-rate on forty dollars a month if—The old lady didn't finish that sentence, but she glanced at the door and her faded eyes got scared and worried again.

"That the kid's father that was here?" said Louie. "Your son, huh?"

"My son-in-law." She spoke sharply and then, as if she was afraid, looked again at the door. Louie sipped the scalding tea with noisy relish. His teeth had stopped chattering.

"You and the kid would get along all right if it wasn't for him shaking you down all the time, huh?" The woman looked startled. Louie jerked his head toward the inner door. "Heard him doing it," he told her.

"He—" she paused. "Ed don't help much," she admitted.

Louie emptied his cup. He stood up and slipped into the fur benny, pulled money from his pocket.

"I couldn't take pay for a cuppa tea," said the old woman. Louie grinned and put a bill on the oil-cloth. She made him take it back.

"I wouldn't feel right, taking pay for a cuppa tea."

Louie let it go at that. He pocketed the bill and followed Joe into the cold enmity of the wind. They didn't speak till they reached the car. Joe, taking his place at the wheel, held the front door open for Louie to get in beside him, but Louie chose instead to ride in the back seat.

"Colder in back," said Joe. "What's the big idea?"

Louie spoke through the collar of the benny.

"Want to try something. Drive kind of slow."

Joe obeyed. After a mile or so the headlights picked out a figure plodding, head lowered, on the far edge of the swept concrete. It stopped, turned, raised an arm in half-hearted petition.

"Stop!" said Louie. The tires squealed. Twenty paces beyond the big man in the sheepskin coat the car halted. Running footsteps rang on the concrete. Louie had the door open.

"All set, Joe." The car was away like a sprinter as the big man scrambled in and sat down heavily on the seat beside Louie.

"Much obliged," he said.

"Don't mention it," said Louie.

"Only going as far as Milton but it's sure one cold night for walking."

"Cold night for a ride, too," said Louie. Nevertheless he unbuttoned the benny. He snickered softly and the big man's head twisted to stare at him in the dim light that came back from the dash. Louie's hand snaked under the flap of the fur coat; in the same motion it was withdrawn and thrust hard against the sheepskin jacket.

The big man sat very still.

"What's the idea?" he whined.

"You ast for a ride," said Louie. "You get it, see?"

He fired thrice. The big man hardly moved. The wind snatched the sharp, snapping noises away. Big Joe didn't turn his head. Presently, at a stone bridge over a black, shivering little river, he stopped, climbed out and, with a little help from Louie, lifted the heavy, awkward burden down to the low parapet.

"'S a good place," said Louie. "You always pick good places, Joe. Give a poosh."

There was a splash. Joe slapped his palms together. Louie buttoned the benny and climbed into the front seat. The car made another of Joe's sprinting starts.

"THE kid had the right dope," said Louie.

"Yeh?" said Joe.

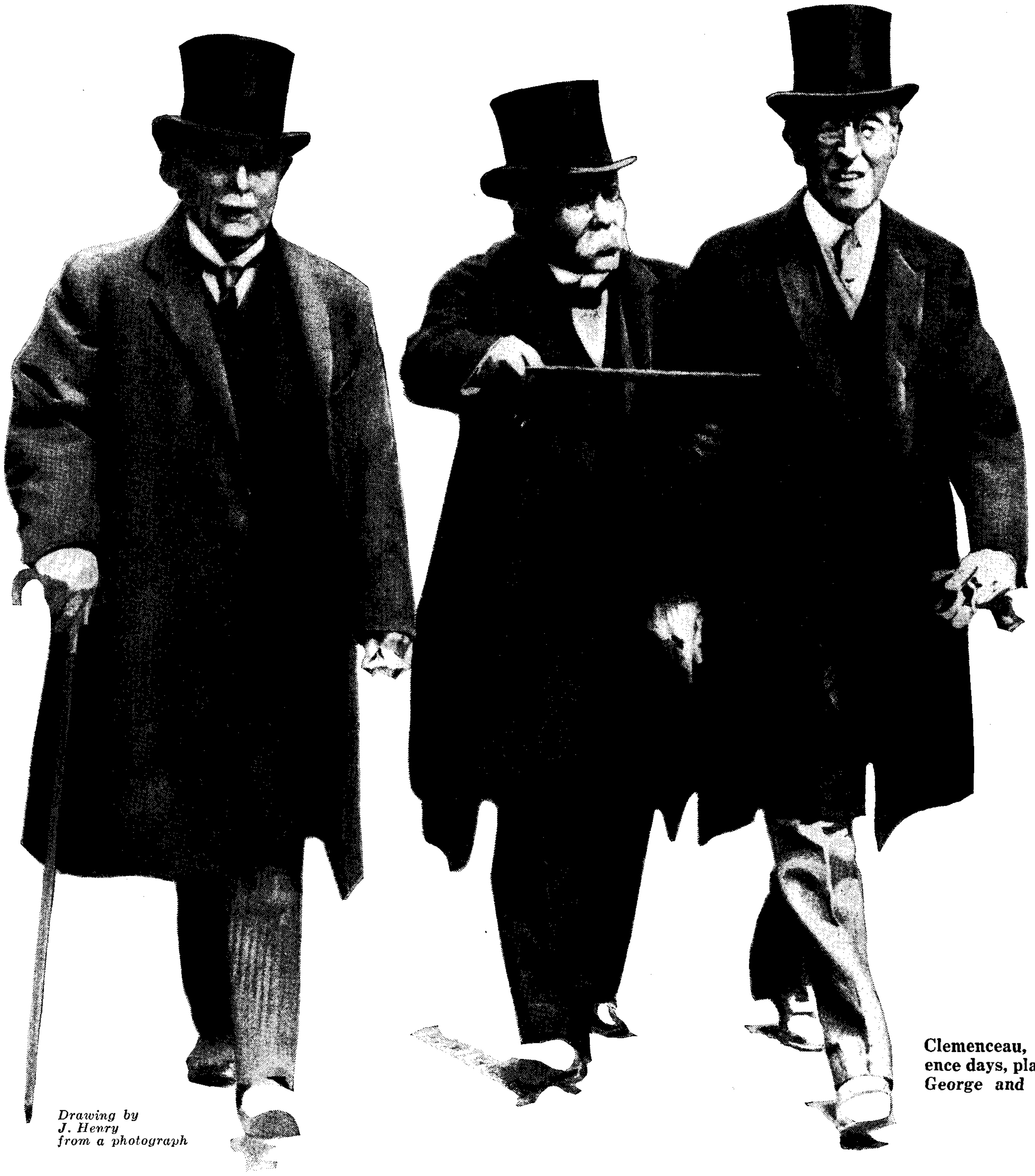
"Yeh." Louie huddled deeply into the fur collar. "It sure hands you a kick." He meditated. "Every day would be too often to do one, though."

"One what?" said Joe.

"Unconscious!" said Louie, impatiently. "What'd we just pull off? A play with no jack in it—a—a—what did the kid call it? A good act?"

Joe got it. "Oh, a good deed, huh?"

"Sure," said Louie. "A good deed. You could step on it, Joe. I ain't cold, now."



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Drawing by J. Henry from a photograph

Clemenceau, in Peace Conference days, playing host to Lloyd George and President Wilson

Grandeur and Misery of Victory

"Never has there been anyone who had power to confer a reward upon me. There is a strength in looking to no one but oneself for anything." Thus Georges Clemenceau describes himself. His last and greatest book bears witness to the truth of his description. This is the second of three articles selected from that book

By Georges Clemenceau

A RATHER serious disagreement with General Pershing. Everyone knows that the American troops, in the front rank as far as bravery is concerned, were first and foremost excellent soldiers in a state of mere improvisation. A few divisions had already gone into the line under the English and French commands. It could not be otherwise. As for the rest, whose training had to be completed, instructors had been taken from the front in order to begin in America the military education which was finished in France under other officers. But this took time. And it was heart-rending to see our men being mowed down unceasingly while, under the command of their good leaders, large bodies of American troops remained idle, within earshot of the guns.

For me, the French Minister of War, who day by day saw our ranks grow thinner and thinner after sacrifices unmatched in history, was there any task more urgent than to hasten, as far as possible, the effects of the intervention of America?

So I laid siege to General Pershing with all my might (President Wilson was then in America), only to obtain evasive replies. Pershing, with his tight-lipped smile, kept putting things off. I had no doubt but that Foch, on his side, was doing his utmost. It was often the theme of our talks together. But I must own I considered the General-in-Chief somewhat too easily resigned to Pershing's refusals, and this sometimes brought an edge into the concluding moments of our conversations.

With or without Foch's approval, I did not cease importuning the American Commander-in-Chief to send into action, in our ranks, the first American regiments that were considered sufficiently trained, so as to relieve us as much as possible, at the sharpest pinch of such a crisis of man-power as our armies had never known before. General Pershing certainly asked nothing better than to help us, since that was the very thing that he had crossed the seas for. But he owed it to the romantic side of America's intervention to form a self-contained American Army, a duty I never failed to acknowledge.

His government, his country, his army even, kept him in suspense. Public opinion, on the other side of the ocean, imagined that officers could be improvised as well as soldiers, while I was looking above everything else to the final success of the decisive trial. General Pershing, in a friendly but obstinate fashion, was asking me to wait until he was in possession of an army complete in every part, and I went on insisting, in a state of nervous exasperation, while my country's fate was every moment at stake on the battlefields, which already had drunk the best blood of France. And the more I insisted the more the American general resisted. So much so that we often parted with smiles that on both sides concealed gnashings of teeth.

Is it very astonishing that I began to wonder how much assistance the Commander-in-Chief was to me in this matter? In principle, the Generalissimo could not possibly hold any opinion different from mine.

On May 4, 1918, I sent M. Jusserand,

Culver Service

General Joffre in serious discussion with General Pershing, in Paris

Keystone

"Mr. Arthur Balfour, the most gracious, the most cultured of adamantine men"

French Ambassador at Washington, a telegram in which I informed him of the text of the agreement reached at the Abbeville Conference between the Allied Powers.

The text may be summarized thus:

> The War Council considers that there is good reason to form as soon as possible *an American Army which shall be subject to the direct authority of its chief and which shall fight under its own flag.*
>
> But, while bearing in mind this necessity, priority of transport shall be given to infantry and machine-gun units, which will complete their training by beginning their service with the French and British Armies, with the reservation that the said infantry and machine-gun units shall eventually be withdrawn from the French and British Armies in order to form, with their own artillery and services, divisions or army corps, according to the wish of the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces, who shall, however, first consult with the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies in France. . . .

Is it necessary to note that this program was inspired by General Foch's own ideas? At the Abbeville Conference the Commander-in-Chief of our armies had read a declaration, the text of which I communicated to M. Jusserand. [The following is quoted from it. Editor.]

> To my mind, it is absolutely essential that there should arrive each month in France from America, at least during the months of May, June and July, 120,000 soldiers, priority being given to infantry and machine-gunners. I consider even that if the available amount of tonnage will, as we have been given to understand, permit, it would be highly desirable that these numbers should be increased. For the greater the numbers of American infantry *that can make their appearance quickly on the battlefields* (the italics are mine) the speedier and the more decisive will be the success of the Allied armies. . . .
>
> I most definitely request the War Council, composed of the Allied Governments, to come to a decision on this point, and to be good enough to submit it to the President of the United States.
>
> It is not that I do not give full weight to the observations of General Pershing, who very rightly wishes to bring to France as soon as possible all the complementary services which will allow him, before long, to complete the establishment of the great American Army of which he is the chief, and which we desire most ardently to see in being. But, while pointing out that my request could only cause a few weeks' delay, I am obliged by my imperative duty as a soldier and as General-in-Chief to urge that, when the greatest German Army is developing the greatest offensive of the present War before Amiens and before Ypres, such a slight delay cannot be taken into consideration when the result of the War itself may hang on a possible enemy success in front of these two objectives. . . .
>
> (Signed) FOCH

When America Takes the Field

On May 8, 1918, I sent the following telegram to M. Tardieu, High Commissioner of the French Republic at New York:

> The question is of the greatest importance for the result of the War through the decisive intervention of the American troops, which on no account should be exposed to such an adventure as that of the Fifth British Army under General Gough.[1]

The question was of such high importance that I conceived the idea of sending quietly, under color of an inspection of the instruction camps in America, one of our best generals to explain the elements of the problem, from the purely technical point of view, to President Wilson.

I added:

> It has been very correctly pointed out to me that the arguments of General Pershing are all of a *political nature*, whilst those of General Foch, to which no reply has been given, are *exclusively military*. I think we should take care not to be too insistent with President Wilson, who has certainly all the necessary ripeness of judgment for deciding usefully when he knows all the aspects of the problem.
>
> Your instructions are to listen to everything around you, without, of course, disguising your own opinion, but only disclosing it with all due discretion. It is for the President of the American Republic to speak the final word when the hour arrives.

Finally, General Pershing (perhaps at the suggestion of Washington) did me the honor of calling upon me to inform me that he feared he had been misunderstood at the Abbeville Conference, that he had an open mind and would be only too glad to yield to the extremely cogent arguments which had been put before him, pleading extreme urgency.

I answered him that I relied on the next meeting of the Army Council to obtain a contingent of 100,000 American soldiers in June, quite apart from July. His answer was that he was quite ready to agree with me with regard to this number and that there was no need for a sitting at Versailles to decide this. I naturally refused to give up the Versailles Conference.

He then said that he would go and see General Foch and that they could easily come to an agreement. Which did, in fact, take place.

I have set out as clearly as possible the details concerning the "grave difference of opinion" that arose between Marshal Foch and myself in connection with the immediate or postponed use of the American forces. The strange part about this "grave difference of opinion" was that we were IN ABSOLUTE AGREEMENT ON ALL POINTS.

Foch and Poincaré Hesitate

How was it possible then to evolve out of this *agreement* a *disagreement* that alarmed not only General Foch himself but M. Poincaré as well? Nothing easier. We agreed on fundamentals, but disagreed as to methods of procedure, which neither General Foch nor M. Poincaré wished to carry too far. In other words, I went so far as to demand that the Commander-in-Chief should give an order to the American General—which both the Commander-in-Chief and M. Poincaré were opposed to doing.

We had sent over to America very strong missions of officer-instructors. The sending out of General Berthelot (at the end of May, 1918) to the French military training staff in America, on a special mission of inspection, had a happy effect all round. All the officer-instructors were excellent, the work of training was being carried on in the utmost harmony, warlike enthusiasm was universal. General Berthelot paid a tribute to Colonel House, whose keen, enlightened intelligence was of such assistance in the task of the mission.

Just one black spot: the fanatical determination of the great chiefs of the American Army to delay the arrival of the Star-Spangled Banner on the battlefield. The slow organization of the great American Army was costing us, and our Allies too, seas of blood, but it was destined, so they kept telling us, to solve the whole mass of military problems at one stroke. Thus it happened that the War was practically over when the Argonne proved to those handsome, gallant soldiers of valiant America that death-defying courage was not enough to win a strategical success.

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[1] A very serious point which is merely hinted at here. It was essential, at all costs, to avoid a defeat for the first appearance of the American Army on the scene. An important reason for combining old and young troops on the battlefield. I was incurring a heavy responsibility if some ill-understood or badly executed maneuver had disastrous consequences.

I had warned them beforehand.[2] But their fierce super-patriotism refused to listen, and they wanted nothing less than a heaven-born strategical coup that should enable them to begin and to end the War spectacularly with one stroke. Had that miracle happened I should be ready to believe that public opinion would have forced the Senate to vote for the treaty.

"Friends with Pershing"

The Marshal declares:

"I am happy to think that I remained friends with Pershing."

But really and truly France wanted something more from the splendidly pugnacious Americans than a parade of military friendship between the two leaders.

Foch boasts of having remained on friendly terms with Pershing because he softened his command to the point of non-interference. I think I may say that I obtained the required result without alienating General Pershing's friendship. The American Commander-in-Chief no doubt found it quite as trying as we did to see his fine army inactive on the very edge of the fight. In any case he had the courage to say yes or no, and could not in his heart blame those whom he saw doing their best to protect the interest of the common cause. At the very moment when Foch was ridiculously denouncing me to the American people General Pershing was not backward in manifesting ample tokens of his esteem for me, which I am happy to reciprocate in the highest degree.

When I went to America to defend France against the accusation of militarism, General Pershing, in New York, publicly came to greet me in a friendly way, at the great meeting in the Metropolitan Opera House. Later, he came from Indianapolis to Chicago to ride in uniform with General Dawes, in my carriage, because something, I don't quite know what, was feared from a municipality and populace that, while courteous, contained certain sections with German sympathies. And when the American Legion, quite recently, did me the great honor of visiting me in Paris, General Pershing made a point of joining his comrades in order to come and salute me. Surely no clearer proof is needed? And besides, even if my temperament at the height of the crisis had betrayed me into expressing myself too violently, was it for a Frenchman (whether a general or a civilian) to denounce me?

The *Mémorial* relates that on October 21, 1918, I addressed an "urgent" letter to the Marshal in which I informed him of my anxiety. "That letter, an admirable effort of composition, by the way," states the Marshal, "did not make me change my course by a hair's breadth. . . . I took absolutely no notice of it whatever."

During the fighting Foch ruled the combatants as he had done at the Marne and at the Yser. In council he relied on arguments like a lawyer. In the American dispute we were all in agreement, and as the question was a purely military one it was for him to give the authoritative word. Not at all. Pershing persisted in not acting, and Foch in not commanding. And so, to help our soldiers, I had to take it upon myself to say the decisive word to the chief whose will seemed paralyzed, with whom I was in agreement at all points, except that it was for the General-in-Chief to translate his personal opinion into definite and systematic orders.

That was the situation summed up in my apostrophe: "*Commander, it is our country's command that you shall command.*" This was to be the decisive word, the word of salvation to bring Foch back to the grim reality.

What does Marshal Foch do on receipt of my message? "I took absolutely no notice of it whatever."

Here there comes in a vital question for the history of the War: How, in fact, did Marshal Foch make use of this sole command? Today everybody still speaks with enthusiasm of this marvelous engine of victory. But even to this very day no actual demonstration in the shape of facts has followed the talk. And yet this is the very question which the future will seek to have answered.

How far he really was a supreme leader may be a disagreeable question for a man who was not averse from being occasionally compared to Napoleon. It is a question that will have to be solved by the historian, and I cannot do better than leave it to judges untouched by the passions and prejudices of today. Nevertheless, I have a right to state that the civilian Academy's military testimonial, presented to him by M. Poincaré within the sacred precincts of the Palais Mazarin, has no more positive value than an old song. Some day, we shall require competent judges who will arrive at a decision from actual evidence, instead of lyrical outbursts of panegyric. Qualified historians will then be able to draw conclusions and give judgment with full knowledge.

Command by Suggestion

"*The sole command,*" Foch would say, "is JUST A PHRASE. In 1917 we had tried it with Nivelle, and it hadn't worked. You have to know how to lead the Allies. YOU MUST NOT COMMAND THEM. *You must deal with some differently from others. . . . That is the sole command:* YOU DON'T GIVE ORDERS, YOU MAKE SUGGESTIONS."

Who could believe that it is a professional soldier who shows so openly this total failure to grasp the meaning of the supreme command? Where shall we be when, following this wonderful example, officers give up commanding in order to *suggest* their military views to their subordinates? It seems a dream.

I have no doubt that the Marshal was sincere when he said he was obsessed with the desire to please everyone. For a chief this is not always a suitable quality. It is even the very opposite of what is aimed at in military command.

I am far from blaming the Commander-in-Chief for taking all necessary precautions to humor his new subordinates. All Foch's predecessors in history had made this discovery, and won universal approval. Yet in the long run it was imperative that a superior will should rise above all shilly-shallying. Otherwise the unity of command was merely an extra parade of impotence meant to appease simple minds, and did not even work when it was a question of getting ONE OR TWO AMERICAN DIVISIONS to join up with Allied divisions.

The trouble was that too often the ideal cannot square itself with the reality. It is a question of adjusting both to each other. And the attempt is not always successful. Knowing that France received more than two million American soldiers, we find it astonishing that it was not a perfectly easy matter to form the first American Army and at the same time to furnish a sufficient number of effectives for the battlefields, where our heroic soldiers were calling for them so urgently. Alas! Marshal Foch, who knew so well how to take the command at the Yser without possessing it as yet, could not manage to exercise it in this formidable emergency, when it had been specifically given him.

* * *

"The Armistice"—a grand word, a great word to set down when, after four nerve-racking years, lived through in the anguished expectation of the worst, suddenly a voice is heard crying, "It is finished!"

War and peace, with their strong contrasts, alternate against a common background. For the catastrophe of 1914, the Germans are responsible. Only a professional liar would deny this. We defended ourselves well, despite the childish folly of our withdrawing ten kilometers from our frontier. But against us we saw deployed the most stupendous mass of military

(*Continued on page 75*)

Wide World

Georges Clemenceau discussing world affairs with Colonel House, "a super-civilized person escaped from the wilds of Texas"

International News Photos

Marshal Foch: "We had no right to gamble *'with the life of a single man'*"

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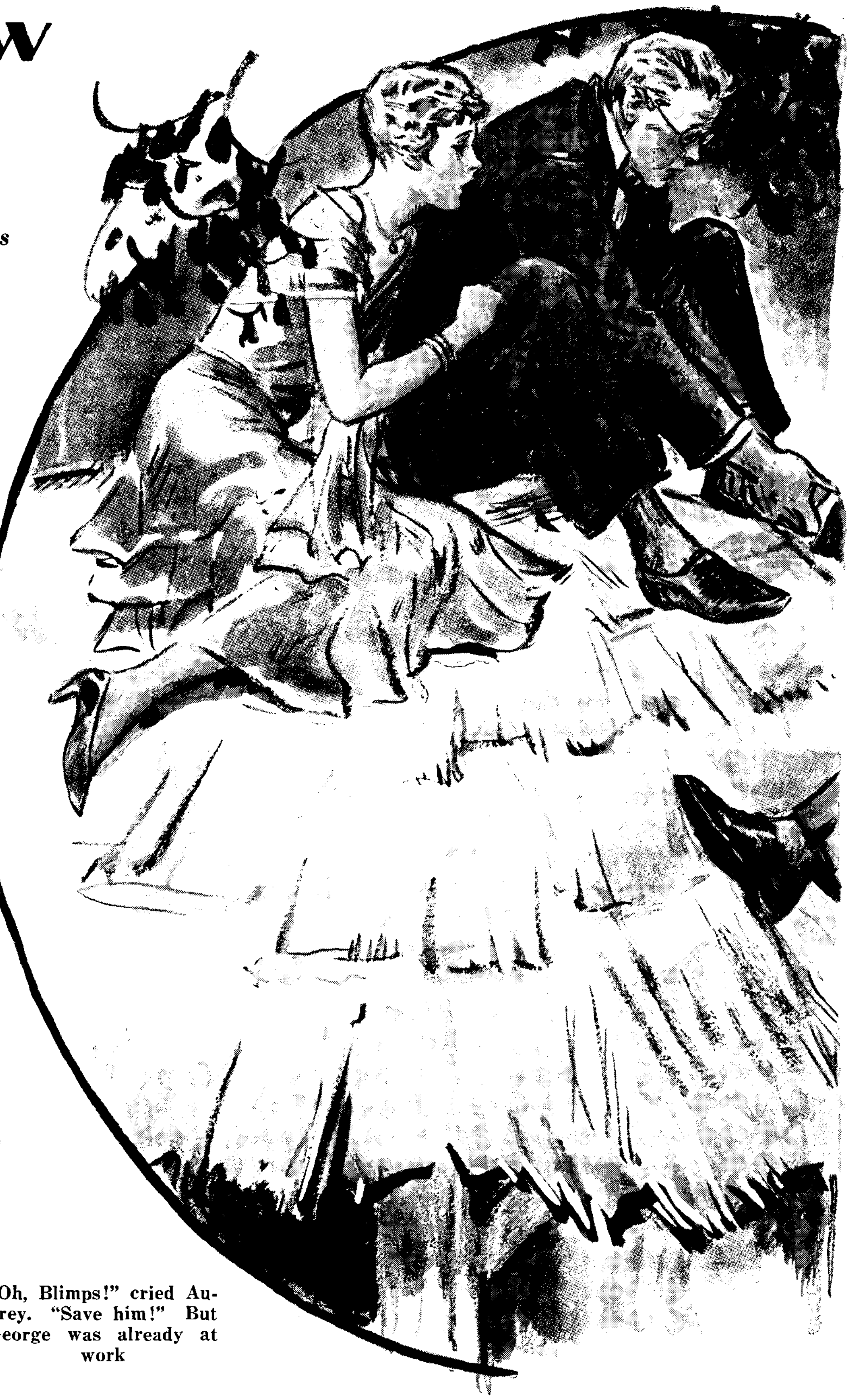
[2] All the representatives of the higher American military authorities openly inclined to the views of Pershing—General Bliss being the one exception. They wanted an American Army. They had it. Anyone who saw, as I saw, the hopeless congestion at Thiaucourt will bear witness that they may congratulate themselves on not having had it sooner.

Frogs don't grow Feathers

George Finch takes a flyer in love—and finds the market decidedly bearish

By B. L. Jacot



"Oh, Blimps!" cried Audrey. "Save him!" But George was already at work

ABOVE the tops of the trees bordering the admiral's velvet lawns billowing canvas shapes were rising. Somewhere unseen, lost in the golden press of this English summer sunshine, traction engines panted and strained. But George Finch was not interested in English summers, or circuses which had arrived overnight. He had just discovered that life was tough. Five minutes ago, just when, it seemed, Audrey had stopped for a while laughing at him, this social pest, Winslow Moult, had carried her off to see the fun on the common adjoining.

As he gazed moodily out into the shrubbery from the thatched summer arbor, his homely, ingenuous features carried the imprint of one who has sucked at the fruit of life and found it a lemon. For a good many years Cupid had looked on George Finch—a man who in his obliging way was always ready to do the next man a good turn—and tucked the arrow back into the quiver. Then had come this girl from Washington, D. C. It was tough.

"What," he was asking himself, "does an American admiral want to come and live in a Cotswold village for? And why was I such an idiot as to run down to stay in his house? And why—"

A hand fell on his shoulder. "A little liverish, laddie? Shade downish in the mouth, what?" The Hon. Winslow Moult shook his head sadly. "You can't deceive me, Finch! I've watched it. I take an interest in you. When I first came down here—"

George Finch shifted uneasily. For a fortnight he had been trying to avoid the purposeful look in this man's eye. "I thought," he said, "you were with Audrey—"

"Watching them shove up the tents and things? So we were, shipmate. Sitting on the fence. Camels, lions, bears, the fat lady! Believe me, Finch, we must pop in to see the show. Did I mention it starts tomorrow? No? Well, as I said to the man with the wolves—"

"I was talking to Audrey here in this arbor," insisted George Finch, "and you—"

"Took her off?" This tall, slim interloper, with the long, horselike face and humorous twist to his mouth, pressed the other's hand affectionately. "You've hit it, Finch. That's what I did. Took her off. And can you tell me why, Finch? Face the matter. Consider it. You have my sympathy."

George faced the matter, but there seemed no hidden significance. "For two weeks I've been trying to get that girl to view me from some angle that did not make her laugh," he pointed out. "I thought—"

"You thought from the neck down, shipmate! All wrong. Don't think that you have not been in my mind. Constantly, Finch. I am here to help. That's why, Finch."

"What's why?" Meeting this man, Winslow Moult, at the admiral's house had filled George Finch with vague misgiving. He had a simple, confiding mind, but he had heard a good deal concerning this fellow who was always ready to help others.

"That's why I have taken your case in hand. To see an old shipmate moping about—and employing the wrong approach, the wrong approach, Finch—has cut me to the quick. Down on the fence there I've been putting in the good work. Childhood stories. Explaining the fish act to Audrey."

The time had come, George thought, for getting this matter clear. "What fish act?" he inquired.

Windslow Moult shook his head indulgently, "No girl cares to have a fellow gape at her, Finch. Especially American girls, even when they have English mothers. What Audrey wants is pep. As an old friend I have explained the job to Audrey. What I said to that girl was—"

A crimson flood came to stain the cheek of Winslow Moult's boyhood friend. "You mean you—you had the nerve to speak to Audrey about—"

"About you, laddie. I fixed it." A significant wink reached George Finch. "Down on the fence she's waiting. Wants a word with you, shipmate. All prepared: step in!" With a patronizing pat on the shoulder Winslow left him.

For a while the man in the arbor digested it. For one with a diffident, retiring complex it took time for the horror of it to soak in. Gladly would he have thrust the head of this horse-faced meddler firmly by the back of the neck into a bucket of water, and held it there. But one fact on the credit side emerged. Audrey wanted a word. Like a man in a dream he drifted toward the fence.

FROM afar Audrey watched him arriving. In her slim, boyish way this girl on the fence was so sheerly beautiful to George Finch, the beginner, that it took his breath to look at her. That skin-tight hat, delicately etched length of silk stocking, the roving, mocking eyes, heavily lashed, and that ravishing profile—these trifles combined to give George Finch a jolt that would have shaken the most experienced.

"Oh?" she said as he fell over his left foot and came to a halt beside her. The hard little smile on her lips George took for good cheer. He had a simple mind.

"You wanted a word with me," reminded George Finch.

The girl examined the tip of her shoe. "Did I?"

"Winslow Moult—"

She stopped him. "Yes. Winslow Moult."

All did not seem well to George. "Winslow Moult," he repeated.

The fragrant dream pointed to the rail beside her. "Sit down, George," she ordered. "I like you. Perhaps I have a word or two to pass on. First of all, I never asked you to wander down here."

Once more a hot rush of shame tinged his cheeks. "You—you mean you never told Winslow—"

"He invented it, if he told you so. But never mind that. What I object to is this second-hand business. I should have thought you had more grit. I loathe the sort of man who gets another to do jobs for him."

"Jobs?"

For a while she looked up at him. She was fond of this shy, scholarly British citizen, a new type to her. She liked his friendly attitude to life, his pink skin, and his round, horn-rimmed glasses. "Hasn't it occurred to you, my poor, dear Blimps," she explained, "that making love to a girl is a personal affair?"

The name she had given him reached him, as it always did, on the wings of a thrill. He could not see her drift. "Making love?"

She nodded. "Put yourself for a moment in a girl's place. How would you like anyone—even an old idiot like yourself, Blimps—sending another man to make love—"

A GROAN of anguish burst from his lips. "Winslow Moult made love to you—on my behalf?"

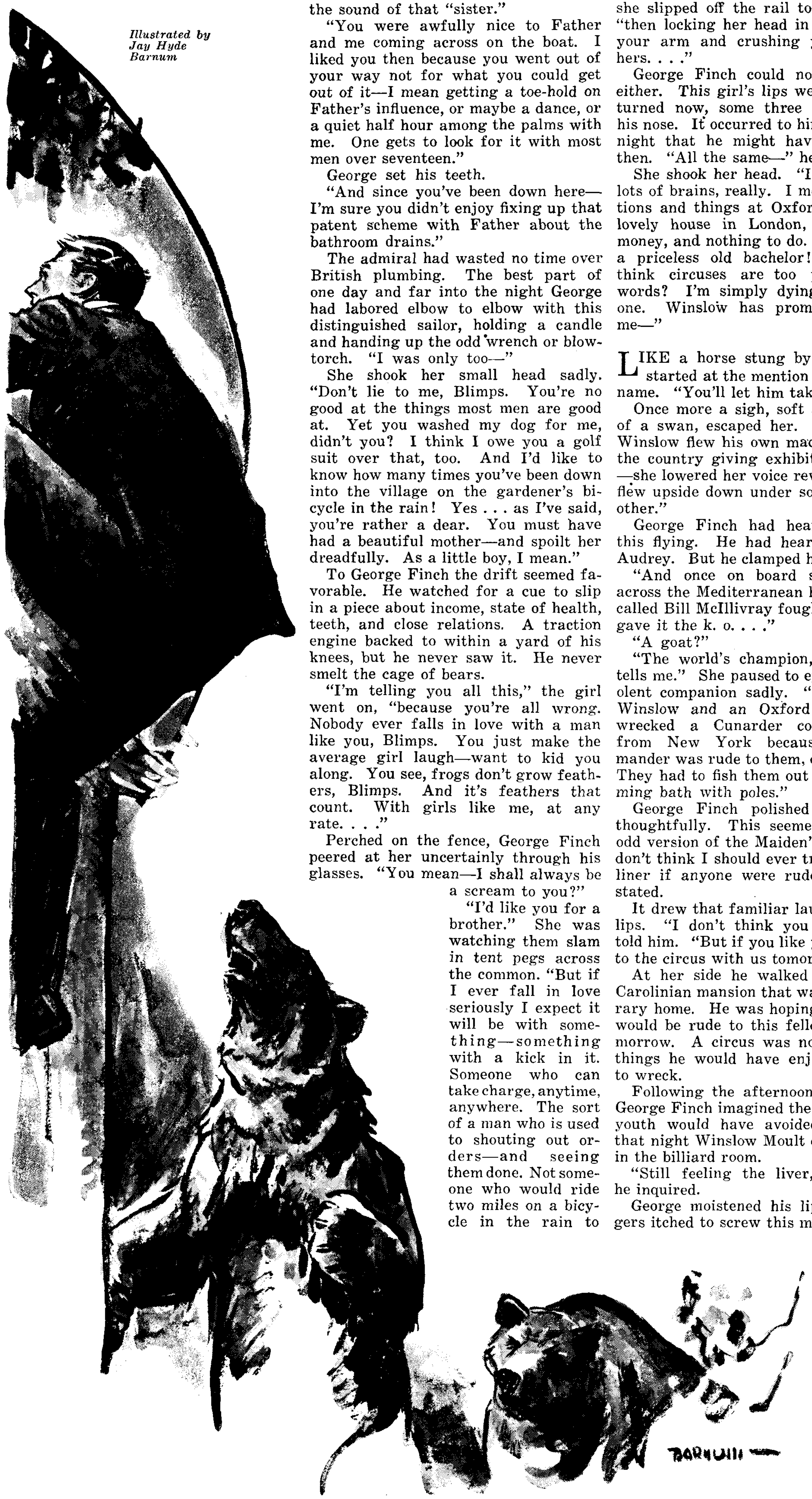
"That's what I've been telling you." This man George Finch had puzzled her again. "You mean you didn't know it?"

He shook his head wildly.

"Well," she decided at length, "Winslow has nerve. He boosted you from the word go until I sent him off with a kick in the teeth."

The faint tracings of a happy smile appeared on his lips. "A kick in the teeth?"

"Metaphorically."



Illustrated by
Jay Hyde
Barnum

"Oh. . . ."

"But listen to me a minute, George Finch. You should have had a sister. A couple of sisters. You're rather a dear."

A tight feeling began to make itself evident in his throat, but he did not like the sound of that "sister."

"You were awfully nice to Father and me coming across on the boat. I liked you then because you went out of your way not for what you could get out of it—I mean getting a toe-hold on Father's influence, or maybe a dance, or a quiet half hour among the palms with me. One gets to look for it with most men over seventeen."

George set his teeth.

"And since you've been down here—I'm sure you didn't enjoy fixing up that patent scheme with Father about the bathroom drains."

The admiral had wasted no time over British plumbing. The best part of one day and far into the night George had labored elbow to elbow with this distinguished sailor, holding a candle and handing up the odd wrench or blow-torch. "I was only too—"

She shook her small head sadly. "Don't lie to me, Blimps. You're no good at the things most men are good at. Yet you washed my dog for me, didn't you? I think I owe you a golf suit over that, too. And I'd like to know how many times you've been down into the village on the gardener's bicycle in the rain! Yes . . . as I've said, you're rather a dear. You must have had a beautiful mother—and spoilt her dreadfully. As a little boy, I mean."

To George Finch the drift seemed favorable. He watched for a cue to slip in a piece about income, state of health, teeth, and close relations. A traction engine backed to within a yard of his knees, but he never saw it. He never smelt the cage of bears.

"I'm telling you all this," the girl went on, "because you're all wrong. Nobody ever falls in love with a man like you, Blimps. You just make the average girl laugh—want to kid you along. You see, frogs don't grow feathers, Blimps. And it's feathers that count. With girls like me, at any rate. . . ."

Perched on the fence, George Finch peered at her uncertainly through his glasses. "You mean—I shall always be a scream to you?"

"I'd like you for a brother." She was watching them slam in tent pegs across the common. "But if I ever fall in love seriously I expect it will be with something—something with a kick in it. Someone who can take charge, anytime, anywhere. The sort of a man who is used to shouting out orders—and seeing them done. Not someone who would ride two miles on a bicycle in the rain to fetch a sporting paper for Winslow Moult. You don't mind, Blimps?"

"You think I'm a frog? About those feathers I mean?"

A long-drawn sigh escaped her. "I can't imagine you taking hold of a girl's shoulders and swinging her round"—she slipped off the rail to show him—"then locking her head in the crook of your arm and crushing your lips on hers. . . ."

George Finch could not imagine it either. This girl's lips were softly upturned now, some three inches below his nose. It occurred to him in bed that night that he might have kissed her then. "All the same—" he began.

She shook her head. "I know you've lots of brains, really. I mean examinations and things at Oxford. You've a lovely house in London, and lots of money, and nothing to do. You'll make a priceless old bachelor! Don't you think circuses are too priceless for words? I'm simply dying to see this one. Winslow has promised to take me—"

LIKE a horse stung by a hornet he started at the mention of this man's name. "You'll let him take you?"

Once more a sigh, soft as the breast of a swan, escaped her. "In America Winslow flew his own machine all over the country giving exhibitions. Once"—she lowered her voice reverently—"he flew upside down under some bridge or other."

George Finch had heard all about this flying. He had heard more than Audrey. But he clamped his teeth shut.

"And once on board ship running across the Mediterranean he and a man called Bill McIllivray fought a goat and gave it the k. o. . . ."

"A goat?"

"The world's champion, so Winslow tells me." She paused to eye her benevolent companion sadly. "Last autumn Winslow and an Oxford friend half wrecked a Cunarder coming across from New York because the commander was rude to them, or something. They had to fish them out of the swimming bath with poles."

George Finch polished his glasses thoughtfully. This seemed to him an odd version of the Maiden's Dream. "I don't think I should ever try to wreck a liner if anyone were rude to me," he stated.

It drew that familiar laugh from her lips. "I don't think you would," she told him. "But if you like you can come to the circus with us tomorrow. . . ."

At her side he walked back to the Carolinian mansion that was her temporary home. He was hoping that no one would be rude to this fellow Moult tomorrow. A circus was not one of the things he would have enjoyed helping to wreck.

Following the afternoon's treachery, George Finch imagined the friend of his youth would have avoided him. But that night Winslow Moult cornered him in the billiard room.

"Still feeling the liver, shipmate?" he inquired.

George moistened his lips. His fingers itched to screw this man's head off his long neck, but he hated being unpleasant to anyone.

"You took my advice? You put it to the girl, Finch? You can confide in me—treat me as a brother!"

At the far end of the room the admiral was winning money from a guest at tipping pennies off the red ball. "I think," recorded George in lowered tones, "you were mistaken when you thought Audrey wished to speak to me. She understood that I had sent you to make love—"

"OH, that!" Winslow laughed, and down the table the admiral miscued. By the sleeve George drew this man through the French windows on to the moon-swept lawns.

"I would rather, Moult—" he began.

"Listen, shipmate! Tell me the worst. She gave you the air? Yes? Tough, Finch! Tough! But I thought she would."

"You thought she would?"

"The chances," calculated Winslow Moult, "were about five hundred to one. But one had to have a stab at it, what?"

Strange feelings were stirring in George's breast, but there was something compelling in this man's make-up. The feathers, he decided, that poor frogs like George Finch could never grow.

"It's no use," he stated feebly. "Audrey told me—"

"I know! I know! But how do you mean—'No use'?"

George Finch gulped. "It's fellows like you she admires. She seems to admire you quite a lot."

"They do," Winslow told him. "Five minutes alone with them and they're sobbing on my shoulder. It is," added this man of feathers, "a way I have, what?"

"Sobbing?" echoed George.

"God bless you, yes! Let me tell you something about Audrey. You remember that night of the dance? Well, in the conservatory I hadn't kissed Audrey more than half a dozen times—I beg your pardon?"

"Nothing."

"As I was saying, I'd only just met the girl and in a couple of swift minutes in that conservatory she was unloading her secret sorrows on me." He lowered his voice. "You'd never believe it, shipmate, but, do you know, that girl—"

"STOP!" George's toes were curling in his patent-leather shoes.

"Just as you wish, laddie! Let me see—what was I talking about?"

"I was saying that Audrey admires men like you who fly, and wreck swimming baths and things—"

Winslow Moult hit him a swing in between the shoulder blades. "You've hit it, Finch! You touch the spot! That's just what they do, these girls! They talk as if they'd been through the divorce courts half a dozen times, and made a practice of dining with film producers in private rooms, but when you get down to it, shipmate, what do you find?"

"What?" George was intrigued by the words springing from the fountain-head of pure experience.

"You find, Finch—listen to this carefully, Finch!—you find that they're twice as innocent as their Victorian grandmothers, bless 'em! I could tell you a thing or two about the Victorians—with that pretty useful line of fainting in the conservatory. My old guv-'nor—"

"About Audrey—"

"You're right, Finch! What a peach! There are times when I think—but I was telling you about my scheme. This girl thinks you too good-natured and

(Continued on page 55)

A taxpayer appearing before the president of the Board of Review, for a "hearing" to have his taxes readjusted

The Winded City

By William G. Shepherd

Chicago ran out of money—the breath of government. And your community may get into the same fix, unless you know whether your politicians have too many or too few fingers in your pocketbook. There's an answer to a lot of civic crime and woe in Mr. Shepherd's amazing revelation of Chicago's secret vice

GOLDEN stuffing was in sight at last, for Chicago's big, flat pocketbook. And so the man who had been in Cook County politics for forty years, and in office for most of that time, was willing to talk to a magazine writer.

"Because lots of other cities can get into the same pickle, if they don't know how to dodge it," he explained.

He lit a cigar—we had been dining—leaned back and said:

"Seems to me Chicago has got just seven words of advice to give to her sister cities: *Don't keep your tax assessments a secret*. Keep simple and open tax records so that any citizen can see them at any time. Fix it so that anyone can find out exactly what tax is paid on every piece of land and every building, from skyscrapers to woodsheds.

"If a town or a county does that, the politicians won't be able to play the trick with taxes which they have been playing for thirty years in Chicago."

"What's the trick?" I asked.

"Why, they got over half of the property owners in this community to thinking that they were being specially favored by lower taxes than the other fellow. That got votes for the politicians and forced citizens to keep quiet, no matter how crooked the politicians were.

"I tell you"—he struck the table with his fist—"all the hell that has been raised in this town by gunmen, bootleggers, racketeers, gamblers, white slavers, drug dealers and the rest has got by because hundreds of thousands of citizens were afraid of their little tax money. They didn't dare to criticize the politicians. They were afraid NOT to vote for them. And if you want to know *why* we've had so many citizens willing to stand for it, just go out and look up the tax trick. That'll tell the whole story. Look up the tax trick!" His cigar was out; he had to get back to the court house.

So, this is the story of the tax trick:

Don't go wrong about Chicago. Foolishness and greed got her into trouble. But an equally important fact is that it's common sense which is pulling her out. You have read in the newspapers the intermittent stories of her empty treasury and of payless paydays for city and county employees. But this empty treasury is all part of one great bonfire of civic wrath that, through the past two and a half years, has been burning public officials and politicians out of their chairs in every public building in state, county or city government.

Enter the Villains

And now don't let's go wrong either about Mayor William Thompson, who loved to be called "Big Bill the Builder." Chicago didn't get into trouble just because it had a poor mayor. It was forced to take a poor mayor and many other undesirable officials because it was in trouble. Besides, Mayor Bill, himself, has a boss he doesn't dare to cross.

"There goes my boss," said Mayor Thompson with a laugh, that April day, three years ago, when in the mayor's office, in the city hall, surrounded by flowers and friends, he began his third four-year term, as mayor of the great city.

He was pointing to the Republican precinct captain of the precinct in which he lives. Mayor Bill wasn't fooling himself. It took 2,981 precinct captains, somewhat like the one to which Big Bill had pointed, to put him into the mayor's chair.

Precinct captains have, with few exceptions, been the real political villains of Chicago. A precinct captain is the representative of his party's organization in the precinct. His job is not only to get the right kind of votes at the right time, in his little territory, but also to keep the wrong kind of votes out of the ballot box. Slugging, shooting and even killing are used to gain this second point.

By hook or by crook, it is imperative for him to get into the ballot box, in his precinct, just what the ward leader of his party orders him to get there. It isn't on election day, when voters are choosing between Republican and Democratic candidates, that the precinct leader in Chicago (or in your town, either, for that matter, if you live in one of the big cities) proves whether he can hold down his job.

It's on primary election day that he has had his toughest time in Chicago. You rarely hear of sluggings on the day that the town elects its government. It's when the precinct captains are selecting party candidates that the killing goes on.

When the Republican party organization decides that a certain man—say a fellow like "Big Bill, the Builder"—shall be the party's candidate for the mayoralty, the decent element in town, much of it formed into civic organizations, is helpless. This element will have good candidates in mind, but on primary election day it can't get them put on the ballots.

"Get Bill Thompson put on the ticket." That order goes out to every captain, together with orders concerning other favored men for other offices. And how those captains work! There's good money and great power in being a precinct captain, especially in these days when booze yields a golden harvest in every ward in the city. Beer that costs six dollars a barrel to make, sells for one hundred and twenty-five dollars a barrel in speakeasies. The *police* captain has had less power over booze, gambling, prostitution and vice in Chicago than the *political* captain. Wherefore, no precinct captain wants to lose his job.

The man he is ordered to get onto the ticket in his precinct may be a full-fledged crook; a profit sharer with gangsters, racketeers, bootleggers, gamblers and what not. That's none of the precinct captain's business; his job, on the evening of primary election day, is to be able to report that the voters he controls, in his little precinct, have put onto the Republican ticket every name that he was ordered to get there.

Democrats do the same thing with their 2,981 precinct captains. There are two sets of precinct captains; one Republican, one Democratic.

The captains of these supposedly opposing parties are not fighting each other on primary election day. What each captain has been really fighting, on many primary election days in the past, in Chicago and in Cook County, is the decent element in his own party—Republican or Democratic—which is trying to get the names of honest candidates on the ticket of the party.

Two political parties in Chicago! The citizen who thought so was as foolish as he was rare. Everyone who, in his own narrow neighborhood in the great community, saw the Republican and the Democratic precinct captains work together knew well enough that the Republican bosses and the Democratic bosses in both the city and county must be working together to select the city and the county governments—a Republican in office here; a Democrat there; all boys who could be trusted to coöperate regardless of party, to empty the city and the county treasury, and to take tribute from crime and vice.

The Kernel of the Plot

It wasn't 2,981 precinct captains, that burdened Chicago. It was twice that number. How did these captains get the "home votes"? Here's where we come to the tax trick.

Not a single one of the 900,000 taxpayers on 1,000,000 parcels of ground had any easy way of finding out what real estate taxes his neighbor was paying. Neither was there any way for him to find out what taxes he ought to pay on his own property.

Taxes were a secret! It was this secrecy that gave most of the 5,962 precinct captains in Chicago the power over as many votes as they needed in their precincts.

Imagine yourself owning a home and perhaps a business building in a certain Chicago precinct. That precinct has its two political captains. You'll know them both, by name, perhaps. You may be hazy, as many people are, as to the name of your congressman or your senator, but Chicago people know their precinct captains. The captains see to that.

Maybe the captain of your party has got enough help in the district, without your aid. Maybe he thinks you'll be hard to handle. In that event he'll probably appear to leave you alone. Suppose, however, he decides that you are one of the voters he needs in the precinct.

The Play Begins

He calls on you or, more probably, he lets you know that he'd like to have you call on him. You don't know of any special favor he can grant you. You're not a bootlegger who needs the political captain's protection from the captain of police. If you were a racketeer or a "landlady" or a murdering beer runner he would be able to help you out in a pinch. You are only an ordinary taxpaying citizen. But that's enough for him.

HE CAN REDUCE YOUR TAXES!

When your next tax bill comes in it will be ten, fifteen, twenty-five, fifty per cent lower. If you let "The Captain" do this favor for you, you're one of his votes in the precinct.

No one will ever know about the tax arrangement but you and "The Captain." It is true there are books, though no one can gain access to them, easily, that show what payment was made on a certain lot, plot or parcel of ground. It would cost perhaps twenty-five dollars, paid into the hands of some tax expert familiar with charts, to trace down your payment.

You meet "The Captain" on the street; he smiles at you and first-names you. You smile at him and perhaps call him "Captain." He is putting good hard money every year into your pocketbook. He is "taking care" of you, a supposedly decent citizen, just as definitely as he "takes care" of the precinct gangsters.

Under the system of secret tax lists, the assessments on these houses were: left, $6,800; right, $3,500. After the clean-up was effected they were $4,844 and $5,375, respectively

Photographs by Wide World

And you'd better keep on smiling at him, too. This man who is only an official of his party but who isn't an official of the city government, or of any government for that matter, can *raise* your taxes, too. It costs cold money, right out of the family pocketbook, where the meat, bread and coal money comes from, to oppose your district captain, no matter how monstrously crooked he may be. You're in the same position as the protected racketeer who must "come across" with money or be turned over to the police. Only, you are expected to "come across" with the votes of yourself and your family on primary election day and keep your mouth shut; you're the voter who keeps the precinct captain in his job so that he can take his share of the gangsters' profits.

That's the way the game of politics has gone in Chicago. And it is the citizens who permitted their taxes to be thus reduced who are chiefly responsible for bad government and an empty treasury in Chicago and in Cook County today.

How this great secret of tax-fixing which spread into stores, office buildings and into the very heart of Chicago homes, like a cancer spreading through a human body, came to light is one of the most astonishing stories in all the history of American municipalities.

Above: Formerly the house at the left, with a glass-enclosed porch and a garage in the rear, was taxed $126.10; while the house at the right, with neither of these advantages, was taxed $252.20! Now it's different—they are taxed $200.54 and $185.50, respectively

Below: Of these two homes, practically alike, the one at the left was assessed at $1,500, and the other at only $700. Today the valuations are $731 and $600 respectively

It is said in Chicago that ninety per cent of its taxpayers thought they were getting the best of other taxpayers. However that may be, at least half of them were wrong. Making the tax list public, after *thirty* years of illegal secrecy, caused the present storm. The wrath of cheated citizens has broken against the city hall and the court house like the waters of Lake Michigan beating against Chicago's breakwaters.

Thirty years ago a group of school teachers in Chicago, headed by Catherine Goggin, demanded less crowding in the schools, better school buildings and higher wages for teachers. When Catherine Goggin died another teacher named Margaret Haley, as head of the Teachers' Federation, carried on the fight.

"We must have more money for the schools," demanded these captains of the teachers.

"We don't dare to ask for higher taxes," replied the politicians.

The Heroines' Innings

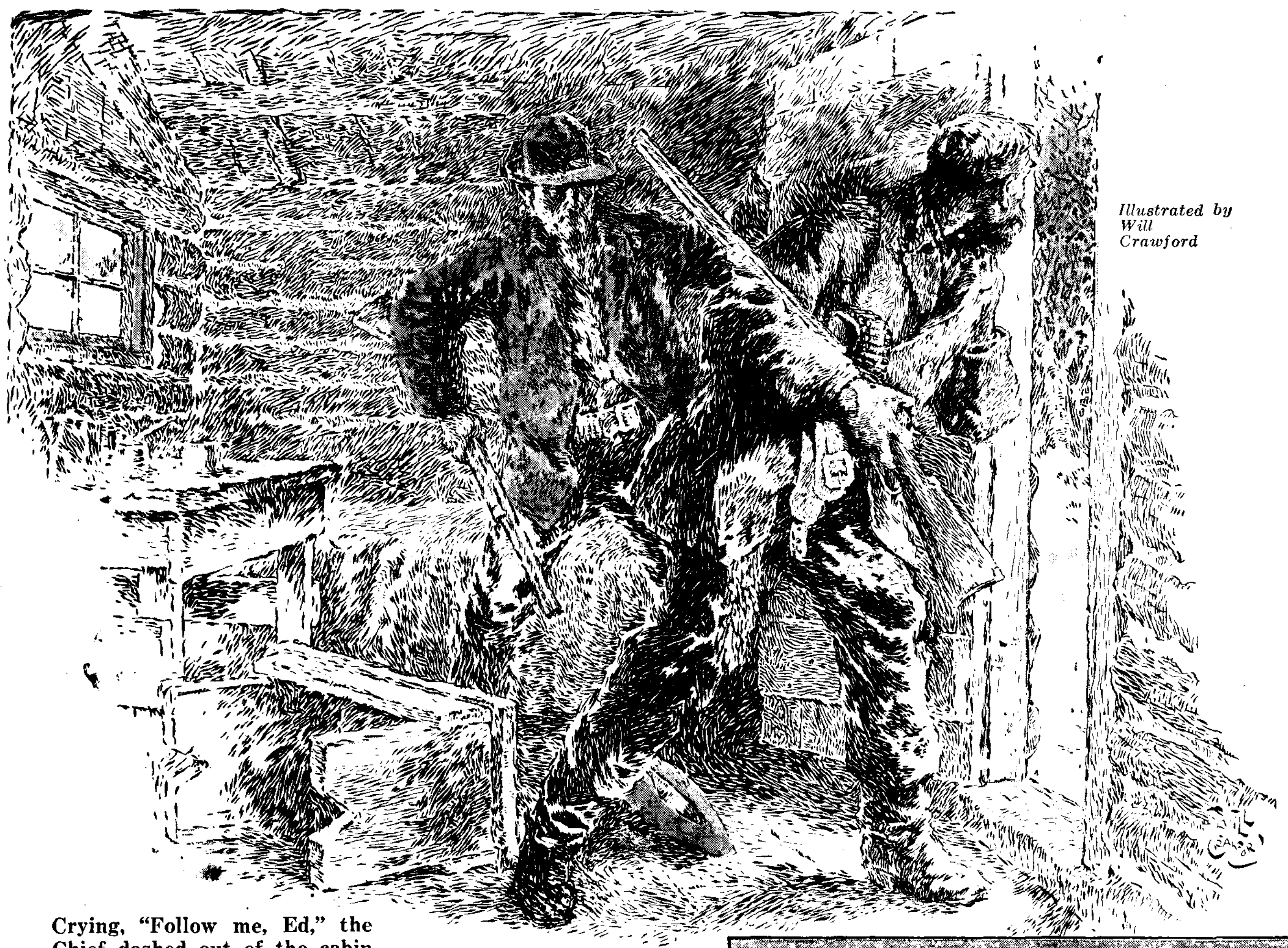
"If you'll only get an out-in-the-open system of taxation, so that everyone will pay his full and fair share of taxes and take tax-fixing out of the hands of the politicians you'll have enough extra money for the schools without raising taxes," answered the teachers.

"Those teachers are only crazy salary grabbers," answered the politicians. And plenty of people in Chicago thought the politicians were right.

The teachers couldn't prove what they suspected, that many citizens of Chicago, favored by politicians, were paying very low taxes and that many other citizens were paying very high taxes.

Here's how the taxing system in Chicago and in Cook County worked: Every

(*Continued on page 40*)



Illustrated by Will Crawford

Crying, "Follow me, Ed," the Chief dashed out of the cabin

Grudge Bandits

By Owen P. White

Beside John Sontag and Chris Evans, Jesse James was a tyro in train robbery. It is to the former that we owe the refinements of modern usage. They invented the dynamite technic. Big Bill finally got John; but nobody could kill Chris Evans

On a certain bright morning, in or about the year 1890, the town of Visalia, Tulare County, in the state of California, awoke, as Lord Byron is said to have done, to find itself famous. Up to that time Visalia had never congratulated itself upon being anything except tough; but, believe me, it *was* tough. One admiring visitor in fact—who was decorated for it by the Chamber of Commerce—said of the place that you couldn't even jab a fork in its tenderloin, and as it was nearly all tenderloin the comment was at once construed as a comprehensive compliment that included everybody.

On the morning in question, though, the excitement which indicated to the red-eyed population of Visalia that their village had at last taken its rightful place in the sun, was not centered, as it should have been, around any of its dance halls, honkytonks, gambling houses, or barrooms. On the contrary, these establishments in and out of which the daily life of Visalia generally ebbed and flowed, were strangely deserted.

Behind the bars and the faro layouts stood the wage slaves whose duty it was to stand there, but before them stood no customers. Business for the time being was dead in the dens of vice and iniquity, because, as if moved by a common impulse, every male and almost every female citizen in the town who was able to pack a gun, and sober enough to navigate at that unseasonable hour, was heading in the direction of the home of the town's one and only preacher.

This preacher was a good man, of course, but for that very same reason he was not popular. For a long time, in conscientious pursuit of his livelihood, and also in highly vehement language, he had inveighed strenuously, but without appreciable effect, against the habits and antics of the town's best citizens and heaviest taxpayers. He had committed verbal assault, many times, upon Tulare County's most influential saloon-keeper, and had even, so it was rumored, gone so far as to make slighting remarks regarding the morals of certain of Visalia's most exquisitely peroxided and bejeweled females.

Fame Comes to Visalia

Being proud of its cussedness Visalia of course had it in for this preacher and hence, on this particular morning, when it was announced in the barrooms that at last they had "the goods" on the parson, the whole town flocked to the rectory to see about it. And it was there all right. It was on the front porch, and it was in the shape of a case of watches which was part of the loot that had been gotten away with a few days before in a Southern Pacific train robbery!

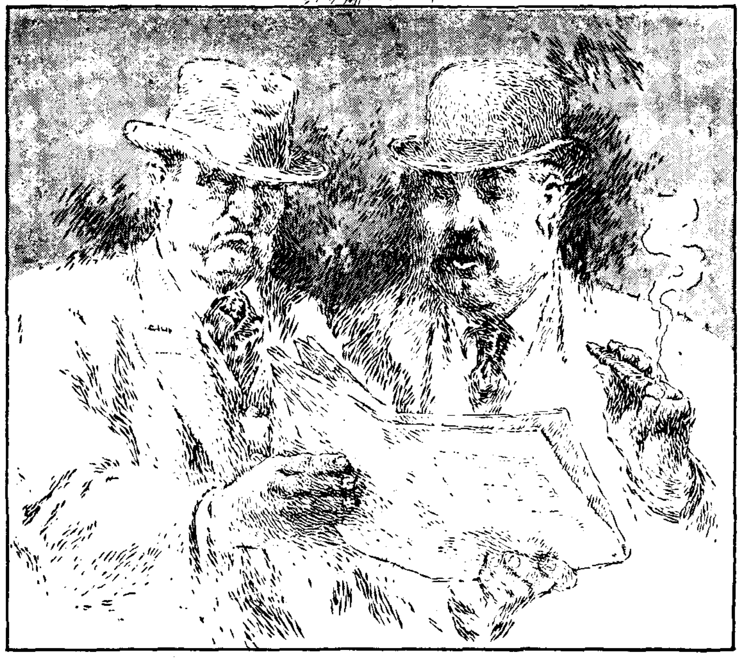
But how did those watches get there, and why should the trifling fact that valuable stolen property was found in the possession of Visalia's one and only sky pilot bring fame to the town? It may seem strange, but that's what happened. For more than a year the place was literally all cluttered up with newspaper reporters, gunmen, detectives and other undesirable characters, and during all of that period, throughout all the rest of the United States, people looked daily at their front pages to see what had happened at Visalia. Here is the story:

Several years previous to the "getting of the goods on the preacher"—which mystery will untangle itself in due time—a young man who claimed that his name was John Sontag appeared in Visalia and began to look for a job. He found one immediately, working as a ranch hand for Chris Evans, and almost at once the two men found that a strong bond of sympathy existed between them. They both hated the Octopus, as the Southern Pacific Railway Company was called, and they both longed with the fierce longing of repressed desire to do something about it.

Evans, who was a heavily whiskered man of a high temper and considerable prominence, had it in for the railroad because he claimed that the company had robbed the people of California of millions of acres of land; while Mr. Sontag, whose real name was John Contant, based his desire for revenge on the ground that he had been injured while in the employ of the road and had been denied adequate reparation.

A New Use for Dynamite

Being men of action, this pair no sooner got together than they got busy. They framed up an attractive program of progressive train robberies and immediately proceeded to experiment with it. They made a trial trip over the line; found that a stop, which suited their nefarious purposes exactly, was made at a station called Pixley, and the following day Mr. Sontag went to Stockton and purchased the arsenal with which to embark in business. He came back to Visalia, exhibited his articles of war, got the O. K. of the Chief, as Chris Evans came to be called, and then one of the conspirators had a brilliant idea.



From the next day's papers they found out that they had overlooked $110,000—which left them both pretty sore

Up to that time dynamite, as an aid to up-to-date train robbery, had never been used by the artists in the profession. Messrs. Evans and Sontag decided to try it out. In order to secure a supply they robbed the railroad's own powder house, and then they were fixed.

A week later they staged their initial performance. As the train pulled out of Pixley they slid down the coal pile in the tender, jabbed a couple of guns up against the ears of the fireman and engineer and issued instructions that the baggage and express cars be cut off from the rest of the train and run down the track a mile or so. These orders were carried out, the dynamite did the rest, and the next morning in Visalia, where everybody was happy because everybody hated the railroad company, no one was any more outspoken or really sincere in expressing the hope that the robbers would never be caught than Chris Evans and John Sontag.

Following a second robbery John Sontag went back to his home town in Minnesota to visit the folks and splurge a bit. He splurged. His brother George, who up to that time had been an honest house painter, made inquiry as to the source of so much wealth, and John, taking him out into the woodshed, let him in on the ground floor of the great secret.

"Why not do it around here?" inquired George. "They run trains in Minnesota too."

The Sontag brothers did try it, but not in Minnesota. Instead they went over to Wisconsin, and seven miles out of Racine they pulled a holdup that netted them $9,800.00 in cash but left them both pretty sore because, from early editions of the next day's papers they found out that they had overlooked

(*Continued on page 73*)

Reckless Cinderella

By May Edginton

The Story Thus Far:

MEETING Frank Wittheimer, a wealthy roué, Ray Bowfor, a lovely young girl, who works in a New York department store, foolishly permits him to shower her with gifts. One evening, when they are dining together, alone, in Wittheimer's palatial residence, Ray receives a rude shock. The 58-year-old man tells her he loves her. He does not, however, make any mention of marriage.

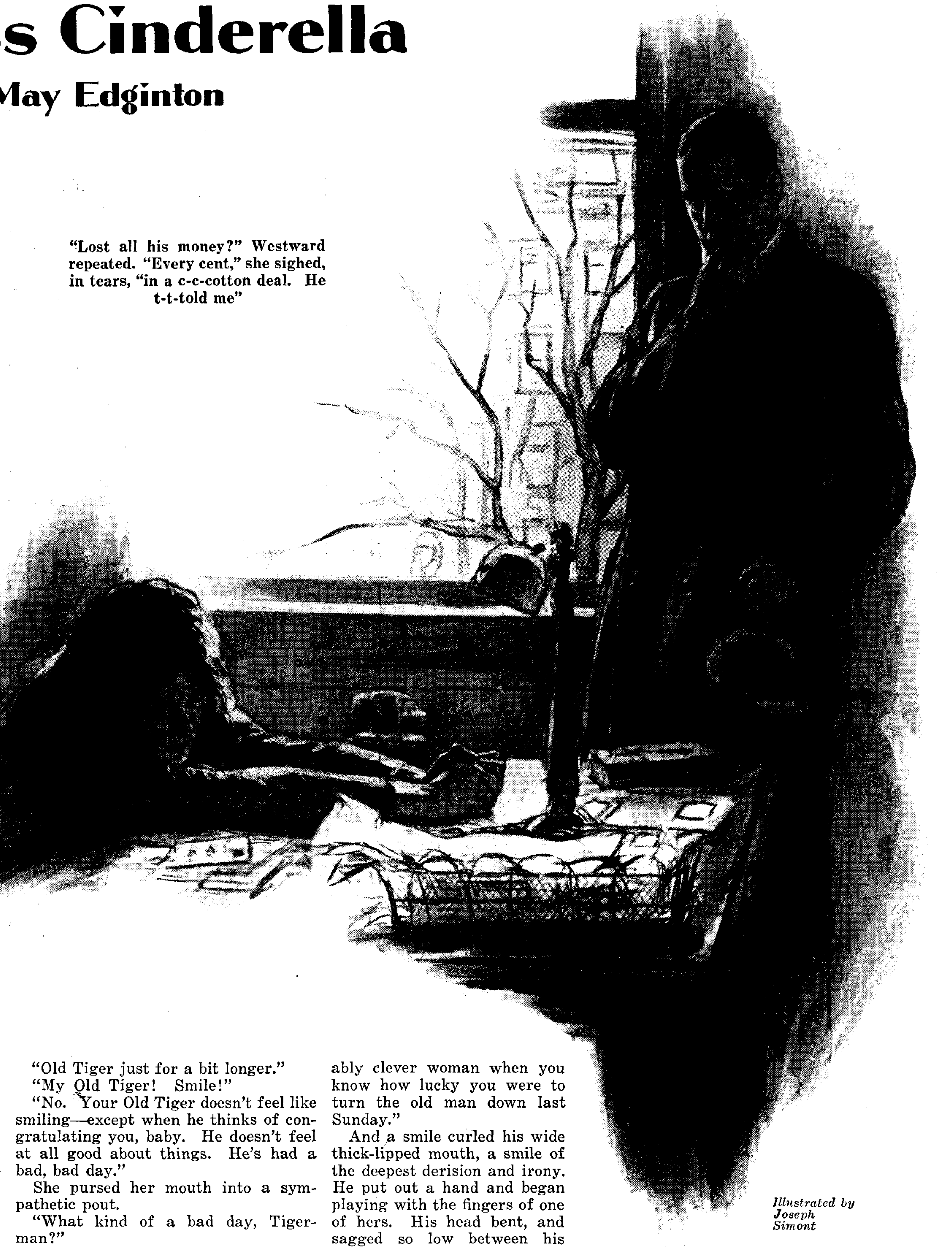
The girl is horrified. She shows it—and Wittheimer, very angry, orders her out.

Rose, Ray's sister, elopes with a professional dancer—the ratlike Pedro—and goes to Europe. Before she departs, Ray gives her her only fur coat.

But she must have another coat! Tuesday evening she is dining with a titled Englishman—Lord Times. She'd met him, quite by accident, while motoring up the Hudson. Insulted by her companion, a rough youth, she had gotten out of the car, and been picked up by Times and young Westward, a New York lawyer, and driven back to the city.

She was well dressed, young, and beautiful. When she had told the two men that she was rich; that she lived in a lovely home in Virginia; that she was related to the Poinsetters, whose Fifth Avenue home she was occupying during their absence in Florida; that her name was *Beaufort* (not *Bowfor*)—they had believed her. And why not? Had she not actually asked them into the Poinsetter residence, where, under the watchful eye of an old servant, she had entertained them? . . . She must have a coat, in order to impress Lord Times—and she gets it. Her boss lends her one. . . . One perfect evening with Times, and the young lord leaves for England.

Then Ray is lonely. She knows she should not see Wittheimer again. But . . . the following evening she goes to his home—the home of the "Old Tiger"—where the strangest adventure of her life awaits her.



"Lost all his money?" Westward repeated. "Every cent," she sighed, in tears, "in a c-c-cotton deal. He t-t-told me"

Illustrated by *Joseph Simont*

III

OLD FRANK also was in one of what she called his ugly moods; but it was an ugly mood with which she was not familiar. He was not in dinner clothes as usual. His big face, pale and gray, was inscrutable. His eyes, pale and gray, were lit with a sardonic humor. He did not rise to meet her, but sat hunched on a divan; sultan, satyr; incalculable. She danced up to him; and by the time she danced up to him her face was gay.

For he liked gay faces.

His voice was unusual. "Sit down beside me," he said, patting the divan. She landed on it with a little spring, and sat close to him, feet curled under her, clasping an ankle. He gave her a sidelong look, sardonic, unkind.

"Well, how are you, baby?"

"Fine. And how's the big boy?"

"Oh . . . fine," said Old Frank inscrutably.

"What've you been doing today?" she coaxed.

He gave her a long look from lackluster eyes.

"Mostly," he said, "sitting around, handing you my congratulations."

"Now, honey, what's that?"

He turned his bulky body slowly on the divan and faced her.

"The other day—Sunday night—you turned me down, eh, kid?"

"Oh, now please, Mr. Wittheimer—"

"Old Tiger just for a bit longer."

"My Old Tiger! Smile!"

"No. Your Old Tiger doesn't feel like smiling—except when he thinks of congratulating you, baby. He doesn't feel at all good about things. He's had a bad, bad day."

She pursed her mouth into a sympathetic pout.

"What kind of a bad day, Tiger-man?"

"A terribly bad day, kiddo. The worst kind. And so I want to congratulate you on your womanly intuition, dear. On that—that—" he looked for the right expression, snapping fat white fingers in the air—"that flair that some of you little girls have certainly got for spotting the winner; and for—for turning down the loser even before he loses. I think you will go far, dear, if you keep right on going along the road you've started." His voice grew very soft.

Now all at once she felt fear of Old Frank; not the same fear she had felt last Sunday, but a fear of the deep, deep cynicism that was dug into the very fiber of his being, that lay in the queer gray brain behind those grayish eyeballs. The very thick softness of his slow, contemplative voice made her uneasy; all her nerves responded to his look and voice; her nerves acutely anticipated the unknown. He went on:

"You will think yourself a remarkably clever woman when you know how lucky you were to turn the old man down last Sunday."

And a smile curled his wide thick-lipped mouth, a smile of the deepest derision and irony. He put out a hand and began playing with the fingers of one of hers. His head bent, and sagged so low between his hunched shoulders that, sitting erect, she was staring at its bald expanse. He said in that soft voice:

"This old man that you see before you is down and out. Yes. He's down and he's out. Last Sunday he was a rich old guy and worth a woman's while, but tonight it is all over, and no woman's going to look at him ever any more." The bald expanse of head shook slowly, negatively, from side to side.

SHE sat, poised erect, dismayed and shocked.

His head lifted for a moment; the gray eyes bored into hers like screws turning; there were derision, weariness and a certain malicious humor in them. His head sagged again.

"Yes, you're a smart kid. Great gifts. Great gifts."

Shocked and wounded: "Oh, Mr. Wittheimer—"

"'Old Tiger' for one more minute surely. . . . He's got a bottle of champagne left!"

"'Old Tiger' then. Don't talk to me like that!"

"Why not?" he mused patiently. "Can't you hard-boiled babies take the truth now and then? Besides, I'm complimenting you. Make no mistake. I've no grouch against you. I give you my congratulations."

"Please don't talk to me like that!"

Pity was a strange thing; so akin to a sort of love. Her heart—so easy to move if they only knew it, and, thank God, they didn't—was nearly sobbing up into her throat. The poor old man! Older now in his mysterious, cataclysmic poverty, for only rich men were cosseted and corseted and barbered to stay looking young.

"You make it seem as if I—as if I—just took everything—"

"Well." His voice came still softer and more reflective. "Didn't you? Just like all the rest of 'em?"

"No! No! . . . Only while you had it to give and wouldn't miss it, and I did want it so—Old Tiger!"

"Aha!"

"Are you—absolutely—ruined?"

"Dear, I'm down and out. I always was a great speculator, you know. Well, the bottom's fallen right out of the market—some will say I ought never to have gone into cotton, and they'll be darned glad I did. Five million dollars dropped, baby, and it isn't likely the Old Tiger will pick himself up again. So now, right here is where we say good-by, isn't it?"

UP CAME his head, with his eyes boring into her, from his face like a mask. His mouth was set like a trap. She had never before seen him so; and all at once she knew that her refusal last Sunday had come as a very hard thing to him.

"How can you say things like that!"

"Because they're true, dear."

"They're not true. I don't want to leave you—"

"You left me very quick last Sunday."

"That was different. I ran away because—"

"To make the rich old fool bid higher."

"Oh! oh! if you could only believe—"

" 'Believe'?"

"Some woman sometimes."

"Ah, well, women have made it hard for me to do that."

"It's you and your kind who make us grabbers."

"Maybe. Maybe." His voice rolled on, his eyes remaining on her face. "We know just about where we get off, we men. It's our money you want every time. When that's gone, you must look for the next one. I don't blame you. I've no grouch. Say good-by, and aren't you thankful for turning me down the other day? You can hardly wait for that champagne that Oscar'll bring us, can you?"

"I don't want your champagne!" she cried.

"What *do* you want now, then?"

"To help you."

A long sterile silence descended on them. It is possible that during it Wittheimer began to believe a little; but his belief had to grow slowly. He knew, as he said, just where he and other such fat, elderly, rich fellows got off. They liked their women young, pretty, gay, alluring. Such were to be bought but never to be won any more by fat, elderly, rich fellows weary of life and yet raked by their old lusts.

He had known other men like himself who wished devoutly that they could be satisfied with the sort of kind, gentle, good, domestically inclined woman in the forties who might make herself satisfied with them. But they couldn't. They must buy the hard young beauties, the avaricious and the necessitous, the demi-virgins, or the frank courtesans. And yet, buying and buying, in the hearts of all of them as in his heart—he supposed—was the boyish wish, the hopeless hope, that somehow in all this bleared half-world of love the generous flowers of youth might be found again. So that, when he heard Ray Bowfor's shaken voice saying, "I want to help you," there was a stir almost of awe in him; it was as if some beautiful ghost of a long-dead credulity rose again.

"WHY?" he said.

"Because you have been my friend, Old Tiger; so good to me."

"But if there's no more to be got out of me?"

"You've been so good to me!" she repeated plaintively.

"Ah, well. I hoped that *you'd* be good to me."

She was silent. Then: "I want to do something for you," she said at last.

"Are you—are you—fond of me, then, baby?" he asked haltingly.

"Very, very fond of you; only not—not—"

"Aha! . . . that's the way they all talk. They don't want to be fond enough of me if they can help it, though. I see through 'em every time."

"Then why do you—why do you—?"

"Half a loaf's better than no bread."

He looked at her, still like a great sphinx.

"Well, I'm pretty low," he said. "I'm like that nigger in the musical play."

And he began to sing in a voice that was still a rich deep bass:

"Ah gits weary an' sick of tryin',
I'm tired of livin', and feared of dyin',
But Ol' Man River he just keeps rollin'
a-long!"

When his voice ceased, the tears were dripping from her eyes.

"You mustn't feel like that! Mustn't!"

"Why not? I've nothing to live for."

"Oh, but—oh, but—"

"If there was a little love, say," said Old Frank softly; "if a little girl had a little love for me not 'cause I'm a rich man—which I'm not—but 'cause I was Old Tiger—'cause . . ." He broke off. "Tonight," he informed her, "do you know what I'm going to do? I'm packing up, taking the late train to Florida. I'm having those couple of days at Miami Beach in the sunshine; and then—all over!"

" '*All over*'?"

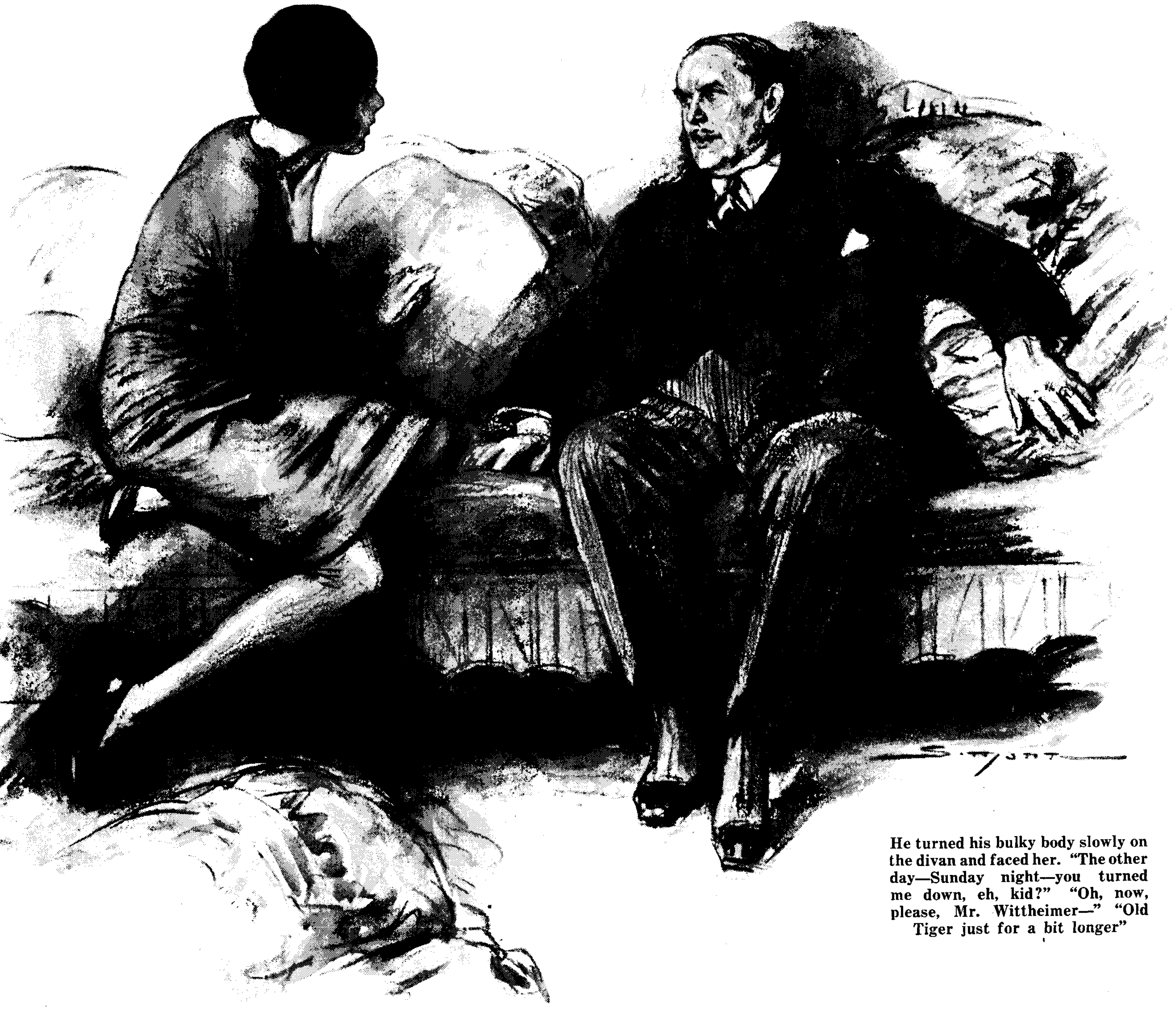
He sang: " 'I'm tired of livin'. . . .'

"But, child," he said, "I'm not so scared of dying, after all."

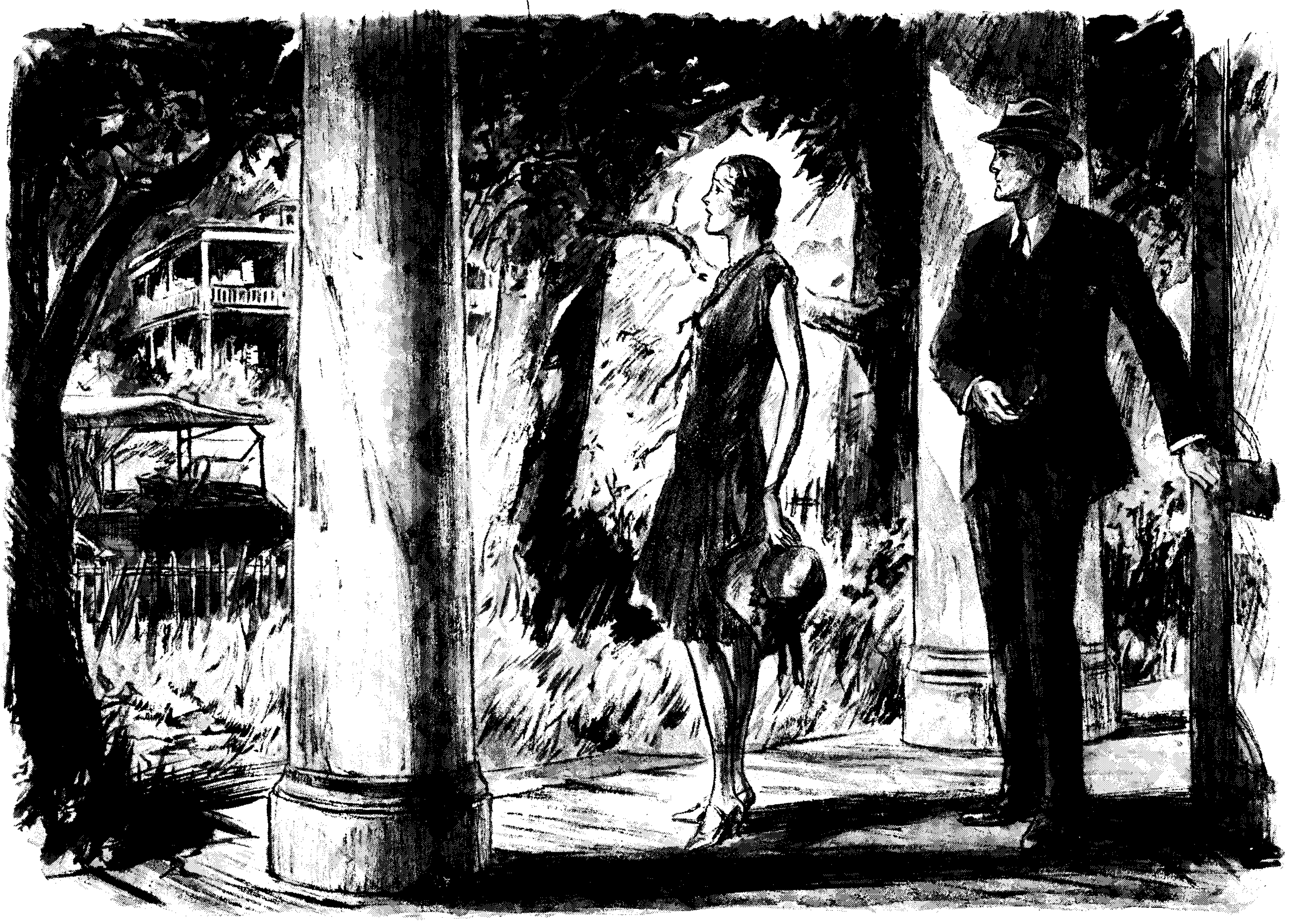
"Oh, please! Old Tiger!"

She jumped off the divan, walked from him across the room and back. He watched her all the way, writhing inside

(*Continued on page 34*)



He turned his bulky body slowly on the divan and faced her. "The other day—Sunday night—you turned me down, eh, kid?" "Oh, now, please, Mr. Wittheimer—" "Old Tiger just for a bit longer"



Finally, Austin made out a misshapen shoe propped into an angle of the tonneau. Henry was asleep

The Belle of Calomega

When the go-getting Austin met the easy-going Darma something was just bound to happen—for Darma was a go-getter, also, in her lovely Southern way

By James Aswell

IN THE night the train crawled out of the Blue Ridge and entered the deep South.

When the porter jerked the green curtains three times, drowsily predicting, “Calomega,” Austin Munn came awake abruptly. He always did. He was not a man to waste time catching cat-naps after the night's sleep was over. In fact, he sat up so energetically that his head banged against the bottom of the upper berth, accounting, perhaps, for a momentary sense of unreality, for the belief that everything was inordinately hot and bright and that there was around him the oppressive aroma of many magnolia blooms.

His wrist watch said seven forty-five. In twenty minutes, if the train were on time, he would be in Calomega. Twenty minutes was exactly what he allowed himself for matutinal preparations in New York. A neatly typed day's schedule hung on his wall. It began, “Arise by alarm, 7:30. Bath, shaving, teeth, etc., 16 minutes. Dressing, 4 minutes. Walk to restaurant, 3 minutes; breakfast, 20 minutes. . . .”

Observe Austin Munn as he steps off the train, keen and eager-eyed for the most responsible assignment of his three-year-old career. He is twenty-four. Just under six feet, he wears a dark, well-cut suit, a stiff collar and maroon tie. He looks alert and competent, as though he is destined to do big, American things. But he has amiable and very pale blue eyes, and the merest indecisive dimple in his chin—which you might never notice, though you knew him for years. For the rest, he is Yale—the best business manager the *Record* ever had—and he has never had a drink in his life. By profession he is an efficiency engineer.

“KERRIDGE, sir? Or if it ain't too much of a piece, maybe you kin walk.”

“What?” He fastened a puzzled gaze on a monstrously black and dirty Negro leaning from a Ford. Then, “Oh—I'm looking for—I'm going to the house of Miss Darma Lysle.”

“Whoo-oo,” murmured the taxi driver vaguely, eyeing Austin's two sizable bags. But he ambled out finally and lugged them to the tonneau of the Ford, heaving a great sigh.

“You know where the Lysle home is?”

“ *'Cose* I knows where Miss Darma lives. I doubt if she's up yit, though.”

“Surely she'll be up. She's expecting me.” He glanced at his watch. “It's eight-twelve now.”

“Can't never tell, mister.” Over the roar of the engine, “Might not be up at *ten*-twelve. She's a sleepy lady, Miss Darma. Sleepiest lady I ever know. Always sleepy, since she was a little gal. I knowed her daddy. He don't ketch no worms neither.”

Austin strained forward. “I beg your pardon?”

“I say, Ol' Man Lysle, he don't beat de birds out mawnin's. Fine ole gen'l'man, 'fo' he die.”

Now Austin looked at the town. It was sunk in genteel slumber. Across the show-windows of the stores near the station were big wooden shutters which would open at nine-thirty. The merchants would then sprinkle floors to lay the dust; sit down to chat or doze. He had read about towns in the South like this. The American Mercury had given him a fair idea of what to expect, although he knew the Mercury exaggerated things. A new industrial age was bound to come for the South; they'd wake up and find themselves. Already there was the Lysle Woolen Mill; and the very fact that Mr. Lysle, before he died, had sent for an efficiency engineer showed that Eastern ideas were percolating. It might be tough going at first, but here was a big new field waiting to be conquered.

He was riding down the principal thoroughfare of Calomega. At one end were stores—the “business district”—and at the other a single row of rather pretentious residences, which all needed paint or to have their lawns mowed. Beyond their wide porches moved no sign of life. At the front gate of one mansion a stout Negress, her head done up in a white bandanna, paused and watched the progress of the Ford. She kept her hands folded under her apron and smiled.

Austin wondered which was the home of Darma Lysle. He did not wonder long, for just before the street became the Dixie Highway, leading away south, they jerked to a stop in front of the most dilapidated fine home he had ever seen.

AN IMMENSE house with colonial columns whose paint had scaled in streaks was half hidden far back in a cluster of sycamore trees. Toward it ran a cobbled walk, weeds pushing up between the stones. You could not tell which of the shrubbery had been planted by design and which just grew. Yet it was not the sort of unkempt appearance acquired by a house which has been deserted a long time. There hovered the suggestion that people lived here and didn't give a damn.

"Wait for me," Austin told the driver. "I may want you to drive me to the hotel."

Old Lysle's daughter had written suggesting that the man who came stay at her house; there was plenty of room. But Austin wondered whether he might not be more comfortable at a hotel.

The porch creaked under his neatly shined shoes. He knocked, but heard no answering tread of footsteps. He knocked again, more loudly. Finally he rattled the screen door. He was hot and a little annoyed; there was no excuse for anyone behaving in this fashion. Miss Lysle had said in her letter to wire, that she would meet the train. He had wired. Even if she were still abed there should be a servant to answer the door.

At last he heard a swish and a soft, padded sound of feet. The big door swung back halfway. There stood Darma Lysle.

His first surprise was to find her so young—though there was no earthly reason for an assumption that she should be spinsterish and plain. Her eyes, heavy with sleep, blinked against the bright morning. They were enormous, those eyes, under a high, white forehead and tousled, perfectly black hair. She wore a blue dressing-gown that was too candid about the curves under her throat for Austin's composure. These things, in that moment, were all he knew.

"Oh, you're the efficiency man," she exclaimed drowsily. "I *wanted* to come to the depot, but I just didn't wake up." She leaned against the open door and yawned, smiling, the tips of her fingers in her hair. "I reckon you're pretty tired, with the trip and all. Your room's ready—"

"I understand what you've been going through," he managed when she paused. "I'll simply locate at a hotel and later in the day we can talk over the situation at the mill."

SHE laughed—quite inappropriately, Austin thought; but her voice had a sort of cello richness that fitted the dim hall.

"*Henry's* decided you're going to stay with me," she said, pointing past his shoulder.

He wheeled and saw his driver laboring up the walk with his bags. And then:

"What's your name, Mr. Efficiency Man? I forget."

"Munn, Austin Munn."

"Come on and I'll show you your room." She turned and Austin followed her down a spacious entrance hall that ended in a stair. Henry trudged behind, complaining softly to himself over the weight of his burden.

She led them to a high, cool room upstairs. There were great windows that looked out into the green foam of sycamore leaves, and a tremendous four-poster bed. In a corner was a washbasin stand, upon which rested a pitcher and two pink celluloid boxes for soap.

"This used to be my mother's room. That was a long time ago. She died in '19. Daddy stayed here until Mother took pneumonia from leaving the window up one winter night and getting rained on. Now *he's* gone, too."

She told him these things simply, and with no sorrow in her tone. As if she were explaining something to a little boy. With anyone else he would have been irritated; now he was definitely caressed. But tipping Henry and lifting one of his bags to a chair he was acutely conscious of the willowy girl standing there in utterly unconventional attire. He met her gaze—she was smiling out of those big, wise eyes.

"I'm goin' and dress now, Mr. Munn. I'll call you for breakfast after Sarah comes. Sarah's a good nigger but she's always late. Ought to be here soon, though."

"Thank you." He realized that his tone was a bit nervous. "You've been very kind. I hope I'll inconvenience you as little as possible."

She brightened up again, bringing curious little wrinkles into the corners of her eyes. Her skin, he noticed, was innocent of make-up, and dead white. He hoped she wasn't going to use any rouge. It was all right for most girls, but here was the rare type that needed nothing. Suddenly a frightening possibility occurred to him.

"Miss Lysle, do you—do you live here alone?"

"Practically. Sometimes a few of the boys stick around overnight."

Austin's jaw dropped.

"I wish you'd call me Darma, too. I hate that 'Miss' business. So long."

She was gone—leaving behind a horrified young man who debated wildly whether he should insist again on the hotel, before it was too late. At length he shook a worried head and opened the second suitcase. From this he drew a box of writing paper, sat down in a rocker by the window and began to compose:

"Dear Ada: I've just arrived in the quaintest town you can imagine. I shall stay, I think now, at the home of the late Mr. Lysle, our client. The house is very picturesque, characteristically Southern but deplorably run down. These people need a cold dash of twentieth-century ideas. Their possibilities are limitless. A week of patient work and I'm certain I can brace up the mill, overhaul its budget and put it generally upon an intelligent operating basis. I may have to clear out dead wood in the personnel, and this will require tact; however—"

He did not put the cap on his fountain pen until he had filled four closely written pages. Then he leaned back, feeling more himself, and briskly turned over plans for the day. Surely, in the letter, there had been no need to mention Darma Lysle.

AT BREAKFAST Darma emerged from the chiaroscuro of first impressions, became real. They sat at an ancient leaved table that bore the scars of many dinners. With them, much to Austin's relief, was a superannuated and nearly blind aunt who kept mumbling vaguely about a draft. Darma paid absolutely no attention to her.

It was pleasant to sit in this high-ceilinged room eating ham and waffles and cane syrup. Darma wore a white muslin dress, low-necked and short-sleeved. The sentient, racing-car lines of her contrasted sharply with an aura of good-humored lassitude. She watched Austin all the time. He did not mind because he was sure she stared that way at everybody. And she became less formidable. They talked together about school days. She had gone to Sweet Briar College for a year—had come home because she was afraid of getting pneumonia in the Virginia winters. He laughed, thinking how she would like the turmoil, even the harsh thunder of New York; how, in time, she would even love the glitter of theater marquees through February rain. He thought of the way her senses would sharpen and her laziness depart in a more bracing atmosphere. It was a shame to see her floating on down here, without any real purpose in life.

Over the coffee he was astonished to find it was almost ten. He had resolved to be at the mill before the earliest employee that first morning. He'd planned on snatching a bite and plunging straight into his job.

"We'd better take a look at the outfit now, don't you think, Miss Lysle?"

"Darma, Darma, Darma!"

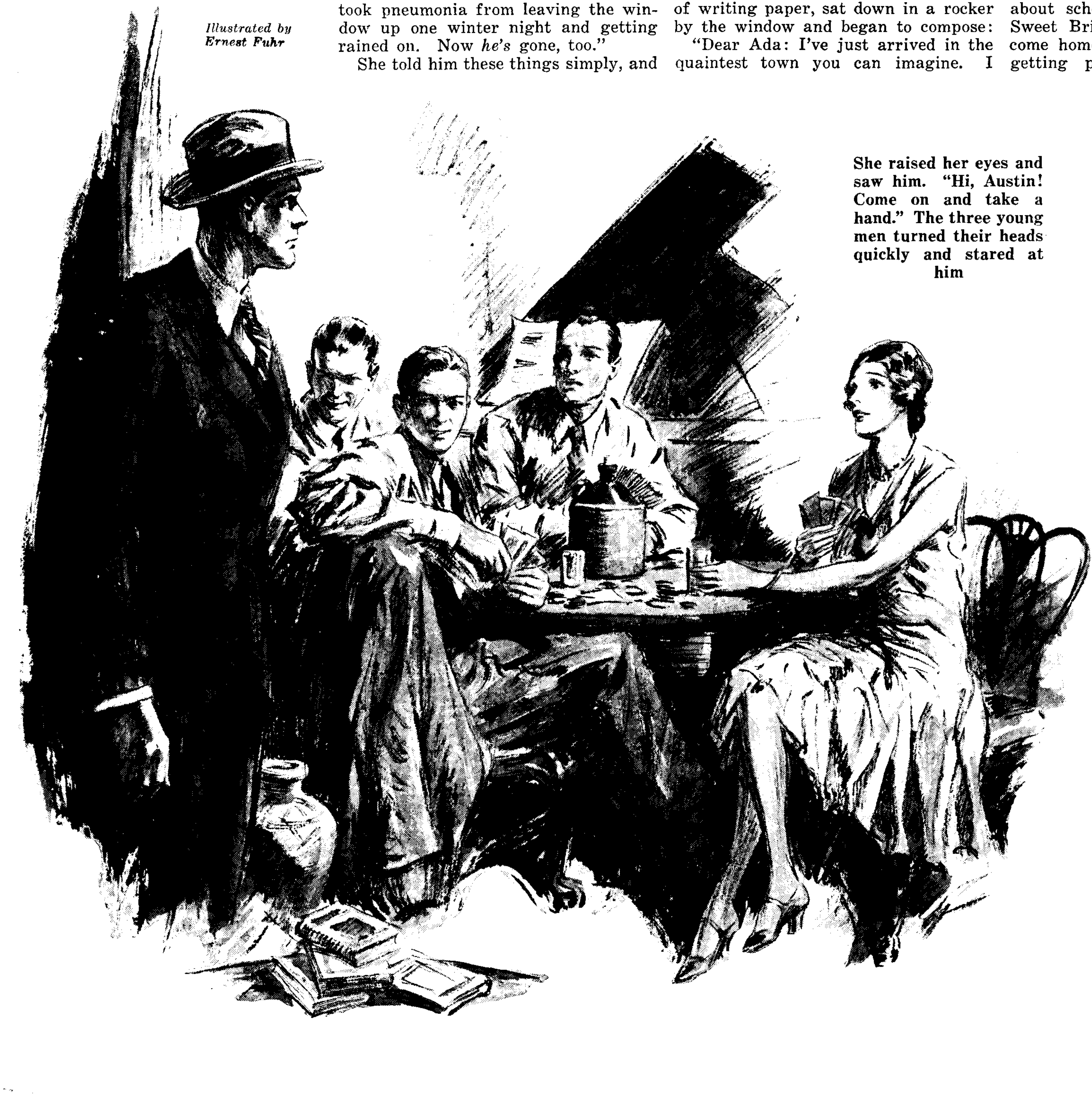
"I'm sorry. Darma. But it's important to get things moving at the mill, and if you've no other immediate engagement we might run over there. You could introduce me to your manager and foremen."

He rose rather irritably. Nothing was worse than tardiness about an important undertaking. He'd never done a thing like this before.

Darma tapped a cigarette on the table, stuck it in her mouth and lighted it, squinting at him through the smoke. "I've got to bathe first. I always bathe before and after breakfast. It makes you feel so limp and cool."

Austin involuntarily sighed. "You shouldn't bathe

(*Continued on page 68*)



Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

She raised her eyes and saw him. "Hi, Austin! Come on and take a hand." The three young men turned their heads quickly and stared at him

The Flying Dutchman

It looked as though a barrel could roll through Honus Wagner's concave legs. Perhaps a barrel could but a baseball rarely did. From sand-lot to big leagues the veteran shortstop has enjoyed the game—thirty years of loving and living baseball

By John B. Kennedy

Underwood & Underwood

"I can hit almost as well as ever," says Wagner—and his batting was over .300 practically all his career

International News Photos, Inc.

Honus Wagner, former Pirate star, with Manager John McGraw

HISTORY was about to be made in a Mansfield, Pa., barber shop. A gangling youth, with a chest as big as a breakwater and hands like shovels, earnestly plied the face of a local celebrity with lather. His father, who owned the business, had threatened punishment if work was neglected on Saturday afternoon.

The local celebrity spluttered through a thick mask of soap bubbles as the lad stropped. Cries came in at the open doorway—happy, hearty cries of boyhood in the spring, clamoring for baseball.

"We're on our way, Honus," the cries explicitly stated, "and if you don't come along to play third base somebody else will."

Honus dutifully bent over the lathered face, applied the razor. Outside, boys unlimbered and warmed up a bit while a committee of two argued with Honus. A ball cracked from a bat. That decided Honus. The customer was left cursing, face half-shaved, while young Wagner strode from there with a convex stride. Filial and professional duties each received a clout in the neck.

Ten years, almost to the minute, after that die-casting in Mansfield (which changed its name to Carnegie either to get or to avoid getting a free library), Honus (alias Hans, alias John H.) Wagner ran onto a Pittsburgh diamond as a Pirate. The year was 1900, and the twelve-club National League had been forcibly reduced to eight. Louisville—where Honus started a major league career—was consolidated with Pittsburgh. Fred Clarke, the Louisville captain, was made Pirate manager. Whereupon Captain Ely of the Pirates pouted, peeved and quit, a foolish way of minding p's and a q.

Ely was a great shortstop and there was not a Louisvillian qualified to succeed him. But Clarke took a chance.

"You'll play short," said he to Honus.

Wagner grinned and trotted to his post. The park rocked with boos.

"Who's the bow-legged guy?" jeered ten thousand customers.

Honus continued grinning. All through the game. And every time he went to bat, ran the bases or jogged to the bench he heard the shout: "Bring Back Ely—Wagner's Dutch!"

A Frank Merriwell episode came in the ninth inning. The Pirates had a one-run lead at the end of the eighth, and Baltimore—the visiting team—got three men on, none out and John McGraw at bat. The stands seethed. McGraw cracked a hard one. It looked—it still looks—as if a barrel could roll through Honus Wagner's bandy legs. Maybe a barrel could. A baseball rarely did. He scooped McGraw's hot grounder, tagged a runner, shot to home—double play, threat ended.

Roared applause. Honus had made good.

I asked Honus Wagner, as he sat with his great shoulders hunched and his big face beaming like a genial Punch, what moment he would call the most thrilling of thirty years as a professional ball player.

"That double play on my first day as a Pirate," said he. "Nothing's ever beat that."

Thus he eclipses the bright occasion when he outshone everybody in his first world's series—for Pittsburgh in 1902, and so he voluntarily obscures the heroic moment when he saved an umpire's life in Philadelphia. That is, if we assume that an umpire's head is susceptible to fracture when beer bottles are hurled violently against it.

Such was the case on a woeful day when the Pirates played the Phillies. Wagner came up to bat with the score tied in the eighth and nobody out. The pitcher proceeded to stack up two strikes on the great Honus without much ado. Then the umpire called three straight balls. Came a foul. Then one that twenty thousand pop-eyed Phillie fans (Aside: yes, there used to be that many) swore cut a slice off the edge of the plate. His umps cried "Ball." Honus loped to first.

A New-Style Bottle Stopper

One bottle, then two were hurled. Toughs burst the protective netting and a fusilade began. Honus ran to the dugout—not for shelter. He emerged with a bat, bravely took his place before the bombarded umpire and hit back bottles. Other players followed suit, and turned an ugly assault into a playful interlude.

"I had as much fun in the Allegheny County League as a kid in my teens as I had in nineteen years of big league stardom," says Honus.

"All I lived for was baseball," Honus simply admits. "I played from the end of March until the end of each October. Between times I was a motor mechanic."

He operated a garage in his home town—the first garage to be opened there. Likewise he owned the third motor car to appear in the town, a two-cylinder speed demon that burned along at eighteen miles an hour—under pressure.

"My principal assets for that garage were two well-fed mules," says Honus.

McKee's Rocks—the gaunt, forked heights just outside Pittsburgh—are now no obstacle to motorists: even the cheaper cars scale their steep grades scornfully. Then it was different. Honus lay in wait with his mules and picked up some stalled customer every day—often two a day.

"And it cost 'em twenty-five dollars to be towed back to town," he says. A hefty price for a time when gasoline was eleven cents a gallon.

Honus carries no scars. His huge hands, that have stopped ten thousand cowhide cannon balls in scorching flight, bear no marks. The knobby thumbs and hook-like fingers are iron-strong and flexible as rubber. His lean, brick-red face beneath a square head of fine white hair, has nothing but health in it.

"We didn't start in as rookies in those days," he discloses. "We went in as fighters or we didn't stay in at all."

Baseball players were not then the

(Continued on page 80)

Fu Manchu's Daughter

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE trying to uncover the Tomb of the Black Ape, in Egypt's great Valley of the Kings, Sir Lionel Barton, world-famous archæologist, apparently dies—under mysterious circumstances. Investigation reveals, however, that the great scientist is not dead, but in a deep cataleptic sleep—induced, it appears, by secret enemies.

Who are those enemies? What are they planning to do?

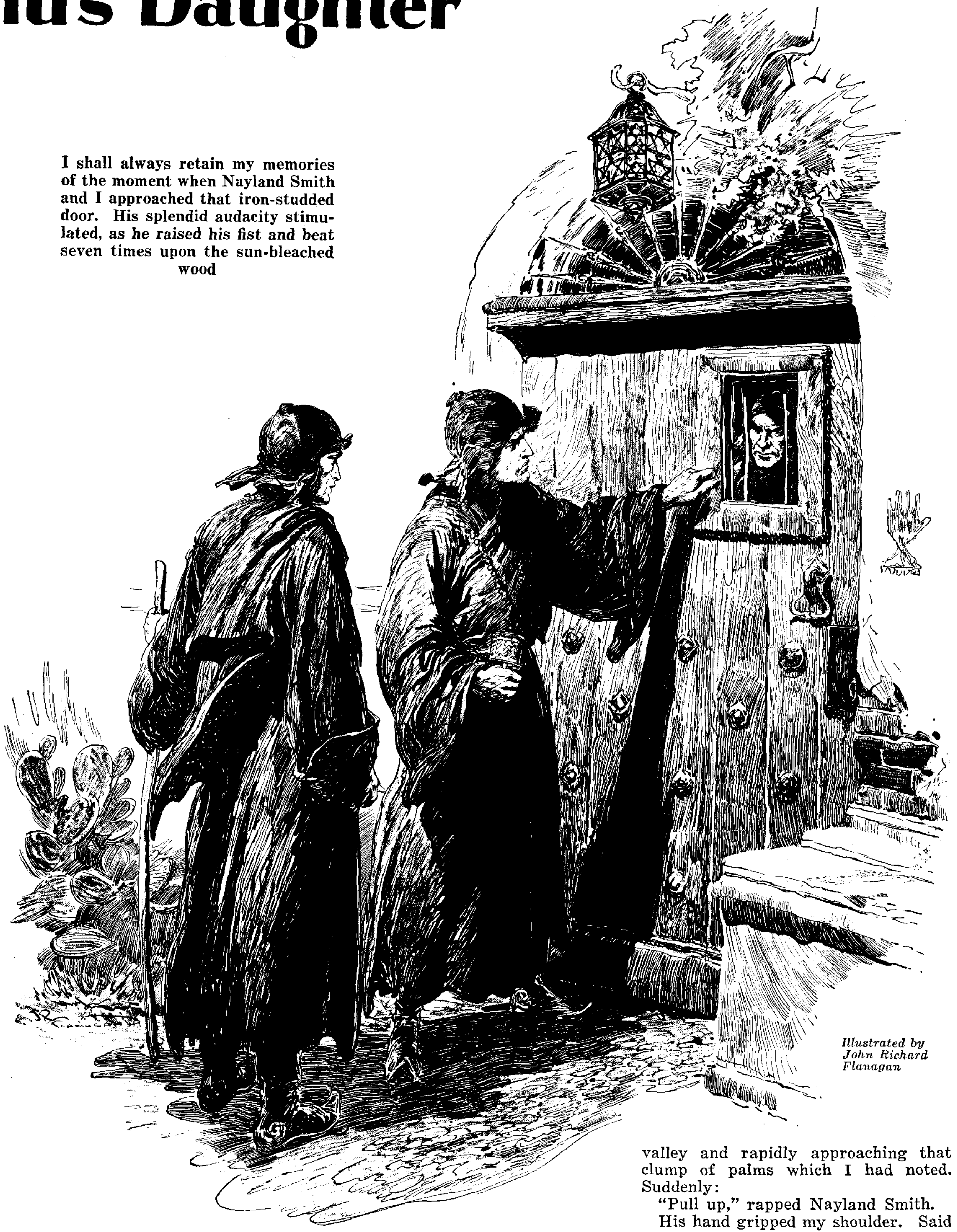
Dr. Petrie, one of Sir Lionel's oldest friends; Weymouth, head of the Cairo Detective Service; Shan Greville, who tells the story, and Rima Barton, Sir Lionel's beautiful niece, with whom Greville is in love, determine to unravel the mystery.

Strange beings—murderous Orientals known as dacoits—hover about the lonely little camp. And in the background lurks a weird and menacing figure: the shadowy Madame Ingomar, about whom little is known, but who is, apparently, deeply involved in the plot revolving about Sir Lionel.

Shortly after the tragedy, the victim's body had disappeared. Petrie and his associates had found it deep in one of the excavations, in an ancient sarcophagus, near which lay a dead dacoit—strangled. Sir Lionel was still alive. Why had he not been murdered? Why, while the searchers were at work, had Madame Ingomar come creeping into the excavation? What is the meaning of the somber drama?

Petrie knows more than the others. "We are dealing," he says, "with the agents of Dr. Fu Manchu!" And he explains that the sinister Fu Manchu—believed to be dead—was master of a method of inducing artificial catalepsy, for which there is an antidote, a liquid of which he alone possesses a few drops. He tries the liquid on Sir Lionel. Barton regains consciousness—but only for a few moments!

Sir Denis Nayland Smith, one of Scotland Yard's noted operatives, arrives on the scene. Disguised as an Arab, he has been investigating the case for some time. He it was who, in order to save Sir Lionel's life, strangled the dacoit; and he knows much of the terrible story. Madame Ingomar, he says, is, in reality, Fah Lo Suee—Fu Manchu's daughter; she is the most dangerous woman alive; due to her activities, the whole world is menaced. "But," he adds, "if we can strike quickly enough, the peril may be averted!" . . . Preparations are made to go, by car, to the Oasis of Khârga, where Fah Lo Suee lives. "The powers of hell are assembled there," says Nayland Smith. . . . What lies before the little party?



I shall always retain my memories of the moment when Nayland Smith and I approached that iron-studded door. His splendid audacity stimulated, as he raised his fist and beat seven times upon the sun-bleached wood

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

VI

THAT journey across the desert was strange in many ways—stranger and more horrible in its outcome than a merciful Providence allowed me to foresee. Nevertheless it aroused within me that sort of warning sixth sense which once before, on the train to Cairo, had advised me of the fact that I was spied upon. Possibly those religious fanatics guarding the extraordinary woman who called herself Madame Ingomar, who, I knew, claimed a sort of divine authority for their ghastly crimes, reacted upon me in some odd way. All I know is that I seemed to have developed a capacity for smelling them out; as will presently appear.

Weymouth, Petrie and Nayland Smith rode in the back of the car, and I sat in front with Said. The starting place outside Esna had been cunningly chosen and we had every reason to believe that the outset of our journey had been managed without attracting attention.

Our disguises were passably good. Both Weymouth and Petrie were well sun-browned, and I had the complexion which comes with months of exposure to the weather. Petrie's distinguished appearance was enhanced by a tarboosh and we had agreed to address him as "bey." Weymouth, his robes crowned by a small white turban, resembled a substantial village sheik; and I knew I could pass anywhere for a working Arab. Nayland Smith had retained the dress he was wearing at our first meeting.

Clear of the cultivated land that borders the Nile, and well out upon that ancient route which once had known no passage more violent than that of the soft-padding camels and the tinkling of the camel-bells, we met never a soul for thirty miles.

An hour, and another hour, we carried on, over desolate, gravelly, boundless waste. The sun blazed down mercilessly although it was dipping to the western horizon. On we went, and on; until, having mounted a long slope, I saw a wadi ahead.

Nothing moved within my view, although I searched the prospect carefully through Nayland Smith's field-glasses. The ground was hard as nails. But at the bottom of this little valley I spied a clump of palms and knew that there must be water.

A sentinel vulture floated high overhead.

We bumped on merrily across the wildest irregularities. In no sense was this a motor road. And, having carefully studied the map, I had serious doubts of its practicability beyond the site of some Roman ruins merely marked "ed-Dêr."

DOWN we swept into the wadi, Said driving in that care-free manner which characterizes the native chauffeur for whom tires are things made to be burst, and engines, *jinn*, or powerful spirits invulnerable to damage. However, we carried three spares and could only hope for the best.

I don't know what it was, unless perhaps the smoother running of the car, which drew my attention to the path ahead. We were now in the cup of the valley and rapidly approaching that clump of palms which I had noted. Suddenly:

"Pull up," rapped Nayland Smith.

His hand gripped my shoulder. Said pulled up.

"Look!"

We all stood and stared ahead. Nayland Smith pointed. The surface was comparatively soft here; and, clearly discernible upon the road, crossing and re-crossing, were many tire marks!

"Fah Lo Suee!" said Smith, as if answering my unspoken query. "You can set your mind at rest, Greville. The road to Khârga is practicable for driving."

It was a curious discovery, and it set me thinking, hard. When Madame Ingomar had visited the camp, had she come all the way from the oasis, and had she returned there? Presumably, this was so. And, as always happened when my thoughts turned to this phenomenal woman, a very vivid mental picture presented itself before my mind. Her long, narrow, jade-green eyes seemed to be staring into mine. And I saw one of those small cigarettes which she loved smoldering in a long engraved holder between delicate ivory fingers.

We passed the tree-shaded well, and mounted a stiff slope beyond. I cannot answer for the others, but, as I have indicated, my own thoughts were far away. It was just as we reached the crest and saw a further prospect of boundless desert before us that I became aware, or perhaps I should say conscious, of that old sense of espionage.

Nothing moved upon that desolate expanse, over which the air danced like running water. But a positive conviction seized me—a conviction that news of our journey had reached the enemy, or would shortly reach the enemy! I began to think about that solitary Pharaoh's chicken—that sentinel vulture—floating high above the palms. . . .

"Stop!" I said.

"What is it?" snapped Nayland Smith.

"May be nothing," I replied, "but I want to walk back to the brow of the hill and take a good look at the wadi through which we have just come."

"Good!" He nodded. "I should have thought of it myself."

I GOT out the glasses, slung them across my shoulder and walked rapidly back. At a point which I remembered, because a great blackened boulder lying straight across the road had nearly brought us to grief, I stooped and went forward more slowly. This boulder, I reflected, might provide just the cover I required. Lying flat down beside the stone, to the great alarm of a number of lizards who fled rapidly to right and left, I focused my glasses upon the clump of trees below me.

At first, I could see nothing unusual. But the vulture still floated in the sky and the significance of his presence had become unmistakable. . . . Some living thing was hidden in the grove!

Adjusting the glasses to a nicety, I watched, I waited. And presently, my patience was rewarded.

A figure came out of the clump of trees!

I could see him clearly and only hoped that he could not see me. He might have passed muster, except for his tightly knotted blue turban. Emphatically, he was not an Egyptian. Standing beside the irregularly marked path, he placed a box upon the ground. I studied his movements with growing wonderment.

What could he be about? He seemed to be fumbling in the box.

Then suddenly he withdrew his hand, raised it high above his head—and a gray pigeon swept low over the desert, rose up and up, higher and higher! It circled once, twice, three times. Then straight as an arrow it set out . . . undoubtedly bound for the Oasis of Khârga!

"Very clever," said Nayland Smith grimly. "We shall therefore be expected. I might have guessed she wouldn't be taken unawares. But it confirms my theory."

"What theory?" Petrie asked.

"That tonight is a very special occasion at the house of the Sheik Ismail!"

"We're running into a trap," said Weymouth. "Now that we know beyond any doubt that we're expected, what are our chances? It's true there's a railway to this place—but it's rarely used. The people of the oases have never been trustworthy—so that our nearest help will be a hundred and fifty miles off!"

SMITH nodded. He got out and joined me where I stood beside the car, loading and lighting his pipe. He began to walk up and down, glancing alternately at me, at Weymouth and at Dr. Petrie. I knew what he was thinking and I didn't interrupt him. He was wondering if he was justified in risking our lives on so desperate a venture; weighing the chances of what success might mean to the world against our chances of coming out of the job alive. Suddenly:

"What's the alternative?" he snapped, peering at Weymouth.

"There isn't one that I can think of."

"What do you say, Petrie?"

Petrie shrugged his shoulders.

"I hadn't foreseen this," he confessed. "But now that it's happened . . ."

He left the sentence unfinished.

"Get the map out, Greville," Nayland Smith rapped. . . . "Here, on the ground."

I dived into the front of the car and pulled out the big map. This we spread on the gravelly path, keeping it flat by placing stones on its corners. Weymouth and Petrie alighted; and the four of us bent over the map.

"Ah!" Nayland Smith exclaimed and rested his finger on a certain spot. "That's the danger area, isn't it, Greville? That's where we might crash?"

"We might!" I replied grimly. "It's a series of hairpin bends and sheer precipices, at some points fourteen hundred feet up. . . ."

"That's where they'll be waiting for us!" said Nayland Smith.

"Good God!" Petrie exclaimed.

I exchanged glances with Weymouth. The expression in his blue eyes was enigmatical.

"Do you agree with me?" rapped Smith.

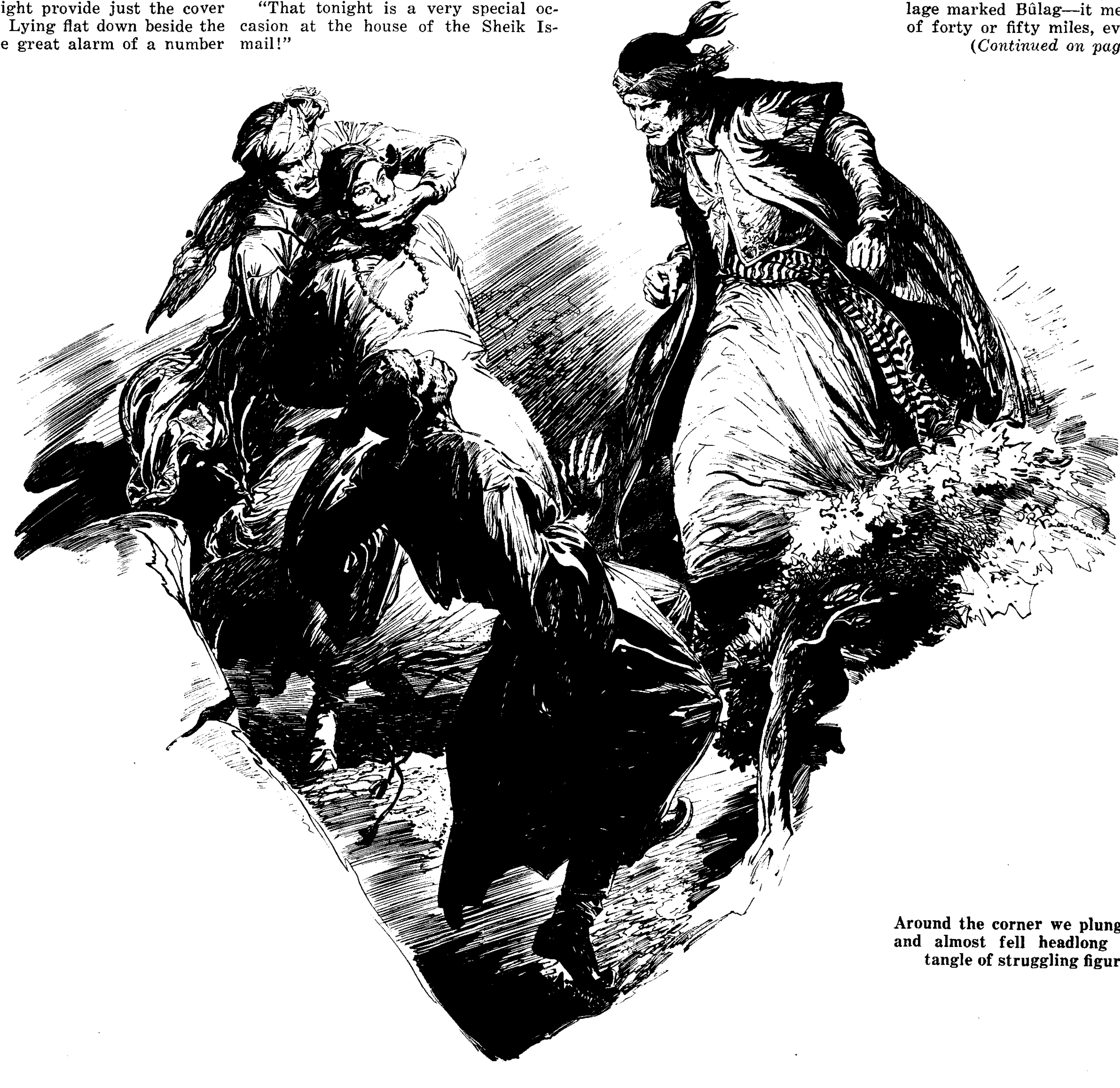
"Entirely."

"In short, gentlemen," he went on, "if we pursue our present route it's certain we shall never reach el-Khârga."

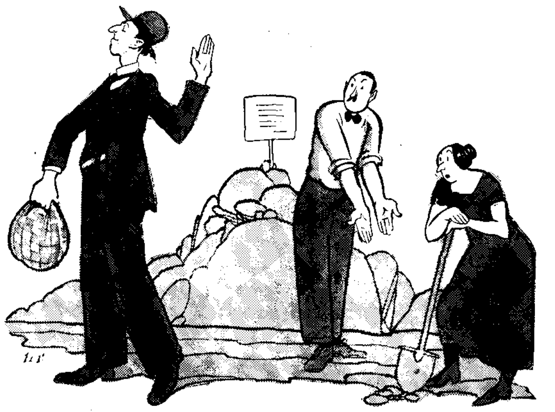
There was an interval of silence; then:

"We might easily break down before we get to the hills," I said slowly. "No one at the other end would be the wiser, except that we should never enter the danger zone. Now"—I bent and moved my finger over the map—"at this point, as you see, the old caravan road from Dongola to Egypt is only about thirty miles off. It's the Path of the Forty, formerly used by slave caravans from Central Africa. If we could find our way across to it, we might approach Khârga from the south, below the village marked Bûlag—it means a detour of forty or fifty miles, even if we can

(*Continued on page 45*)



Around the corner we plunged . . . and almost fell headlong over a tangle of struggling figures!



A man will not consider a wage women will accept

Chivalry has Limits

You hear a good deal about high-paid women executives but very little about the average woman worker. What of her? How do her chances compare with a man's? Under what compulsions does she accept lower wages for equal work? Mr. Davenport answers these questions and tells you about the practice of bargain hunting for employees

By Walter Davenport

A GREAT many unexpected things had happened to Mrs. Heergust since she married William. And they had started out under what she had considered sound conditions.

For example, William had at last convinced his employers (manufacturers of cigar boxes) that he was a man worth hanging on to, a skillful, willing, loyal man who was not to be laid off at every temporary lull in business. He got forty dollars a week and some sort of a bonus for special or extra work, and then there was overtime work which meant double pay. In her naïve way Mrs. Heergust had figured this to mean about fifty dollars a week. The simplest sort of arithmetic demonstrated that this amounted to twenty-six hundred dollars a year, a neat round sum when she thought of how much her father had done on less.

Even had she known that so important a body as the National Industrial Conference Board (of which she had never heard and to which she wouldn't pay any attention anyway) had decided that a family of four can't maintain "a fair American standard of living" on less than fourteen hundred and forty-two to sixteen hundred and sixty dollars a year, she wouldn't have been interested. There would be children, of course, but that was a future problem. And twenty-six hundred dollars was a lot of money anyway.

And she was quite right, too—for a year or so at least. To be sure, William did not make twenty-six hundred a year. He had been laid off—two or three days at a time. His working weeks for the second year had actually been forty-five and his average income forty dollars instead of fifty. This meant eighteen hundred dollars a year instead of the proud twenty-six hundred. Not, however, that they weren't getting along well enough now that she was able to be about. The baby had rather knocked her out, but thank Heaven he was a lusty brat reeking with health.

So it was not until after the second child was born that Mrs. Heergust had any real worries. But when they did come they came large.

Not as They Had Planned

Due to one thing and another—layoffs, new efficiency methods in the shops, new production ideas (mass production or something like that), new competition requiring a downward revision of wages, a strike, sickness—William's income had wabbled a bit. As I say, Mrs. Heergust knew nothing about the National Industrial Conference Board deliberations and deductions and cared less; but she did know, and it had come to her suddenly, that William wasn't earning enough to meet expenses.

To her untrained mind, home economics was just another mystery. She tried getting along without things—simply had to. She sought cheaper food and succeeded only in buying poor quality. What she had saved thereby had gone to the druggist for medicine. And presently it occurred to her that she might go to work.

In due time she was visited by a brisk young woman representing the Women's Bureau, United States Department of Labor, who seemed to be so interested in why she, a married woman with two very young children, was at work in a laundry. Having a number of dreary things to occupy her mind, Mrs. Heergust resented the young investigator until the latter asked her:

"Do you get the same wages as such men as may be employed with you?"

An Old Grievance

Here was somebody willing to listen to a grievance that Mrs. Heergust had fostered for some time—ever since she got the job in fact. She hadn't dared say much about it at the laundry. She needed the job too much to run risks of losing it for being an "agitator." But now she spoke her resentment and presently her story, along with two or three thousand more, was a part of the spirit of a report made by Miss Agnes L. Peterson, Assistant Director of the Women's Bureau, wherein Miss Peterson said that in business there was unfair discrimination against the wage-earning woman and that in matters of employment opportunities and equal wages women had found that chivalry is a myth.

Mrs. Heergust didn't read the report. She never heard of it. All she knew—as though that weren't enough—was that she got twenty-four dollars a week for the same work for which a man in her room received thirty, for doing less expertly.

There were reasons for this, none of them satisfactory nor entirely clear to Mrs. Heergust and the other women. Unionism didn't enter into it because this laundry was an open shop. But the man was married, had a family to support and therefore "was entitled to more money"—his own analysis of the situation. Also the boss'.

"But I too am supporting a family—helping to," argued Mrs. Heergust. "And there is Mrs. Spiegel. She's a widow with three children. She's doing all the supporting of the family. And Anna Kovak: She's not married but she's got a bedridden mother and a nine-year-old brother on her hands. And Mrs. Spiegel and Miss Kovak, like me, get twenty-four dollars a week."

Something wrong, of course. Mrs. Heergust, in her limited field, was able only to sense the nature of the wrong. But Miss Peterson with the stories of many hundreds of working women—married and unmarried—before her, was able to isolate the evil.

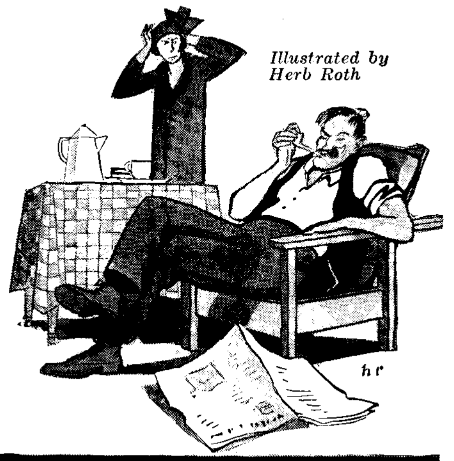
"The reason why women are paid less than men," Miss Peterson told me, "is simple. The employer doesn't have to pay more. Lack of organization among women and the fact that the employer knows that the vast majority of women work because it is a hard economic necessity are the chief reasons why he doesn't have to pay them on a parity with men. Tradition is an important factor too. Unless he is desperate, a man will not even consider a job at a wage women will accept. He may not be supported by a union but tradition is strong within him.

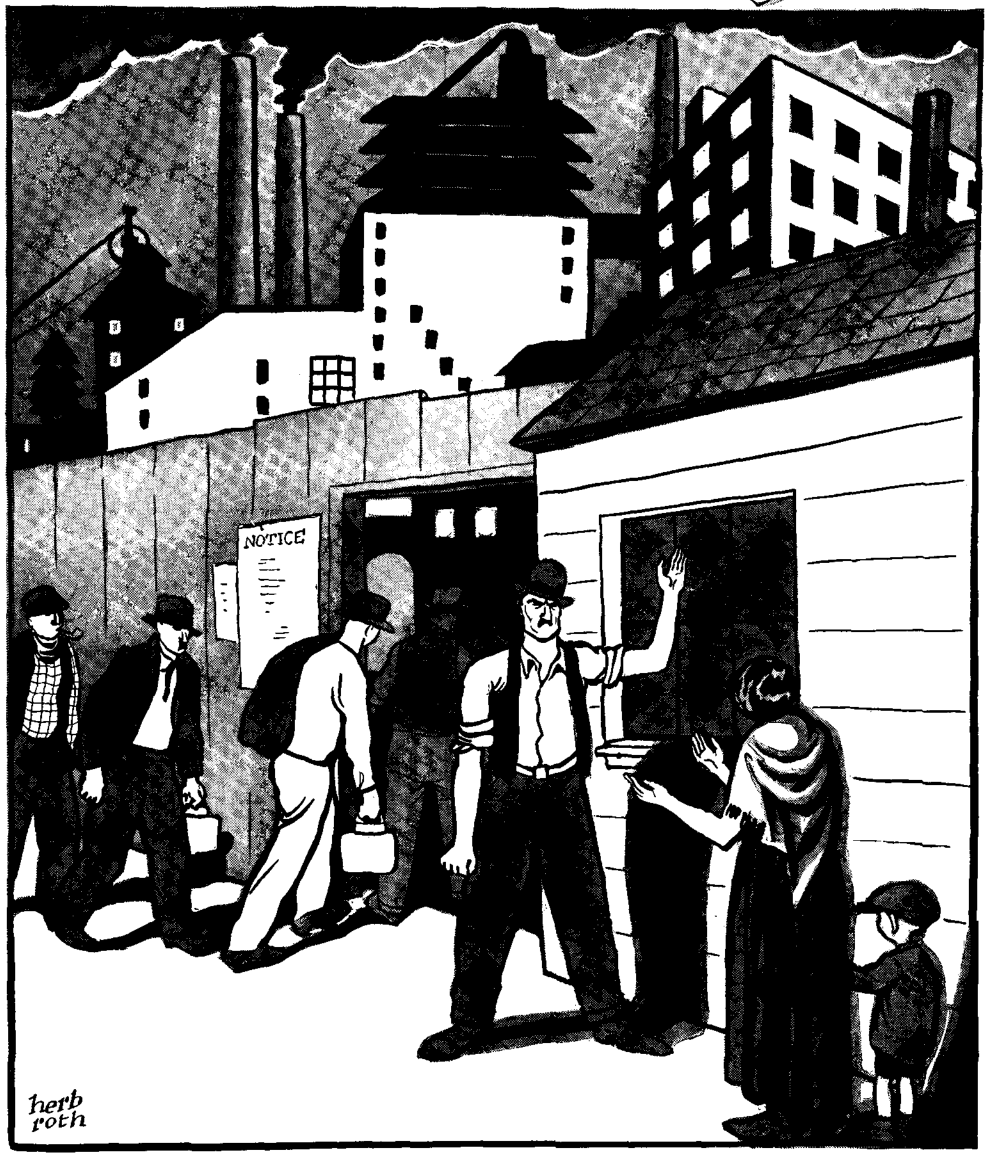
"He demands. Women accept. Employers have come to know that a low-paid man is a dissatisfied man, that he will quit at a moment's notice for a dollar more pay, and that it might be most inconvenient to have him quit at that moment. Too, a man is a rover if pressed too hard. A woman is not migratory. She sticks close to what she considers home.

"But when a woman applies for a job she is considered to be in immediate need of whatever wage is offered. She doesn't bargain. She may be unmarried and merely seeking money with which to decorate herself while biding her time

(*Continued on page 79*)

Illustrated by Herb Roth





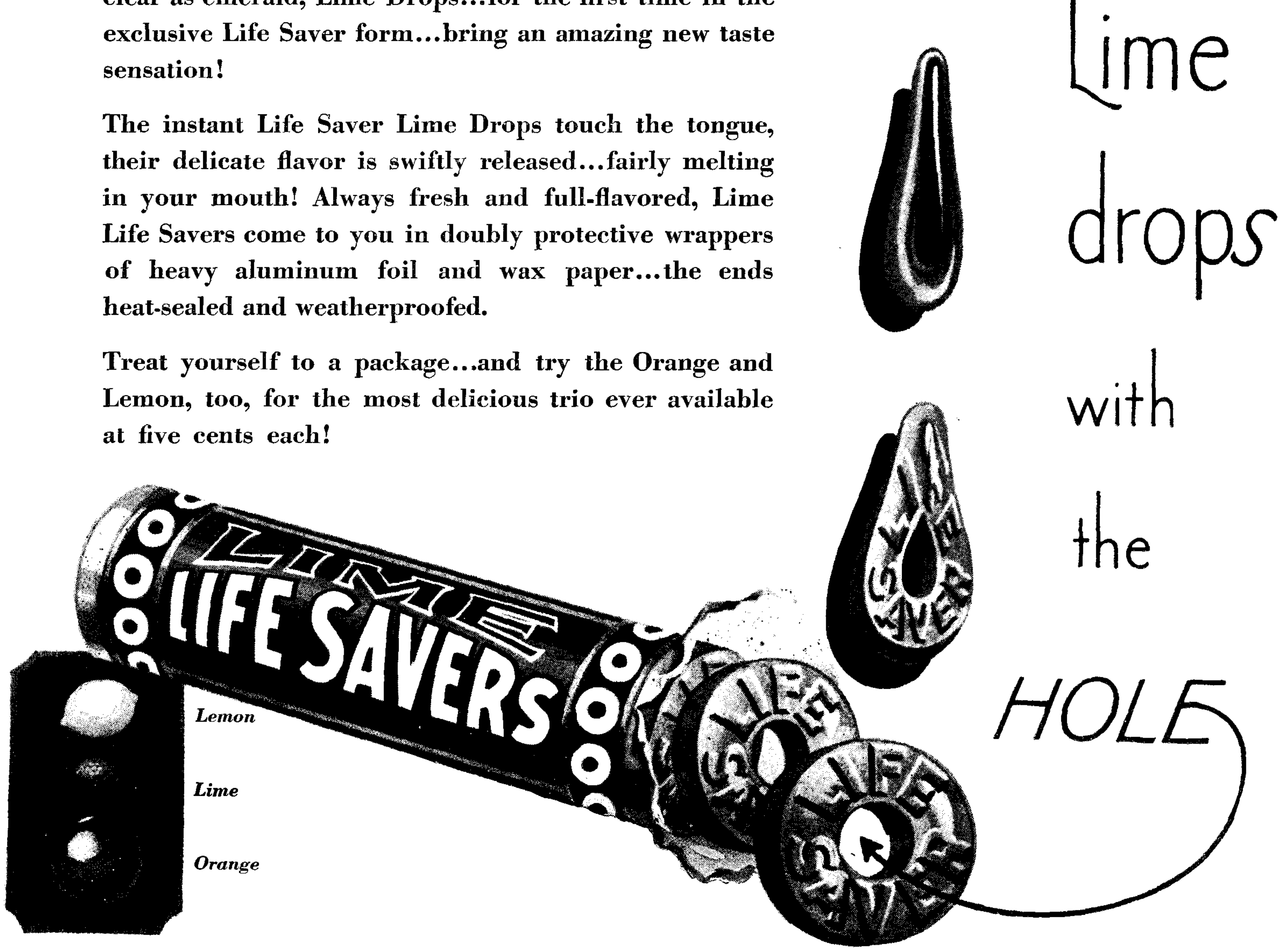
In matters of employment opportunities and wages, women have found chivalry a myth

THE AMAZING NEW TASTE SENSATION
LIFE SAVER
LIFE SAVER

RARE...delicious...appetizing! The tang of Lime as you have never tasted it before...Lime Life Savers ...the Fruit Drop with The Hole! China-hard, brittle, clear as emerald, Lime Drops...for the first time in the exclusive Life Saver form...bring an amazing new taste sensation!

The instant Life Saver Lime Drops touch the tongue, their delicate flavor is swiftly released...fairly melting in your mouth! Always fresh and full-flavored, Lime Life Savers come to you in doubly protective wrappers of heavy aluminum foil and wax paper...the ends heat-sealed and weatherproofed.

Treat yourself to a package...and try the Orange and Lemon, too, for the most delicious trio ever available at five cents each!


Lime drops with the HOLE
LIFE SAVER
LIME
LIFE SAVERS
Lemon
Lime
Orange
LIFE SAVER
LIFE SAVER

Will you pay 50¢ *to get rid of* dandruff?

It isn't at all surprising that many thousands of women—and men—have found the solution to the troubling dandruff problem, in a 50¢ bottle of Listerine.

Dandruff, many authorities contend, is a germ disease. Full strength Listerine kills germs in 15 seconds. Even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid), the stubborn germs used by the U. S. Government to test germicidal power, yield to it in counts ranging to 200,000,000.

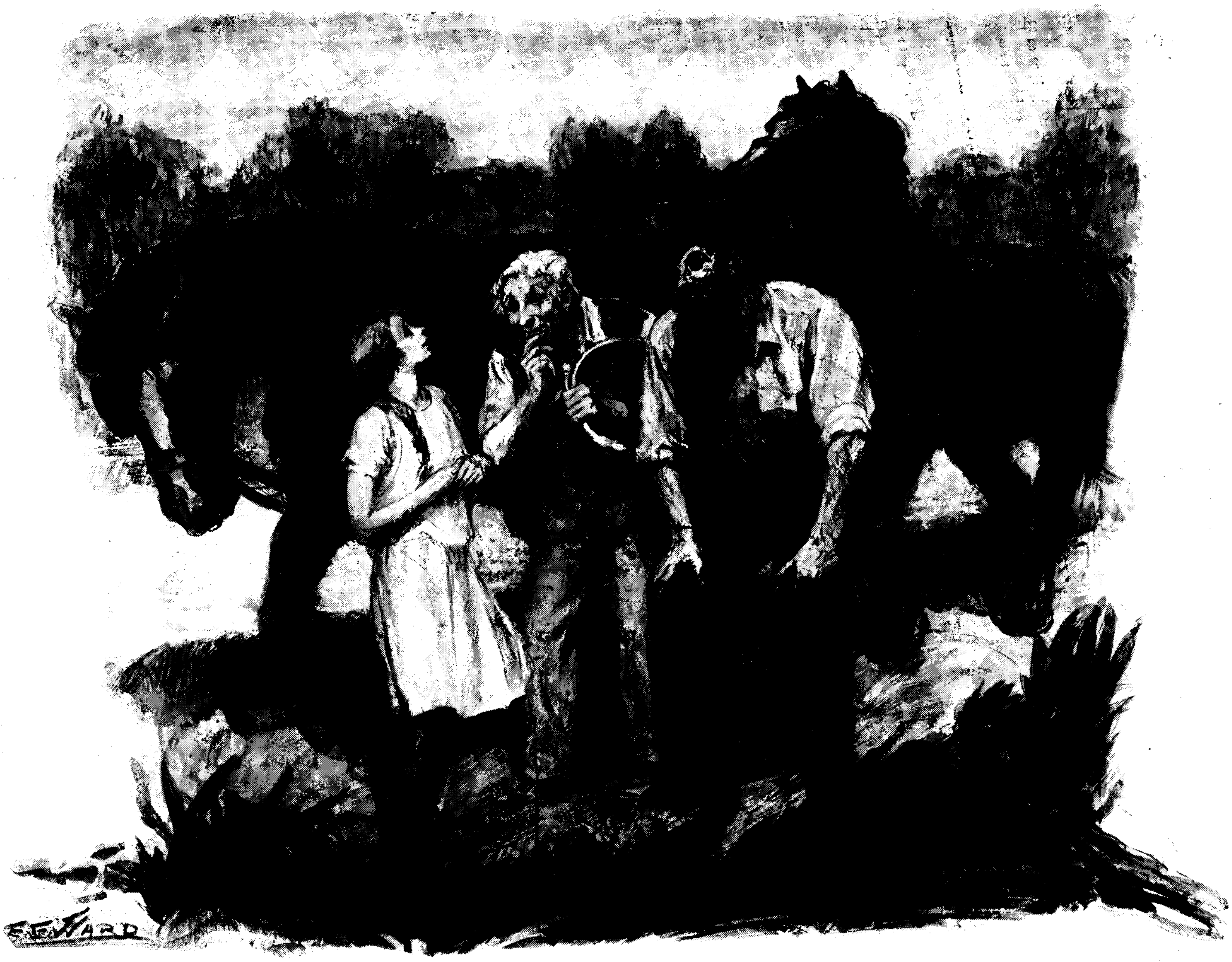
Listerine first dislodges and dissolves the tiny scales which are the outward evidence of dandruff, then it soothes, cools, and heals the troubled scalp. If infection is present Listerine attacks it. The flesh tingles and glows with new health and invigoration.

If you have any evidence of humiliating dandruff, begin with Listerine at once. Remember that it is entirely safe, and douse it *full strength* on the scalp. Then massage the latter vigorously with the finger tips. Keep the treatment up as a part of the regular soap and water shampoo, or independent of it. If your hair or scalp is exceptionally dry, use a little olive oil in conjunction with the treatment.

You will be delighted to find how quickly Listerine overcomes ordinary cases of loose dandruff. When dandruff persists, consult your physician as the condition may require expert attention.

LISTERINE
for dandruff

the safe antiseptic
***kills* 200,000,000**
germs in* 15 *seconds



"Hullo," he said. "Who're you?" "I'm Rose." She could not say any more; it was all she had to say

Here is a gracious melody of love—a story with all the pathos and the tenderness of a haunting

SPRING SONG

By W. D. Edmonds

HER day began at five when she came down to get her uncle's morning coffee. It was bitter cold then and the gray shadows that crossed the valley before dawn reached just to the window sills. The kitchen was full of the languid old smells that are born in a house between the end of night and the beginning of day.

She wore a white nightgown under one of her uncle's wornout coats. The nightgown was thin and outgrown, and, with the largeness of the coat, it made her look timidly aware of herself. She slippered over to the stove in the half light, laid kindling and paper, bent over, struck a match.

After a moment a thin sputtering began in the firebox, and she removed the lid again and carefully placed the wood. Leaving the draft open, she filled the coffeepot from a bucket of water by the sink and measured the ground coffee in her hand. Then she set the pot on the stove, and taking up the bucket went out, through the snow, to the pump.

She placed the bucket under the spout and stood a while, motionless and straight. Sixteen years old, in the house she seemed a frightened child; now all at once, as she gazed over the valley, she was older. For an instant her body had promise of stature and fine proportions. With her long braid of wheat-colored hair coming forward over the front of the coat and the rise of her breast as her lungs tasted the damp air, she was alien to the hand of man as it showed in the bleak brown house and the old red barn near her.

Of all her toil-burdened day, this hour was her own. She could see ahead of her the hills beyond the valley. Her eyes followed the downward curve, picking out here and there dim buildings of other farms. There was no life visible about them, and her gaze went to the bottom of the valley. Here under the snow she could trace the course of the empty canal and its attendant towpath. It was silent now with the bitter hush of winter, but in a little while, she knew, the water would come, bringing the boats and the faint sound of horns.

THE bed of the canal led her eyes southward down the valley to a group of old beeches. When the canal emerged beyond them, it came to the first locks leading it down into the gorge to the Mohawk Valley, and the great cities, Rome and Syracuse and Utica. She had heard of them and they had been called places of sin. She was told that she had come from one of them, but she could not remember which one, for it had been too long ago. Only now in the hovering breathlessness of dawn she felt them stirring in her. A pale flush crept into her white cheeks, and the dim light, kind to her blue eyes, showed no fear. Slender, fair-colored, she suggested in that instant the moonlight in the beeches and the old things of earth, perpetually new.

The excitement went. Her thin shoulders slumped suddenly; she felt the cold. Heavy footfalls were thumping across the kitchen floor. The pump rattled and creaked as she worked it; the water came at last in lazy glittering gushes.

Her left arm stretched out shoulder-high, she carried the bucket indoors. The fire in the stove roared hollowly as she set down the bucket; she cast a covert glance at the man before the stove. He seemed aware of her glance, for he said without turning, "You're late again today."

She made no answer, and he said, "It's got to stop."

He was a man of slight build but his gray eyes had the hardness of cut glass. When the coffee boiled, he poured himself a cup, drank it quickly, and went out to the barn.

The girl went over to the stove and took down her clothes from a peg. She dressed quickly without enjoying the warmth. Then she set about getting breakfast. As she turned the potatoes, she kept an eye on the bedroom door. Suddenly a woman called, "Is it warm yet?"

The girl replied, "Yes."

THE woman yawned audibly and could be heard turning over.

"Bring me some coffee," she said.

The girl obediently filled a cup and took it in. In the big double walnut bed, with its garnish of carved pears, lay a woman with reddish hair and a full red mouth. Her brown eyes had a chill on them which even the languor of the warm bed could not hide. She stretched out a plump white arm and her little finger curled tightly as she took the cup. "Hold the saucer," she commanded, and the girl with skill of long practice followed the cup back and forth from a comfortable position on the patched quilt to the red mouth.

When she had finished she let herself fall back against a pillow and sighed elaborately. She was a woman on whom false refinement sat too heavily. She resented her life on the farm, but because she feared her husband she let resentment fall upon the girl.

Lying under the covers, she gave the child her orders for the morning. "Scald the churn," she said. "And after breakfast you can kill and pick them hens in the coop. We'll want 'em for dinner. I'll have the cream ready then for churning."

She turned to the wall.

"How long's Jed been out?"

"Five minutes," said the girl.

"All right. Call me when he lets the horses out to the trough."

She would be ready when her husband came to breakfast.

The sun was rising now and the shadow of the brown house was walking into the valley beside the shadow of the barn. While the girl laid the breakfast for two (they did not allow her to eat with them) she watched the sunlight finding its way over the snow. The slight mist of morning was wavering over the bed of the canal and stealing away upstream with a faint jerky motion that could be seen only by eyes looking for this very thing. She had seen it waver so for two mornings. This was the third. In the winter the mist settled and went southward; but when spring came it would begin its run into the hills. Then the canal would open.

It was the sight of boats moving on the water that gave relief to the monotony of her drab drudgery. She had been born outside the law to the woman's only sister; and when her mother died, her aunt and uncle had adopted her. They did not actually abuse her; but they were wearing out her spirit.

THEY had only beaten her twice, when she tried to run away. The second time they had trailed her through the woods with the Kentucky coon dog kept chained throughout the year. She was ten then, and in the dark woods she could hear his baying and the weird echoing of it ahead of her in the dark branches. When he found her he had danced round her, barking happily, until her uncle came with his lantern to drive her home to weeks of bitter penance.

For five years she had gone to school up the valley; but the other children knew her story, and it was almost a relief each day to return to the bitter house.

On Sundays they took her to church. She rode by herself in the back seat of the surrey, holding the big Bible on her knees, keeping her eyes on the floor when they stopped for conversation.

But one day she had looked up as they crossed the canal bridge that led to their own road. It was in the autumn. A boat was going under, drawn by a chestnut team. Behind the horses walked a big man, black-bearded, with the shoulders of a bull. He swore when the wagon suddenly rattled the planks over his head, a hot oath of surprise, and from the far side returned her uncle's cold stare. Then he caught her eye and smiled; a wide smile that flashed in his black beard; and the kindness of it left her tremulous.

Her aunt turned around to see her watching him.

"Rose!" she said sharply.

The girl dropped her eyes again. And her aunt said to her uncle, "We've got to be careful." It had come to her that the girl could look pretty. Thereafter she took pleasure in exacting menial service from the child about her person. She seldom let her leave the house alone; and when they went out in the evening to a meeting, she locked the girl in.

But the girl rode home with the tremulousness still on her. When she stepped from the surrey she found a weakness in her knees, and she slipped and muddied her dress. She spent a long hour cleaning it under her aunt's eye; but for once she found the painful supervision pleasant.

She had always liked the boats, but since that Sunday morning she had had the big chestnut team to look for. And at times she saw them with the man walking at their heels. She could see his black beard way across the valley and she learned to know the note of the horn an old man blew from the deck. It was not the ordinary horn that boaters carried; it was a long curving silver thing and it blew in a lower scale, not loud, but with a slow suggestive note that carried to the heart of things.

Rose recognized it one night. Something insistent in it had penetrated her sleep, and when she slipped out of her attic bed she found moonlight on the valley, and a silver sheen on the twigs of the beech grove. While she watched, she saw the night lantern stealing from behind the trees, and the sound of the horn came to her then, low and insistent, and she felt afraid. She thought of him walking with long strides of his heavy legs, his great shoulders bent, and she saw in her mind's eye the black beard, and the black hair on his arms, and all the great bulk of him.

Suddenly the light had stopped, and she had heard the horn again as if it called. The fear went from her. She crossed to her door but it was locked. She returned noiselessly to the window to see the distant light once more moving.

THEREAFTER all through the autumn, her door was locked at night. Only when the winter came did they leave it unlocked. For with the canal frozen in and the boats still, there was no escape for her.

Escape. She had run away as a little child, twice. She had been caught. Now for four months the snow shut her in. Falling steadily, a little at a time by day. . . .

Her mother had called her Rose, a name of which her uncle disapproved. She had a vague memory of a small room, with noise beyond the garish curtains, and a tall woman gracefully lying in a bed and a man who came to see her. He must have been handsomely dressed, for the woman was very proud of him. . . .

Her uncle was late to supper; but when he came he told his wife that in the morning boats would clear from Rome. The lock-tenders had come back to their shanties. Down the gorge you could see supper smokes against the sky.

That night they had rain. She lay awake listening to the drumming on the roof and the steady chatter of drops from the eaves. She heard her uncle climb the stairs to lock her in and she lay still until he had gone down.

It rained all next day, a gray wall that seemed to shut the farm in upon itself, and the woman nagged the girl without rest.

"She's sullen," she said to her husband at supper. "I thought she was going to answer back."

Her uncle stared at the girl's bent shoulders.

"She's going to need a hiding," he said. But he set her to picking over the seed potatoes in the cellar.

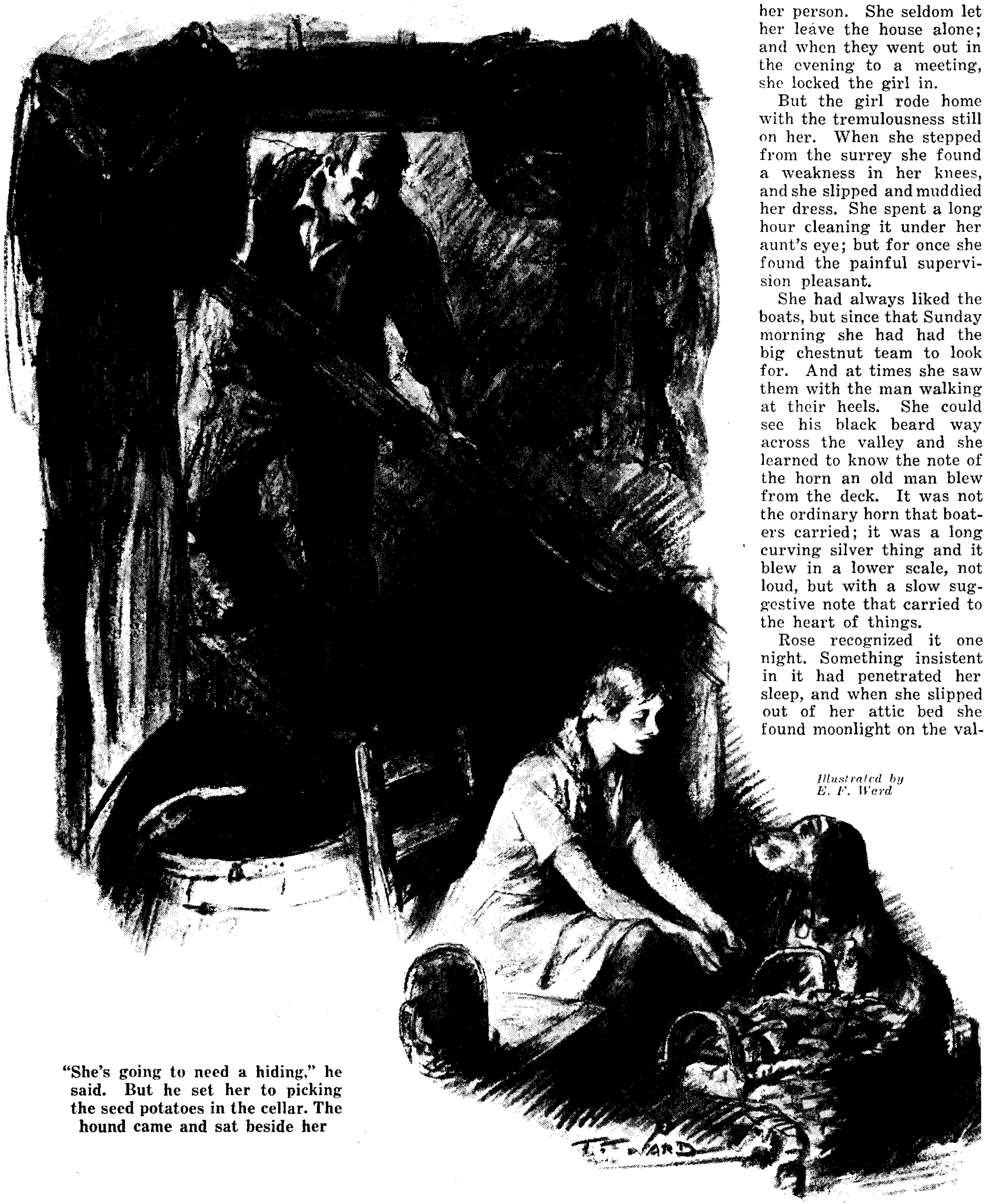
SHE worked by the light of a candle beside the bins. The hound who had tracked her down years before, an old dog now, with silver on his muzzle, came down and sat beside her. He patted the floor with his tail once or twice; then stretched out with his chin resting on the toe of her slipper. It was dead still, and the hard earth floor had a nasty smell. Outside the rain had stopped, and the air was getting cold.

Only once was she disturbed. Once when her uncle came to the head of the stairs and stood looking down on her small bent back. He went away without speaking.

The second time, it was a sound, the low insistent note of a horn. She recognized it, and her shoulders straightened as if the sound had physical touch. The hound heard it also, for he lifted his head and she saw his old nostrils working. It came again into the walls of the cellar, and the sound of it hung in the damp air all around her, until she seemed to hear it singing in her head.

There were hired help to cook for. The crops were going in. The long furrows were black in the meadows and the teams went slowly back and forth all day. Men sowed the grain, walking in long strides and giving the seed in wide swoops of their right hands. They

(Continued on page 60)



Illustrated by E. F. Ward

"She's going to need a hiding," he said. But he set her to picking the seed potatoes in the cellar. The hound came and sat beside her

Oils from the same crude may differ

as widely as razor-blades and butter-knives!

Just as a razor-blade, a pen-knife, a chisel and a butter-knife—all edge-tools—may be made from exactly the same ingot of pig iron, so many different lubricating oils may be made from any one crude. They may differ as widely as razor-blades and butter-knives.

When an oil is recommended for your engine just because it is made from a particular crude oil, you will do well to remember that lubrication value in an oil depends on the knowledge and manufacturing skill *with* which it was made, not the crude base *from* which it was made.

THE FOUR TASKS MOBILOIL PERFORMS

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Carbon Control—keeps down carbon in your cylinders.

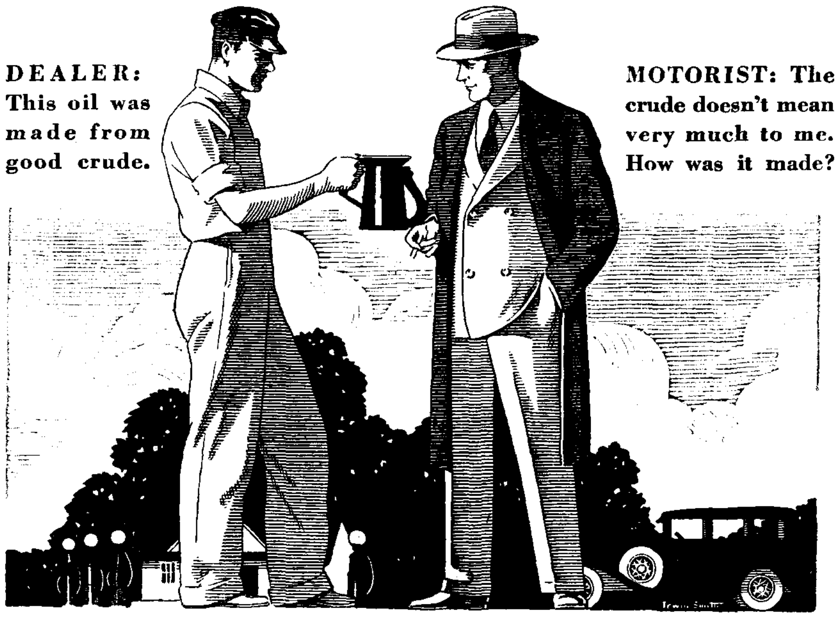
Heat Resistance—makes your oil last longer.

Oily Character—protects moving parts from wear and keeps the first-year feel in your engine.

Oxidation Control—prevents gumming and sticking of exhaust valves, and clogging of oiling system.

No *crude* oil contains the necessary oil properties in exactly the right proportion to accomplish these four important tasks.

That is why a dozen different manufacturers, using exactly the same crude, could produce a dozen widely different oils, *all* of which might lack one or more of the desired properties.



DEALER: This oil was made from good crude.

MOTORIST: The crude doesn't mean very much to me. How was it made?

WHERE MOBILOIL SCIENTISTS START

The makers of Mobiloil do not start with a particular crude. They start with the lubricating problem.

"What proportion of the necessary oil properties is necessary for the efficient lubrication of your engine?"

The answer to that question determines both the crudes to be selected and the processes to be used.

The makers of Mobiloil can be so specific—and you can be so sure—because the makers of Mobiloil have spent sixty-four years making correctly proportioned oils for every lubricating purpose. They choose those crudes which, when properly processed, *produce* correct proportion and a full-duty oil.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Ask here for Gargoyle Mobiloil

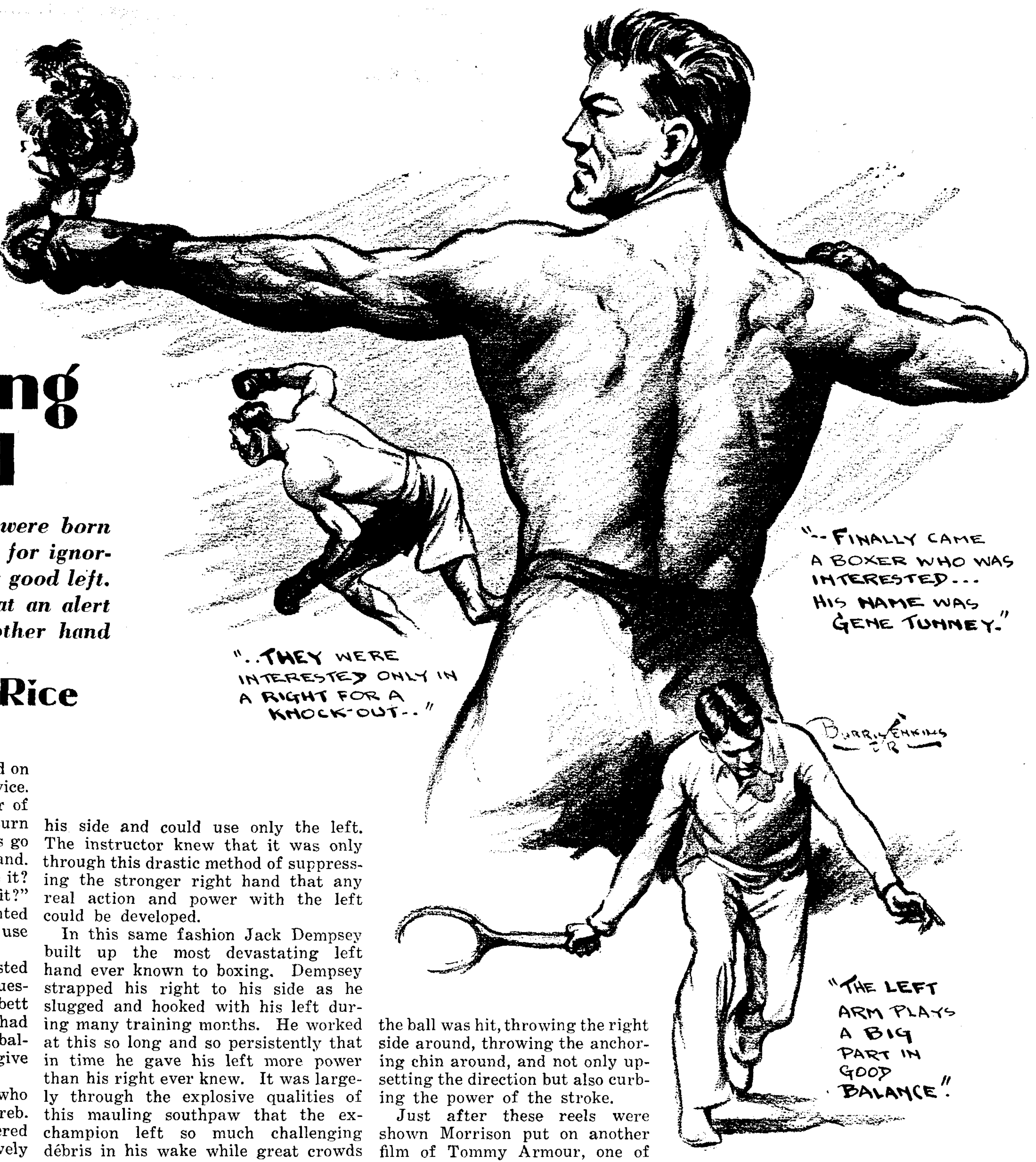
LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

Mobiloil

The Winning Hand

Just because most of us were born right-handed is no reason for ignoring the possibilities of our good left. Mr. Rice reveals here what an alert athlete can do with his other hand

By Grantland Rice


"..THEY WERE INTERESTED ONLY IN A RIGHT FOR A KNOCK-OUT.."
"..FINALLY CAME A BOXER WHO WAS INTERESTED... HIS NAME WAS GENE TUNNEY."
"THE LEFT ARM PLAYS A BIG PART IN GOOD BALANCE."
BURR JENKINS JR

ONE fighter after another called on James J. Corbett for advice. Here was the cleverest boxer of all time and each in his turn wanted a tip. Corbett would always go back to his old obsession—the left hand. "How is your left? How do you use it? How much have you worked with it?" They were not interested. They wanted to hear about footwork—about the use of the right for a knockout.

Finally a boxer who was interested came to see Corbett. He asked question after question as to what Corbett had done to develop a left that had jabbed and had kept opponents off balance. He went away promising to give the left hand full attention.

This boxer was Gene Tunney, who had just been whipped by Harry Greb. He was one of the few who discovered what a left hand meant, both offensively and defensively, and worked away hour after hour building up his own southpaw.

That same left hand played a big part in making Tunney the heavyweight champion of the world, and Tunney was never a natural athlete. Outside of the leading athletic instructors, few realize the big part the left hand and left arm must play before skill is reached in many other sports—not only in boxing, but in baseball, golf, and even tennis, where the racket is swung with only one hand, usually the right.

The natural inclination in almost every game is to depend on the right, the strong side hitting forward. This refers, of course, to natural right-handers, who are in the majority. It is logical that the strong side, hitting or swinging forward, should be given preference and that it should overpower and strangle the left hand, which is the weak side hitting backwards, in all two-handed games. Gradually the right hand and right arm grow stronger and stronger as the overlooked left accordingly loses its power.

During a series of boxing lessons at a well-known preparatory school visitors noted what they considered an unusual method. In one class each young boxer had his right arm strapped to his side and could use only the left. The instructor knew that it was only through this drastic method of suppressing the stronger right hand that any real action and power with the left could be developed.

In this same fashion Jack Dempsey built up the most devastating left hand ever known to boxing. Dempsey strapped his right to his side as he slugged and hooked with his left during many training months. He worked at this so long and so persistently that in time he gave his left more power than his right ever knew. It was largely through the explosive qualities of this mauling southpaw that the ex-champion left so much challenging débris in his wake while great crowds paid out $10,000,000 to see his work.

Left is Right

It was this hand that Tunney watched so carefully. It was this hand that nailed Tunney in the throat at Philadelphia and came near breaking up the fight. In the fourth round at Chicago Dempsey was temporarily groggy. Tunney had a chance for a right uppercut.

"Why didn't you use it?" someone asked.

"Yes," said Tunney, "and probably miss and leave myself wide open to that left?"

In golf the left hand and left arm are badly neglected by all right-handed players. Only about one out of a hundred golfers uses the left hand properly or understands any part of its great value to the swing.

Some time ago Alex Morrison made a series of motion pictures of a group of golfers whose games ranged between eighty and one hundred, but who were all erratic. In every instance the telltale film showed an almost complete collapse of the left hand before the moment of impact. There were cases where the left started out bravely to do its share, but eventually the stronger right side took over the mastery well before the ball was hit, throwing the right side around, throwing the anchoring chin around, and not only upsetting the direction but also curbing the power of the stroke.

Just after these reels were shown Morrison put on another film of Tommy Armour, one of the finest and surest golfers in the world. The left arm was on top all through the swing, and the right hand only came through at the final moment. Another feature was the manner in which Armour swung against his left leg, with an outward curve in the left hip.

These pictures were made while Armour was on his way to a record-breaking sixty-seven over the difficult south course at Boca Raton. His iron play that round was uncanny, and it was his skillful use of the left hand that gave him both distance and direction.

The same is true of Bobby Jones, who places his right hand well over the shaft in order to weaken its power and give the left a chance to do its work.

If you watch the average golfer you will see how the right side swings his body around and takes full control of the swing. He is anxious to hit, over-eager, and he calls upon the strong side to do the hitting ahead of schedule. Which is one of the main reasons why ninety-eight per cent of those who play golf, and this means several millions, play badly or inconsistently.

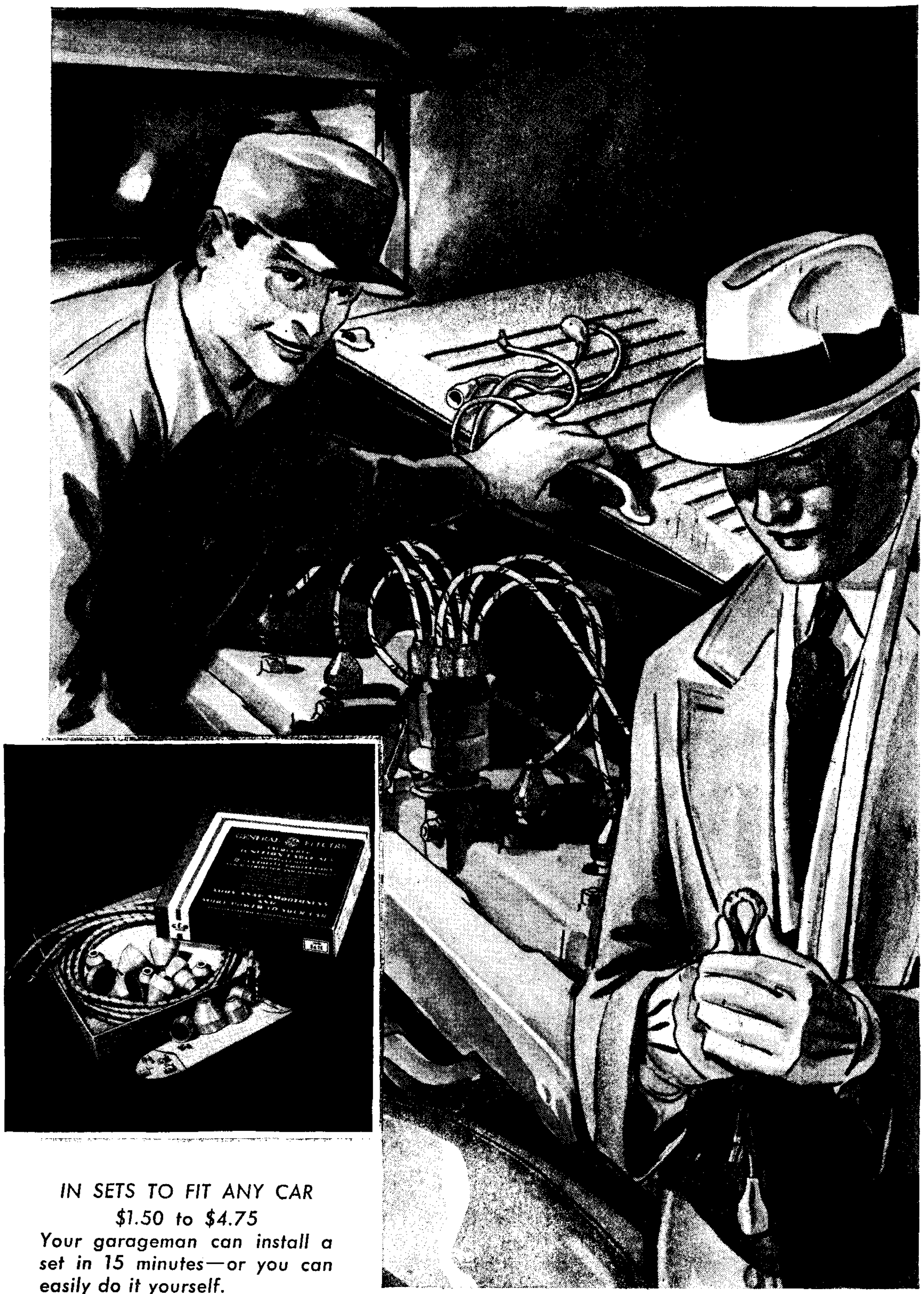
Practically the same theory of timing applies to the baseball swing. The good hitter must find a way to use his left in the swing, much as the good golfer does. Watch Hornsby or Heilman or Hack Wilson, or any other good right-handed hitter, and you will see how much the left hand and arm figure in handling the bat.

It hardly seems possible that the left hand and arm play any part in the stroke of a right-handed tennis player. But Vincent Richards, the leading professional tennis player of the country and at one time one of its greatest amateurs, says: "The left arm plays a big part in good balance. It should not be left dangling at the side but should be held across the side of the body, just above the left hip. Letting the left arm hang free is one of the many mistakes the younger tennis players so often make."

In the Balance

Those who expect to make any consistent improvement in boxing, golf, baseball and similar games should build up the left hand, the left arm and the left side. They should work to get a more even balance of power between the right and left and not turn most of the job over to one hand. They should make a habit of using the left at every chance, thus increasing its strength.

KINK TEST SHOWS YOUR CAR NEEDS *lacquered* IGNITION CABLES



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Many motors leak power . . . *yours*, probably. Perhaps it's slow on pick-up; doubtful on hills; forever having carbon trouble.

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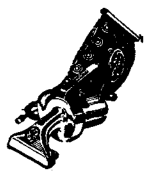

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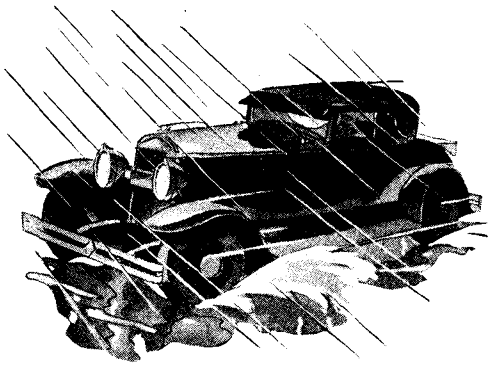

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Reckless Cinderella

Continued from page 20

him with his deep ironical derision. They were all alike, these pretty things. She felt it a bit—she was wringing her hands; well, they had theatrical talent, all of them. They needed it! But, in a moment, she would come back, say "good-by," walk out on him for good.

And she came back, and stood before him.

"Old Tiger. . . . I've got to help you. I—I—would it make you happy if I—I—?"

He lumbered to his feet. "Baby?"

She nodded. "Take me with you down to Miami, then—if you've got enough money."

Her blue eyes were enormous in her small face.

"Eh, baby? God! You would come with me, be my sweetheart? Eh? *Now I'm broke?*"

"Because you're broke, Old Tiger."

He cleared his throat, and felt sweat on his forehead.

"Have you enough money for the trip?" she asked.

"Yes. What I have will just about do it," he said, staring at her.

"I'm coming. You can buy me a frock and so on when we get there?"

"Sure. . . . Now think, dear. Your job at Bracey's?"

"I'll lose it; but I'll get another."

He touched her arm lightly. "Tell me. Then—then you haven't got another fellow?"

She refused to think of Times, and shook her head.

"That wasn't why you turned me down before?"

"I told you. It's just that I haven't ever—I don't—I—I'm not the kind—"

The derision was all gone from his gray face now; gone from his eyes. Yet his face and eyes were more tired than before. They were strangely hesitant and humbled. There was defeat in them.

"Be quite honest with me, won't you, Ray. Quite, quite honest. I'd be the first lover?"

"I've told you."

"I didn't believe you."

"You must believe me."

"I do," said Old Frank.

His immobility was frightening again. She began talking feverishly to bridge the chasm that was, in some strange way, suddenly opened between them: "I—I've had a lot of ideas about—the right man and so on. One does have—ideas. About keeping oneself for someone; about real love and all that. But after all—what does it matter? How many girls get the real thing? All the girls I know do what they want. They say—it isn't worth waiting and giving up your youth—and—and—only somehow I've held out, because—I don't know—well, life's sordid; and just to keep oneself—sort of—cleaner than a lot of other people do—still what's the odds! I guess it doesn't amount to much." She laughed a little. "Life is like that."

HE RAISED a hand. "Stop talking." He was looking at her, and a quiver ran over his face as a quiver runs over a mold of jelly. He put up a hand as if to cover it, and the hand quivered also. "Sit down, kid." She dropped on the couch again, almost in a dementia of relief that he wasn't touching her, had not at once taken her into an embrace. He went heavily across the room, in a devitalized way, and rang a bell. Oscar appeared almost instantly.

She sat droopingly, hearing Old Frank say:

"Oscar, it's early, but have the car round; and you've got my ticket, and my cases packed?"

"Yes, Mr. Wittheimer."

"Well, I'm going now. Expect me back when you see me." Now he took Ray's arm and helped her up, murmuring in her ear: "I'd got a drawing-room compartment on the train anyhow, dear."

She nodded and smiled. They were in the lift, Old Frank holding her hand close, regardless of Oscar. There was a short wait for the car—during which Wittheimer was busy telephoning—and then they were in it together.

NOW she held his hand comfortingly, and he felt how cold and nerveless her own were. "And you're not so old," she was murmuring; "there'll be a lot of time for you to make another fortune, Mr. Witt—Old Tiger. And I—I'm *glad* I'm going with you. I've been a silly girl to make so much fuss and think I could act so differently from other girls; and it wasn't right of me to take everything and give nothing, and—"

"Stop talking, dear, for God's sake."

He was mumbling her hand at his lips. And something hot and wet dropped on the hand. Tears? Oh, no! Oh, how terrible! With a little cry she put her inadequate arms about him. But he loosened them.

"Say, dear, we're early for the station. I've a quick call to make on our way. You'll wait in the car?"

She waited while he called at a big apartment house on Park Avenue. There was a quiet courtyard into which they drove, and in the comparative peace there she tried to steady herself. "It's life! . . . It's life!"

And they were driving on again.

Just before they drove up to the station Old Frank turned to her.

"See here, little lamb"—he had never called her that before—"I believe, after all, you shall come on to me tomorrow." He saw her face and laughed chokingly. "Here's five dollars. We'll stop by these taxis, and you'll take one home. And then, tomorrow—"

"Tomorrow, all right, Old Tiger."

Oh! respite!

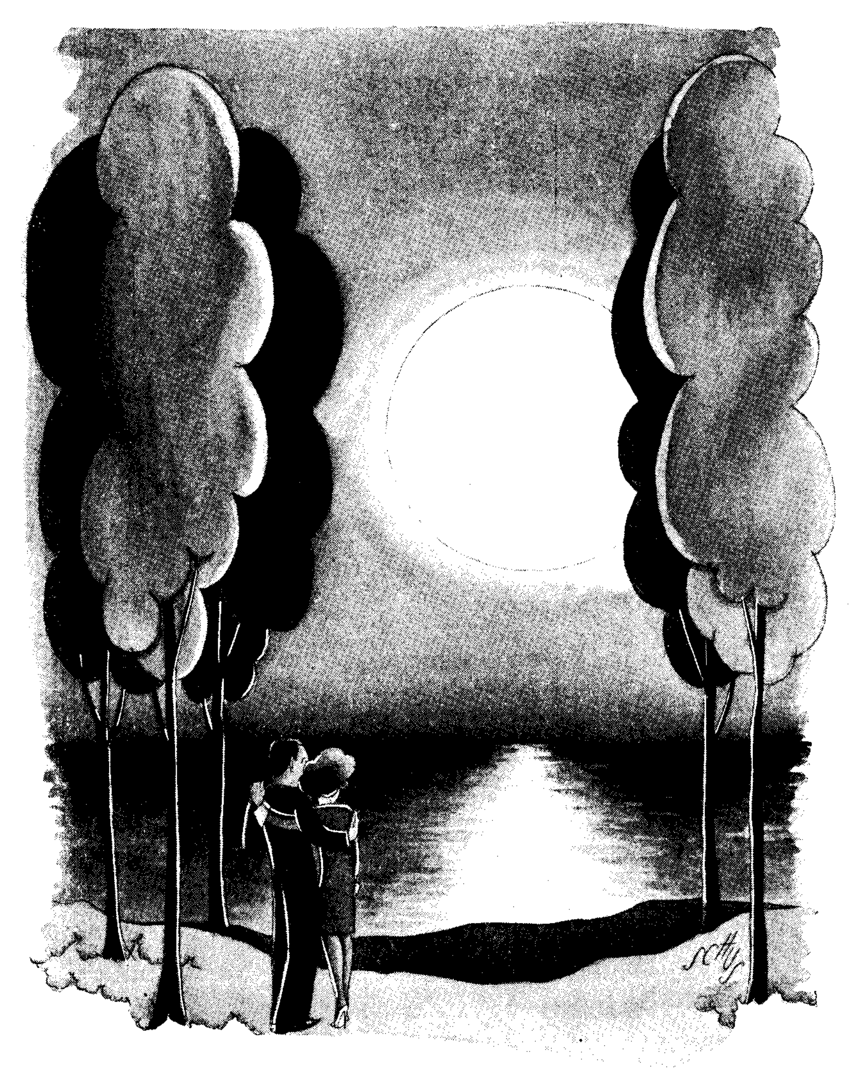
Of her own accord she kissed him. Tomorrow—tomorrow. . . . "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Old Frank got out himself, and put her into the taxicab. "Because it'll be nicer for you to pack a bag and so on. And there are reasons—you'll know presently. Everything'll be fixed. You'll hear how to do everything. Just go home for tonight. I'm patient."

And then he got back into his own car and went on; and on the train he went to his reserved compartment, where the railway company had placed flowers, and where all was in luxurious order. Soon after the train started he rang for the car attendant. And the car attendant, coming as quickly as might be, ran out again, calling: "Say, is there a doctor on this car? Wittheimer's dead. Old Wittheimer's shot himself."

IT WAS quite early when George Westward said to the chauffeur: "And now Bracey's," and his car headed for the big department store on Forty-second Street; not ten o'clock; and yet he had been up and busy now for over two hours ever since Oscar, Old Frank Wittheimer's servant, had rung him up be-

(*Continued on page 36*)



Medical Student—"Say 'Ah.'"

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It lubricates the skin. Your first shave with it will prove how great an achievement this is. You will wonder why there is no painful scrape and pull, no smarting. You will truly marvel at the smooth sliding of the razor.

Where the friction between blade and beard is greatest, right at the cutting line of the hairs, this luxurious new cream deposits a velvety film of glycerine. That soothes the skin. That prepares the razor's path.

Cut up or down, with the grain or against it; the sharp steel glides as on roller bearings, *wiping off* the whiskers before it.

Besides, there is no need to change your shaving habits. Hot water or cold, rubbing-in or not, lotions or none; suit your old preference. And you will discover in this lather a quick tamer of tough beards, a gentle soother of tender skins, a pleasant and exhilarating protector of careless nicks and abrasions.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

Reckless Cinderella

Continued from page 34

fore he had opened his morning papers, stammering: "Mist' Westward, you seen the headlines this morning? The boss, Mist' Westward, the boss has shot himself."

Now Westward knew that his grave, acute apprehension last night, as he sat in his library with Old Frank—quite debonair, almost roguish as he was—was justified. Old Frank saying: "Just a little matter I want to arrange, quickly, young feller; and no advice and no questions; your father never either advised or questioned me; your father knew on sight a man who judged his own business best;" and himself replying: "Why, of course. Anything I can do, Mr. Wittheimer," feeling quite boyish and ingenuous before that great gray face, those little gray mysterious eyes . . . thus it had been.

HE LIVED the interview again rapidly after Oscar had tremulously spoken. He had known something was about to be gravely wrong; and yet . . . Old Frank had been so debonair. He could see and hear the old man going out after the close of the funny business, singing almost sotto voce: "I'm tired of livin'. . . ."

The taxicab stopped outside Bracey's, and the young lawyer went in.

"Notions? Thank you." He headed for the long counter far away up the middle aisle.

Young Mr. Bracey was pacing slowly back and forth along that aisle. Westward knew him by sight and spoke in a brisk voice: "Mr. Bracey. Good morning. May I speak to a Miss Ray Bowfor, in this department; on legal business! Most important. Your office? I am much obliged." Then young Bracey, who knew him by sight too, was personally conducting him there chattily and ordering a girl: "Send Miss Bowfor along to my room."

It was but a minute after Westward had politely got rid of Bracey that the girl appeared in the doorway.

They stood looking at each other, Westward against the window, back to the light, the girl as if transfixed against the door, facing the full flood of morning light. She knew him with horror on the instant, as with amazement he knew her; and he was sorry for her. Pitiful child! Color surged over her and receded, leaving her with her usual whiteness and very shamed. He spoke first.

"Miss Bowfor?"

She nodded. "Mr. Westward."

"You remember me too, I see."

She nodded.

"Spelt 'B-o-w-f-o-r'," he added dryly.

"Yes," she said, looking him in the eyes.

Then he saw that she must have been crying very much.

"Something very, very important has happened to you," he said gently. "Won't you sit down?"

She ignored his request to be seated, and said haltingly: "S-s-something very d-d-dreadful happened to me this morning. I read in my paper, coming along, of the sudden death of—of—an old f-f-friend."

"Mr. Wittheimer."

Tears welled to her eyes and overflowed.

"He was so good to me," she sobbed; and sank now into young Mr. Bracey's own chair and laid her head on his desk and wept.

Westward stood still against the window, reflectively rubbing a hand to and fro over his chin, looking at her intently. So here—extraordinary business!—was the little girl from Virginia, the girl of the Storm King Highway; whom Lord Times had suddenly loved—it had been plain to see that; and who, he himself had been almost sure, was only a great little actress. She had been acting; hadn't he known it from the first? But of course Times had been well able to take care of himself and so—he had thought—was she.

But now, after that fantastic interview of last night, and her grief this morning, he was not quite so sure of her abilities for self-protection.

She broke in on his swift deduction, not looking up: "He just—just couldn't stand it. Old! Old! Oh, isn't it terrible to be old, and the—the kind of man the—the kind of girl he liked—never could love 'cept—'cept for his money, really. And never satisfied—that was him. And tired of living; oh, my! he was tired! And then when he lost all the money—five millions—why—why—"

She shook her head as it lay on her arms on the desk, so that her sleek-seal hair fell into disorder.

"Lost all his money?" Westward repeated attentively.

"Every cent," she sighed, in tears, "in a c-c-cotton deal. He t-t-told me."

"Listen carefully, Miss Bowfor," said Westward with a deference that struck—if dully—upon her ears: "Mr. Wittheimer called to see me last night—"

"Oh," she sighed, "was it you he called to see?"

"It was you waiting in the car, Miss Bowfor?"

"Yes. I thought I was going to Miami Beach with him."

"Listen carefully," said Westward again. "I am a lawyer—but you know that. My firm has always done a great part of the late Mr. Wittheimer's business. Anything of a very personal or delicate nature we undertook for him. Mr. Wittheimer called on me at my private address last night to make a new will; very brief; very simple. But before making the will he talked with me a little while about his reason. Are you listening?"

"Oh, sure, sure, Mr. Westward. I'll listen."

But she was crying too dolorously to heed very much. So Westward came forward, drew up a chair, and sat opposite her across the flat-topped desk.

"Very well. He said he was leaving all he had—when the time came—to a woman who had refused his advances—shall we put it like that?—very decidedly; but who, suddenly, because she thought he was in trouble, offered him whatever comfort and consolation and pleasure it lay in her power to give. Mr. Wittheimer," said Westward slowly, "had not met such a—a—feeling in a woman for many years. He thought of all women simply as gold-diggers; and as gold-diggers frankly he—he enjoyed them. But when he met again with the generosity that he thought was only in youth for youth, it—it swept him off his feet, let us say. Such men have often very amazing impulses—even aberrations."

HE SAW that she was not following the main import of his words; only catching at stray phrases.

She said tearfully: "Yes. Men like that are so funny . . . so funny, well, there's no describing what they'll do at times."

"You know men?" Westward suggested, but deferentially.

She lifted her head and gave him a little twisted smile; then dropped her head again.

In that smile Westward read what made him repent for all men.

"This woman impressed him," he said. "Because he became convinced that she wasn't what he had thought—or hoped—her to be. She was good and sweet and pure and very kind. I use his own words to me—though he said much more than that." Westward paused, thinking of Old Frank's strange rhapsodies last night. "Because she thought he was in dire trouble—"

"Here," said Ray, sitting up. "Are you talking about me?"

"Yes, Miss Bowfor."

"He *was* in trouble. He was ever so old and as ugly. . . . And he'd lost all his money—five million dollars, in cotton."

"Do you follow the market at all? In the newspapers?"

"Me! No. But he told me."

Westward said gently:

"He didn't lose five million—he made nearly five million the last two days. He had never been so rich as when he died."

"But he told me—"

Westward had to flinch a little before those deep-sea eyes.

There was a silence. "Are you beginning to guess what I am going to tell you?" Westward asked.

He saw that she had not guessed. She was too bewildered altogether by the complexity of thought and deed and motive in which Old Frank had involved her.

"Briefly, then," said Westward, laying a hand steadyingly on hers across the desk. "You are the sole legatee. There are—you may or may not know—some divorced or separated Mrs. Wittheimers all provided for by big settlements years ago. But you, child, have his house and his cars; and over six million dollars."

"Mr. Westward? Please?"

He repeated it.

"You mean I'm—" She trembled.

"A rich lady. A richer lady, even, than you let Lord Times think you were."

Scarlet flushed her white cheeks.

"That was all—a joke, eh, Miss Bowfor?" said Westward. And a little sarcastic demon in him whispered: "If she weren't what she is now, you'd have said that was all a big imposture!"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Dry your tears, please, Miss Bowfor," said Westward gently.

SHE dabbed at her face with a cheap colored handkerchief, and the face emerged unspoiled, unravaged by all this emotion. How young she was, that tears could not mark her except by a wistful added beauty!

"This is a great change for you," Westward hazarded, giving her time.

"I can't think what to say."

"You had no idea at all?"

"Why, I thought he was broke!"

"Of course. Shall I take charge?"

"Take charge?"

"Of this morning and you? As your lawyer?"

"Oh, please, because I don't quite know yet—"

Young Mr. Bracey stood in the doorway with the eye of business directed towards Miss Bowfor of the "Notions."

"Are you likely to be detained much longer, Miss Bowfor?"

Westward rose.

"This lady is leaving you, Mr. Bracey," said he.

"Certainly not!" said Mr. Bracey hotly.

Westward explained: "She has inherited a very large fortune."

(*Continued on page 38*)

SUN-TANNED

THEIR BODIES LITHELY BEND IN BALANCE AS THE WAVES RUSH BY

LEAN and healthy under a Pacific sun they ride the curling waves . . . tense, vigorous, clear-eyed, they laugh in sport as the long breakers rumble on the beach at Waikiki . . . and as they lounge along the sand or sit in the cool cafes of the hotels, they find new vigor and refreshment in drinking "Canada Dry."

Here is a beverage which suits the healthy activity of outdoor men and women. Keen as the piercing beauty of a tropic sunrise . . . mellow as a lingering afternoon under the whispering palms . . . delightful as dancing moonlight on the restless, blue Pacific . . . such is the quality, the taste, the marvelous flavor of this fine old ginger ale.

This is the sportsman's beverage. For in it sportsmen recognize the quality which makes it the aristocrat of beverages—basic excellence. The very foundation of "Canada Dry" is "Liquid Ginger"—which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavor and natural essence of the ginger root. Rigid laboratory control assures uniformity, purity and highest quality. A special process of carbonation enables "Canada Dry" to retain its delicately piquant life and sparkle long after the bottle has been opened.

The result is not only a marvelous flavor but also a wonderful refreshing quality which is appealing to more and more people every day. The result of clean sport well played is healthfulness; and the vigor of "Canada Dry" suggests to sportsmen the vigor of a game well played.

Convince yourself! At the Houses of Parliament in Ottawa it is served. In great hotels in New York you'll find it. Travel to Paris, London, South America; notice what beverage appears in the saloons of famous transatlantic liners. These are the places where "Canada Dry" has won the approving nod of connoisseurs.

Serve "Canada Dry." It will grace your table as it does those of many, many people. Order it today in the Hostess Package of 12 bottles.

CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER ALE

"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

© 1930

Reckless Cinderella

Continued from page 36

And he read the feelings mingled in young Bracey's face like a book.

Bracey came round Ray like a bee round a flower.

Cynically, Westward noted.

"That's very—very gratifying. I must congratulate you, Miss Bowfor."

"Old Mr. Wittheimer left me all his money," she told him shakily.

Into young Mr. Bracey's eyes flashed that for which Westward, with his intimate and peculiar knowledge of this strange business, could have kicked him. And yet—one man cannot kick the whole world; and the whole world was epitomized in young Bracey, thinking at this moment what the world would think.

"Under the circumstances," said Westward, "Miss Bowfor is resigning."

"Under the circumstances, of course, yes," Bracey answered.

Ray shot up from her chair on the realization. "This is all over!"

"All over," Westward assented.

"But I hope," protested Bracey, "that we've made Miss Bowfor happy with us. We are essentially a firm that endeavors—"

"Absolutely," said Westward pacifically.

"And let me say that Miss Bowfor knows that the instant assistance of all departments is at her service."

"I'll buy things presently," said Ray incoherently, "but now—let's go."

Westward's taxicab was waiting, and they got into it.

"Where?"

"Tenth Street."

"Your home?"

She remembered the mythical old Colonial house with the brown shutters, under the shelter of the Blue Ridge Mountains; and she nodded, with a faint grimace.

"All right," said Westward.

As they drove, he questioned: "Why did you dream those dreams that you told Times and me?"

"Because I—I like things lovely. I like them sweet, and—and gracious, you know. I like soft voices—notice how I've tried to train mine—"

"Very successfully."

"Oh, you say so! I—I like shelter and quiet, and being safe; and gardens; and . . . all that. But life's tough. Life has been very different from that. People can't have what they want. But they can dream. It's lots of fun playing."

"All right, child. I see. Now, what will you do when you get home?"

"Give them the surprise of their lives. Dad will be in; he wasn't going out today. And I'll give them wonderful presents—everything they want." How strange pity was—so like love! "My mother will love to go to Bracey's and order thousands of dollars' worth of things."

"Of whom does your family consist, Miss Bowfor?"

She told him about her family.

"You love them dearly?"

AFTER hesitation she said: "It doesn't seem to me that families love each other. It's the closeness, and being tired and poor, I suppose; and everyone wanting what the other's hoping to get—"

"Perhaps. What shall I do?"

"Wait down in the taxi—will you—while I tell them?"

"And then?"

She went paler than ever, and whispered:

"Where is he? Mr. Wittheimer?"

"They brought the body home. It's in the house."

"I'll see him for a minute," she said, shrinking nevertheless. "I—I'll be alone with him a minute; talk to him; thank him."

"You are not to be morbid, Miss Bowfor!"

"What's that?"

When the taxicab stopped, she was out in an instant, and flying into the apartment house with her big amazing news.

SHE went up the stairs breathlessly, thrust her latchkey into the lock, ran in. Tears had dropped to her cheeks again with the thought of Old Frank lying in the big house in the East Eighties.

"Mum! Daddy!"

They came out of separate rooms, but in much the same humor, this man and this woman whom she wished desperately that she did not hate so; her mother with her morning kimono lashed about her, like a sail furled round a mast, and her father in shirt, worn-out trousers kept for home, and no shoes on his feet.

Hate? Ah! but how strangely pity emulated love! Instead of that shocking old kimono, Ray could see the crêpes and the velvets that she would heap eagerly upon this worn woman; she could see the kindness brightening on this man's weary face at last, as she thrust wads of bills into his hands. She could see them, with the faith of the young, as she would have them be.

But suddenly—before she could speak, they were near her. They were weary, disillusioned, and angry with suspicion. They saw the traces of her tears. They broke out almost together:

"What're you doin' here this time, Ray? What you doin'? Don't tell me—"

"You jazzbo, you! Why ain't you at Bracey's? Now, out with it, quick, because I ain't goin' to stand for any nonsense if your dad is—"

"Me! I like that! I'm not goin' to stand for nothin' neither. I got enough troubles without this girl coming in tellin' me she's—"

Defiance struck Ray more forcibly, more bitterly and furiously than ever before. But she choked it. In another minute they'd be different.

She lifted her hands, backing before them unconsciously as she had done when a naughty unhappy child, and shrieked:

"Listen! I'm going to tell you something. I'm not ever going back to Bracey's. I—"

The turmoil was upon and around her then like a whirlwind. "You not going back! You lost that job! Back you'll go, and down on your knees, and eat dirt—"

"Mother! Listen! I'm not going back because—"

Her mother had a short whisk-broom in her hand. She struck at her. The blow landed.

Bowfor dashed the brush aside.

"Don't hit her. Oh, no! don't hit the fine lady! Now, miss, be silent while *I* talk! You've lost your job. Well, go out and get it again." He took her, not too roughly, by the shoulders and turned her about; and kicked open the door, through which he marched her. "Don't you come back here till you come back with a job landed. We've had 'nough trouble with you and Rose and all. If you can't pay your five bucks down regular every week, don't come home—" they were proceeding ignominiously down the staircase, and she could hear her mother's voice calling: "I disown you, the way you behave! I disown you! You're no daughter of mine."

"Nor mine!" sang out Bowfor. "Out you go. I wash my hands."

SHE shrieked back at him, twisting angrily under the hands on her shoulders:

"You haven't listened to what I was going to say. You'll be sorry some day! Sorry—some—day!"

"Out—you—go!"

So she was suddenly out, with the street door clanged behind her, facing Westward at the door of the cab. He took one look at her face.

No tears there now.

(*To be continued next week*)

2 for 25¢ perfecto now 10¢

CELLOPHANE WRAPPED

It took new factory equipment to do it . . . with the latest high speed machines. It took enormous leaf contracts to do it . . . to secure the finest crops at bed-rock price. But the result was a huge saving. That's why the 1930 Muriel is made of finer, costlier tobaccos . . . sheathed in an individual Cellophane wrapper . . . and offered to you at a *20% price cut!*

—the 1930 MURIEL CIGAR

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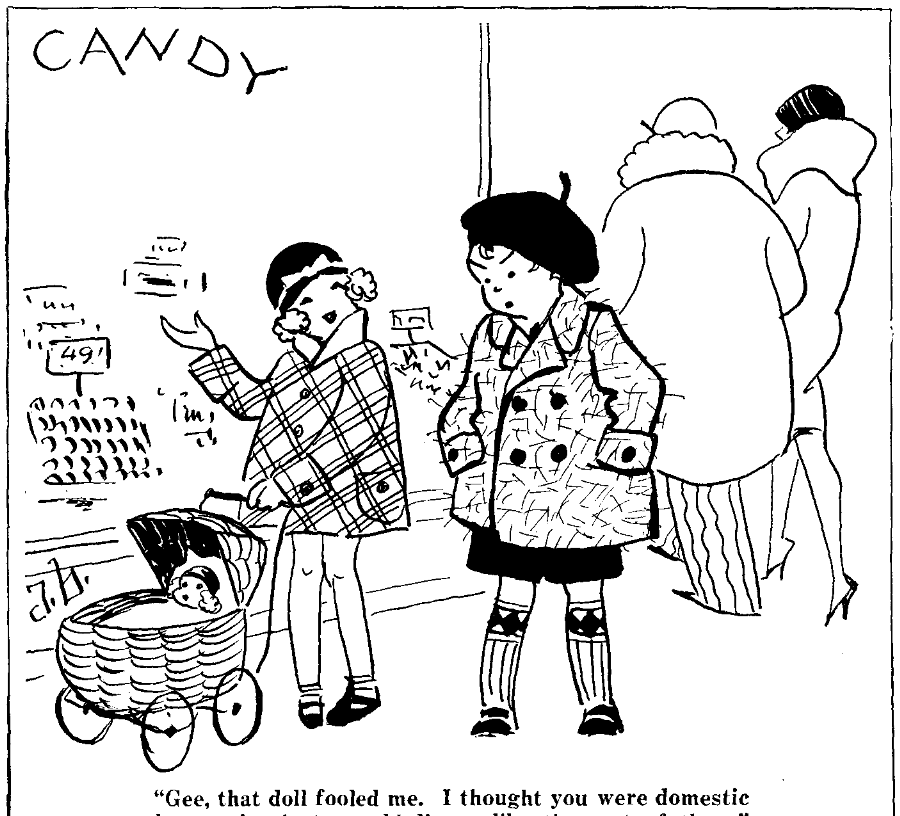
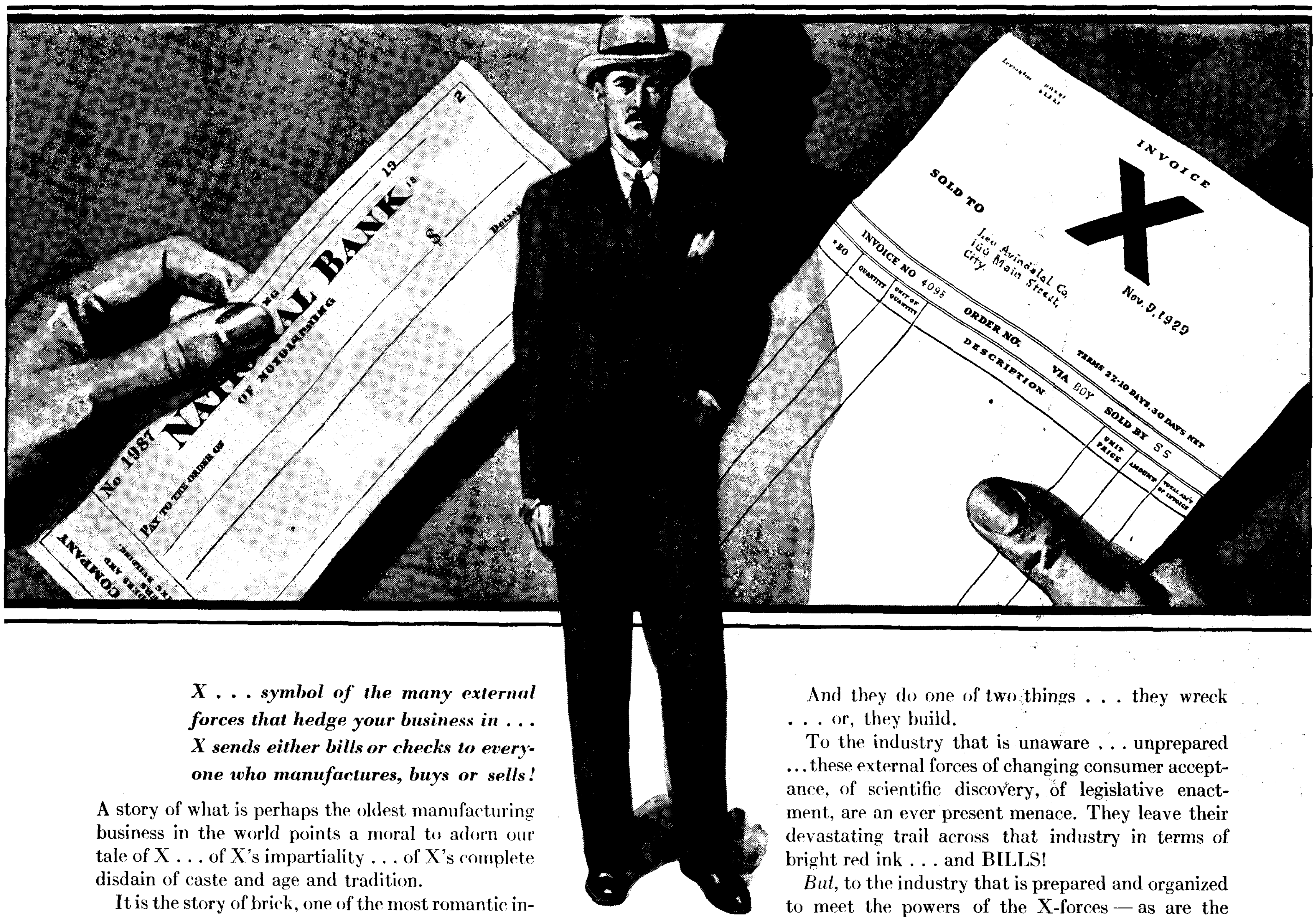


"Gee, that doll fooled me. I thought you were domestic but you're just a gold-digger like the rest of them."

IS X *sending you* BILLS . . . *or* CHECKS ?



X . . . symbol of the many external forces that hedge your business in . . . X sends either bills or checks to everyone who manufactures, buys or sells!

A story of what is perhaps the oldest manufacturing business in the world points a moral to adorn our tale of X . . . of X's impartiality . . . of X's complete disdain of caste and age and tradition.

It is the story of brick, one of the most romantic industrial tales there is to tell . . . for brick is old.

How old, nobody knows. Its earliest beginnings are buried in the mounded ruins that dot the languid valley of Indus.

Six thousand years of life, at least, it has had. What a boast for an industry! . . . . to produce the one manufactured building material that has persisted essentially unchanged from history's dawn. What a sense of security that should give the manufacturer today!

But, does it? Rather not! Why? . . . X-forces . . . X-forces of new structural products, of new types of architecture, of new consumer tastes and new consumer desires. Powerful X-forces in the form of steel and stucco, cement and shingles and tile.

They strike suddenly, these X-forces . . . for they are outside of and beyond your control. They come like tropical storms from a cloudless sky. They are of many origins.

And they do one of two things . . . they wreck . . . or, they build.

To the industry that is unaware . . . unprepared . . . these external forces of changing consumer acceptance, of scientific discovery, of legislative enactment, are an ever present menace. They leave their devastating trail across that industry in terms of bright red ink . . . and BILLS!

But, to the industry that is prepared and organized to meet the powers of the X-forces — as are the makers of brick — they act as a stimulant, as a spur to further achievement . . . they are *used*. And, *properly* used, they pay dividends in CHECKS!

So universal are the X-forces of industry, that business has organized chambers of commerce and trade associations to meet and *use* them through co-operative effort.

And Nation's Business, official publication of the largest business group in the world — the United States Chamber of Commerce, has long devoted its energy and resources to discovering and investigating these potential agents of certain ruin . . . or quick success.

More than 320,000 of the business upper crust read its pages every month. Get the April issue that is displayed on leading news stands today . . . twenty-five cents . . . or, better, have it sent to your home or office every month . . . $7.50 for three years.

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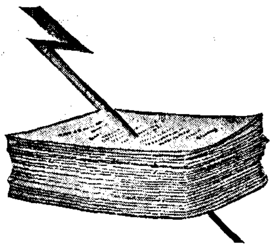

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Ediphone
Edison's New Dictating Machine

The Winded City

Continued from page 17

six years the citizens elected five men to form the county Board of Tax Assessors. Of course they were the right sort of men, chosen with the aid of the precinct captains.

And just for fear that these five men, known as assessors, would not give taxpayers a fair break there was a second board of three "right" men, elected every six years, with the aid of the same party captains, known as the Board of Review.

Real estate assessments were not fixed, as in some few of our other cities, every year, by constantly employed experts. They were fixed every four years, though taxes were paid annually.

The Guessing Contest

What a hullabaloo that assessment-fixing year would cause! Every four years, in Cook County, a great army of so-called "tax assessors," chosen entirely by politicians, would fare forth, afoot, on street cars, or in automobiles, to view the 1,000,000 parcels of real estate in the city and county and practically decide how much of a tax should be imposed on each lot and on each building.

These hit-or-miss "tax assessors" had the pocketbook of each property owner in their hands for the minute or two required to jot down the figures for payment, as without scientific rule or reason they inexpertly viewed a property and estimated its tax-paying possibilities.

When the army of hired "tax assessors" was scheduled to make its 1927 rounds, the teachers, under Margaret Haley, renewed the battle.

"Quit making these secret assessments! Tax every property holder fairly and get more money for the schools," they demanded.

And then the teachers, working together with other bodies of citizens too numerous to mention, got an extremely upsetting idea. It was an idea that now promised to end the thirty-year war.

"Why not organize a committee of citizens," they asked, "to help our board of five tax assessors arrange the tax assessments for the next four years?"

It was done. All sorts of citizens joined the huge committee. It amounted to a rebellion. Real estate men, labor leaders, bankers, manufacturers, property owners, lawyers, doctors, college presidents, professors, economists, ordinary householders, joined in the great probing of Chicago's tax secret.

These citizens had to call in the power of the State of Illinois to get at the tax records. The governor helped them by calling a special session of the legislature. The state tax commissioner helped them by ordering the publishing of the tax lists. This was because the state itself was running short of money; almost half of the tax income of the State of Illinois comes from Cook County and Chicago.

Finally the tax nut was cracked; the kernel was putrid.

The taxes that each property owner had been paying were brought to light. And there, for everyone to see, were found the votes of both rich taxpayers and poor which, on primary election day, had helped the precinct captains to put crooks, or the condoners and protectors of crooks, into seats of power in the city hall, the county building and the court house.

Neighbor turned against neighbor. You found that the man next door, living in the same sort of a house as your own, had been paying only fifty dollars a year while you paid five hundred dollars; or ten while you paid one hundred dollars. No matter how lively a merchant, how good a church member, how decent a citizen he might have seemed, you finally knew that, while you, perhaps, had been staying away from the polls on primary election day, he had gone to the polls, obeyed the order of the precinct captain and had voted to put on the party's ticket any crook, thug, grafter, or protector of crooks, thugs and grafters, the captain had named. There are a million and a third possible voters in Chicago. But only about half of them would vote; say 700,000. Here's how the vote was divided, according to calculations of political experts:

1. About 30,000 employees of the city, yielded 5.5 votes each....	165,000
2. Favored persons, including the underworld element, and citizens whose taxes had been cut by captains........................	500,000
3. Disinterested voters...............	35,000
	700,000

This short vote suited the precinct captains perfectly. They didn't want too many citizens to vote; they wanted only the "right" citizens, the "fixed" citizens, to vote. Citizens who hadn't been "fixed" were frequently assaulted at the polls by thugs, sluggers and even gunmen.

Fifty-five per cent of the property owners of Chicago, so the tax show-up disclosed, had their property assessed at less than thirty-one per cent of its value; the remaining forty-five per cent were assessed above this figure.

It was the fifty-five per cent that the precinct captains and their superiors needed—and got! This fifty-five per cent could carry the ticket on primary election day.

The other forty-five per cent could go hang—and carry the town's and the county's tax burden.

Herbert D. Simpson, an expert in economics, from Northwestern University, and George O. Fairweather, of the University of Chicago, expertly gathered facts and put them together in charts and pictures so that the simplest-minded citizen could understand what had been done to him.

$30,000,000 Too Much

Some people were paying annually $30,000,000 too much. This sum is about one ninth of what it costs to run the city for one year.

But this $30,000,000 taken unjustly from certain citizens didn't fatten the government's pocketbook at all. It was merely money that was taken from the pockets of unfavored citizens and put into the pockets of favored citizens.

Over one third of the single-family residences in the town were overtaxed. Over fifty per cent were undertaxed. As a general thing, the smaller the house the higher its rate of assessment; twenty-eight per cent of value was the assessment rate applied to big homes; thirty-three and one half per cent to small ones.

Mathematical experts figured out that the error in tax payments, on the average, was forty per cent; the average man on the street who paid taxes might be paying anything, from forty per cent too much to forty per cent too little in taxes. That's what thirty years of secret tax assessing by politicians had done to the Cook County and Chicago tax lists.

What a howl went up when the secret was out! Citizens stormed the Board of Review, consisting of three elected gentlemen who had helped to bring about the injustice. One hundred thousand demanded reduction, all at one time, before this board! The board actually stopped meeting; it broke down like an old wheelbarrow.

Forty thousand citizens went to law; they wouldn't pay their taxes at all, they said. "Let's get our tax assessments straightened out," was the demand of all property owners in Chicago. "Let's reassess the entire city and county."

And that's what experts have been doing for the past twenty months.

They have filled five hundred huge volumes with their figures. Until these figures are officially approved by the city and county taxing officials no citizen will receive his tax bill; and no taxes can be paid, of course, until the bills are issued. The city and county have now gone two years without receiving any taxes.

But the biggest part of the great change is that the precinct captain will hereafter keep his hands off tax-fixing. This may result in crippling the precinct captain.

A New Deal

Hereafter, by law, open records will be kept, available to every citizen, of all taxes that are paid. Each piece of property will be designated, not by the old-fashioned system of lot, block and plot, but by street address. Every man can hereafter know, as he should have known during past years, what taxes he ought to pay himself and what taxes all his neighbors pay.

And every year all tax payments are to be published, for everyone to read.

Taxes will be a secret no longer. And that will go a long way toward making Chicago clean—cleaned not by reformers but by an indignant and enraged mass of citizens.

Chicago looms over Lake Michigan like an incredible dream of towering beauty. It's a leading town. Cleaned up, it might lead many other cities to decent local government.

Perhaps you think the precinct captain is a Chicago product. Not at all. If you live in one of the great cities there are precinct captains in your district. If you live in one of the smaller towns, the local politician will be a ward captain. They are men of power. They can do favors for you at the city hall or the court house. They can put you in their debt for personal favors.

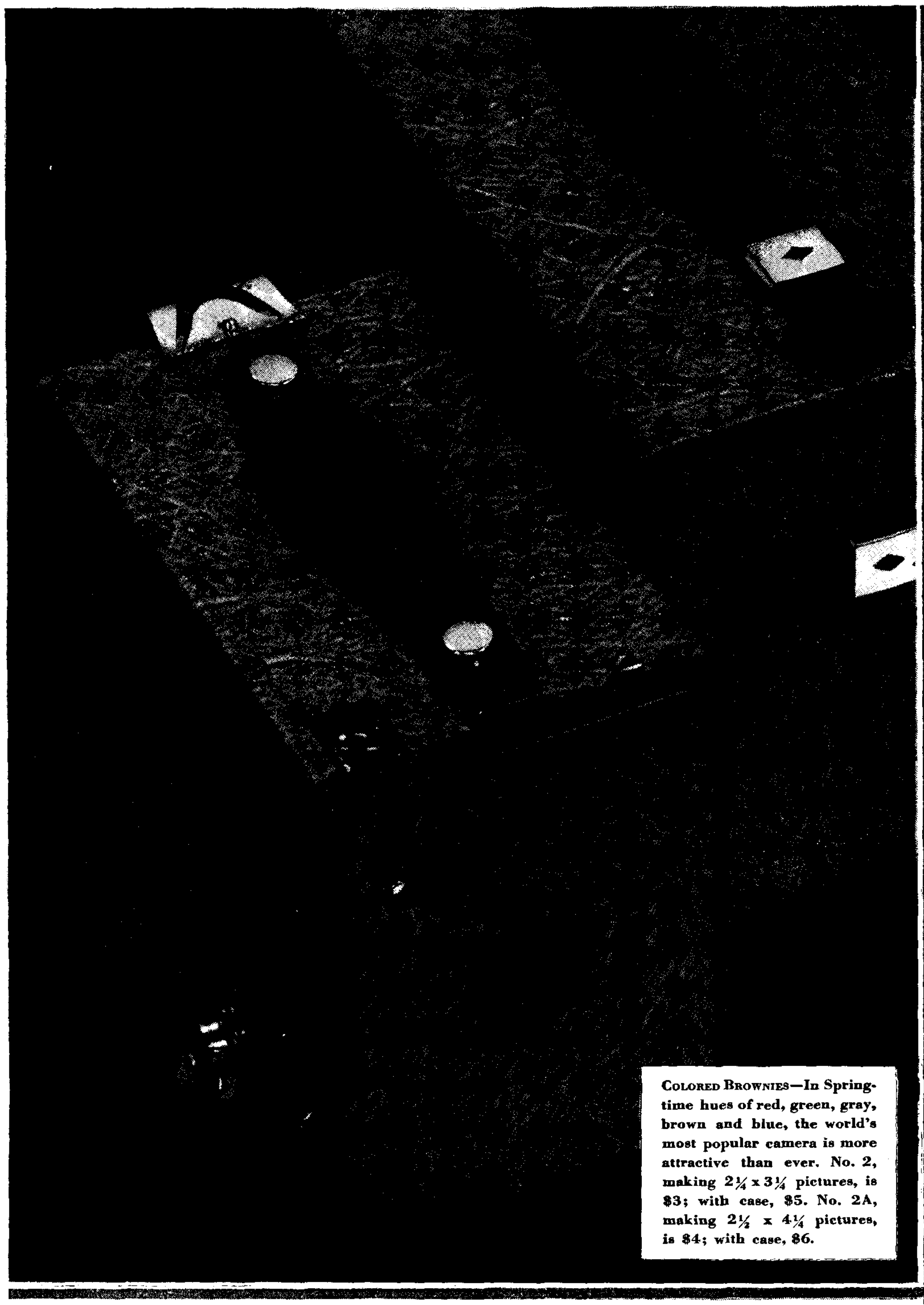
These captains—ward or precinct—are always part of every political organization. No matter in which town you live, at least one of them is bound to be working somewhere in your vicinity. He may not be a crooked fixer; perhaps not *all* the Chicago captains are crooked. But he's granting favors the year around to some of your fellow citizens, for votes.

And, oh, yes!—just one question:

Are the tax lists published in your town, annually, by house address, with the value of the land—and, if there is a building on it, the total value of the property—set down so that anyone may know exactly what taxes are paid by each taxpayer?

Probably not. Such publicity prevails in only a few of our large cities: Cleveland, New York, St. Paul and now Chicago are examples.

In a town where there is no such publicity and where there are politicians—well, look at Chicago!



Colored Brownies—In Springtime hues of red, green, gray, brown and blue, the world's most popular camera is more attractive than ever. No. 2, making 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, is $3; with case, $5. No. 2A, making 2½ x 4¼ pictures, is $4; with case, $6.

A $3 EASTER GIFT FOR A CHILD

THAT GROWN-UPS TOO WILL LIKE

It's thrilling and colorful and you can't make a mistake in giving it

IT comes in colors, gay and wonderful colors, that appeal to the imagination. Cheerful colors that are favored by young and old. And, all-in-all, it makes a truly marvelous gift. It takes excellent pictures, of course. And everybody knows that it does. For it's *the Brownie!—a genuine Eastman-made camera* —and the camera that most amateur picture-takers started with. Simple enough for even a child.

Specially designed for those with little or no experience in taking pictures, it is amazingly easy to use. So simple that it is the world's most popular camera.

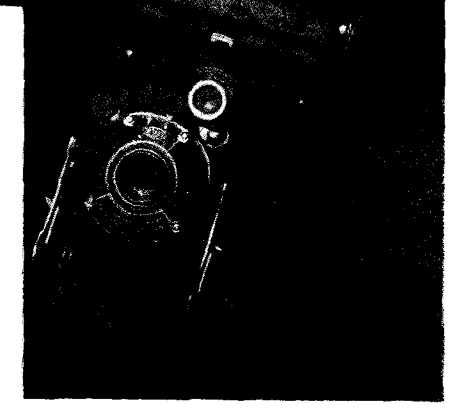
What better gift can you think of for anyone? Something colorful, something useful. Something practical and efficient. Affording a pleasure that never wears out—*and never outlives its novelty.*

Colors are red, green, gray, brown and blue. The price is as low as $3. With attractive carrying case to match, $5.

See the Brownies at any Kodak dealer's.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

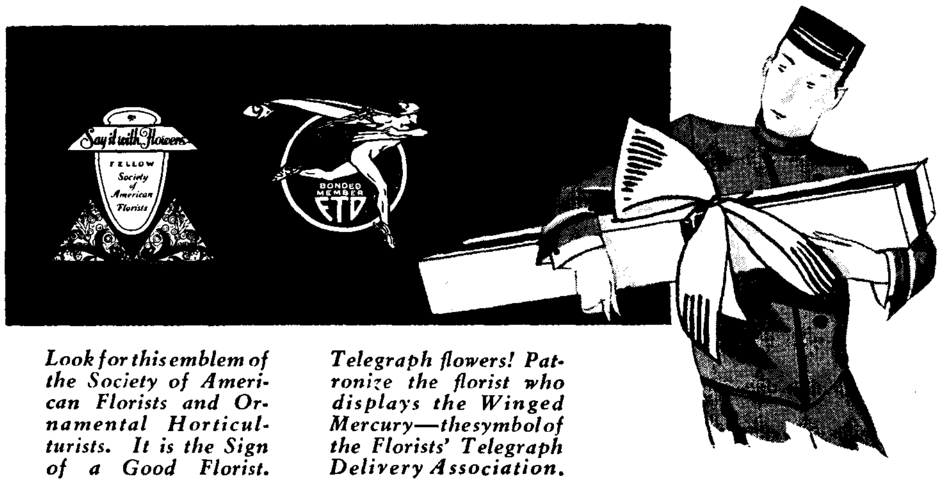
Kodaks Petite—Exquisite little creations that are gay as Seventeen . . . and smart as an Easter hat. In five favored colors: blue, gray, rose, lavender, green. Picture size: 1⅝ x 2½. Price: with stunning case to match, $7.50.



Pocket Kodaks Junior—The Easter gift for a man is this handsome, colorful cavalier that's such a crack picture-taker. Colors: blue, brown, green, black. No. 1, making 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, is $9; with case, $11. No. 1A, making 2½ x 4¼ pictures, is $10; with case, $12.50.

A beautiful thought *for* EASTER

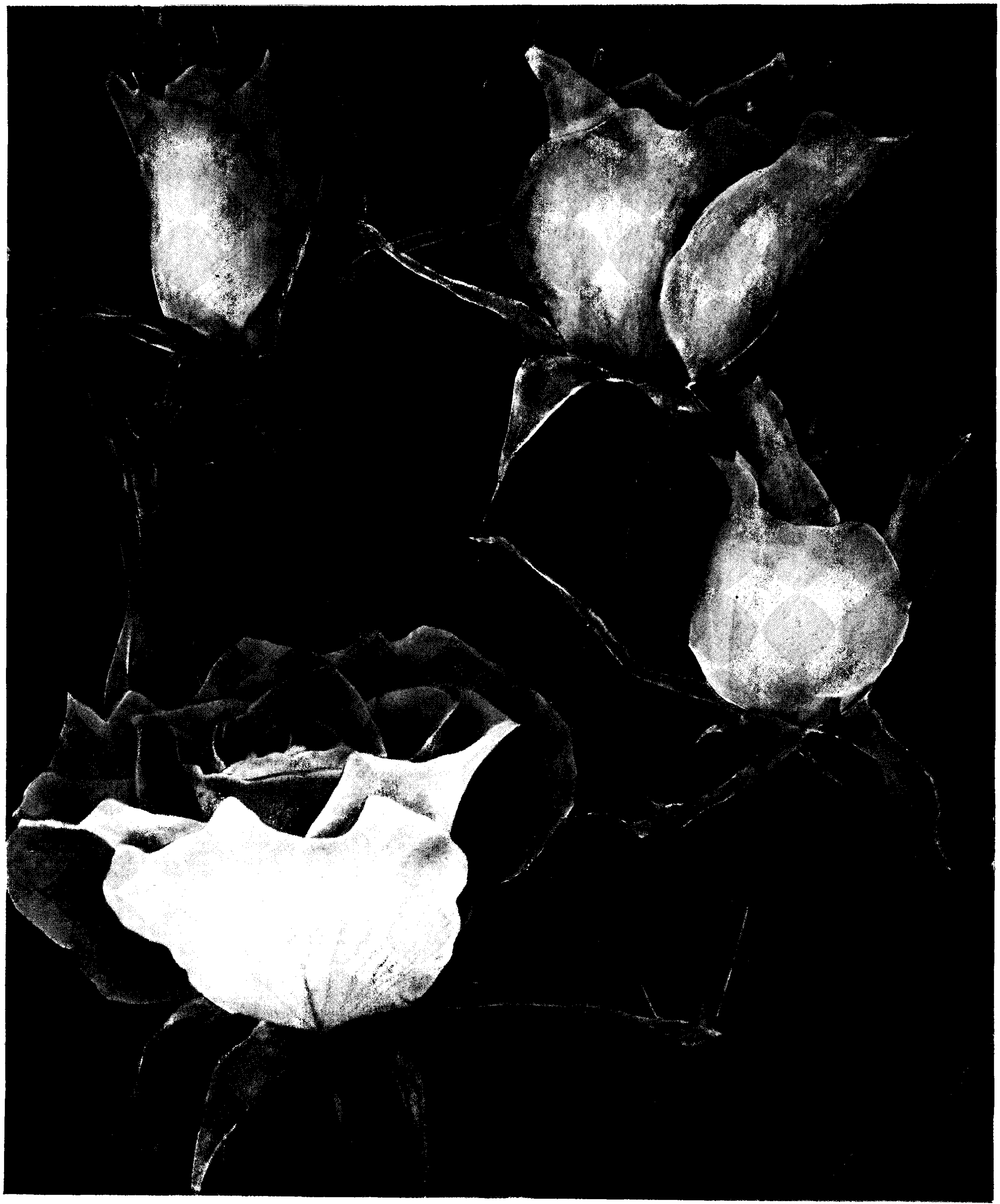
In all the year there is no time more appropriate to send Flowers than on Easter morning For when she parades the avenue she will adore the flowers from you. To her Spring ensemble they add that touch of charm that only Nature can give. And not to be forgotten are the gay-colored blossoms of pretty potted plants that beckon Springtime to your table. So act on this beautiful thought for Easter, today. Leave an Easter order with your florist.



Look for this emblem of the Society of American Florists and Ornamental Horticulturists. It is the Sign of a Good Florist.

Telegraph flowers! Patronize the florist who displays the Winged Mercury—the symbol of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association.

Say it with



There are endless varieties of roses in a wide range of colors

FLOWERS

Fieldstone—*a color reminiscent of moss on old stone walls, restrained yet colorful enough to be modern.*

Gascony—*a most interesting blend of several green tones, particularly adaptable to colonial homes.*

Chateau — *this pleasant, cheerful green gives character to the most modest homes, as well as to larger houses.*

Normandy blend — *a combination of four shades which produces a distinctive and modern type of roof.*

Brittany blend—*another combination of four shades, but with a trend towards soft, warm, brown tones.*

Romany—*these shades provide a warm toned roof which will have pleasing and colorful variations.*

Tile Red—*reproducing the rich colors of old earthen building tiles — this is always a popular roof choice.*

Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingles are available in individual as well as the popular Square Butt or Hexagonal strip types.

Johns-Manville Normandy blend Asphalt Shingles on the home of Mr. Bullinger, Riverside, Ill.

Only Johns-Manville offers you these modern colors for your roof

STUDY the shingles shown at the left. These are actual color photographs made direct from the new J-M Asphalt Shingles.* Here are colors such as are in demand everywhere for the newest and finest homes. Yet with J-M Asphalt Shingles these decorative effects, plus long life and protection from fire are available at extremely low cost.

These colors were selected for your use by a committee of architects, and color experts, men chosen because of their experience in designing fine homes. You can be sure that any selection you make from these J-M Asphalt Shingles is in good modern taste.

With these beautiful new colors at your command, you can have fresher, more modern colors than were ever before available in roofing. Without trouble and at low cost you can have J-M Asphalt Shingles laid over your old roofing.

And when you have modernized your roof you will find that it dresses up the whole house. Your home will be pleasanter to look at, and more valuable.

This is an Age of Color

On every hand you see examples of the cheerful note that color can add to a home. The roof is one of the most important color points. If it is drab, dull, dingy it may spoil the appearance of an otherwise attractive house. Put on a colorful roof of J-M Asphalt Shingles, and you will be surprised at the new look the house will have.

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Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 25

do it. But . . ." Nayland Smith clapped me on the shoulder.

"You've solved the problem, Greville!" he said. "Nothing like knowledge of the geography of a district when one's in difficulties. We're in luck if we make it before dusk. But how shall we recognize the Path of the Forty?"

"By the bleached bones," I replied.

SUNSET dropped its thousand veils over the desert. The hills and wadis of its desolate expanse passed from a glow of gold through innumerable phases of red.

Wonderful to relate, we had forced the groaning car over trackless miles southwest of the road, had found a path through the hills and had struck the Darfûr caravan route some twenty miles below el-Khârga. A difference in the quality of the landscape, a freshening and a cleanness in the air, spoke of the near-by oasis. Then, on a gentle slope:

"A light ahead!" Weymouth cried.

I checked Said. We all stood up and looked.

"That must be Bûlag," said Nayland Smith. "The house of the sheik lies somewhere between there and el-Khârga."

"It's a straight road now," Petrie broke in. "There's plenty of light. I'm all for blazing through the village as hard as we can go and then finding some parking place outside the town."

"Pray heaven the old bus can stand it!" Weymouth murmured devoutly.

And so, headed north, we set out. The road was abominable, but fairly wide where it traversed the village. Nayland Smith had relieved Said at the wheel and the scene, as he coaxed a way through that miniature bazaar, was one I can never forget. Every man, woman, child and dog had turned out. . . .

"They may send the news to el-Khârga," said Smith, as we finally shook off the last pair of staring-eyed Arab boys who ran after us—"but we've got to chance it."

WE PARKED the doughty car in a grove of date-palms just south of the town. Weymouth seemed to anticipate trouble with Said, but I knew the man and had never doubted that he would consent to stand by. We left him a loaded automatic and spare shells, and there were ample rations aboard to sustain him during the time he might have to mount guard. We marked an hour on the clock when, failing our reappearance, he was to push on with all possible speed to the post-office at el-Khârga and communicate with Fletcher. How he carried out these orders will appear later.

As the four of us walked from the palm-grove:

"We may be too late," said Nayland Smith; "but I feel disposed, Greville, to make straight for the town; otherwise we might lose ourselves. Then, you acting as spokesman, since you speak the best Arabic, we can inquire our direction boldly."

"I agree," said I.

And so it was settled.

EL-KHÂRGA, as I vaguely remembered, though a considerable town of some seven or eight thousand inhabitants, consisted largely of a sort of maze of narrow streets roofed over with palm trunks so as to resemble tunnels at night. We penetrated, and presently found our way to the center of the place. A mosque and two public buildings attracted my attention; and:

"Down here," I said, "there's a café where we shall learn all we want to know."

Two minutes later we were grouped around a table in a smoke-laden room.

"Look about," said Nayland Smith. "Kismet is with us. Whatever is going on in el-Khârga is being discussed here, tonight."

I looked about as he had directed. Certainly we had discovered the one and only house of entertainment in el-Khârga. . . . Little did I realize, as I considered our neighbors, where my next awakening would be!

Here were obvious townspeople, prosperous date merchants, rice growers, petty officials and others, smoking their pipes in evening contentment. A definite odor of hashish pervaded the café. But the scene looked typical enough, until:

"Those fellows in the corner don't seem quite in the picture," said Weymouth.

I followed the direction of his glance. Two men were bending over a little round table. They smoked cigarettes, and a pot of coffee stood between them. In type, they were unfamiliar; unfamiliar in the sense that one didn't ex-

(*Continued on page 46*)

Because he loves nice things

THE BETTER HALF *gave me the* low down *on the perfect shave*

I STOOD in the bathroom the other "morning after"—shaving and swearing. As usual, it was a complete victory for Old Nick, the razor. Skin raw, spirits blue, 100% grouch all over. All of a sudden in pops the spouse, and hands me a bottle. "What's this?" says I—"poison?" "Yes," says she, "poison for your grouch. Sprinkle it on the jaw bone." "What for?" says I. "For me," says she, giving me the goo goo look.

Well, I did. And Boy! In ten seconds I'm on top of the world! Grouch gone, face perfect, skin tingling under the touch of this potion from Paradise. The darn stuff's styptic, too—fixes tiny nicks and cuts like a surgeon. "What's the racket?" says I to the ball-and-chain, after the miracle. "Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion," says she, "made by Houbigant, the maker of the finest women's preparations. After all, the only difference between your face and mine is that you plough yours with a razor."

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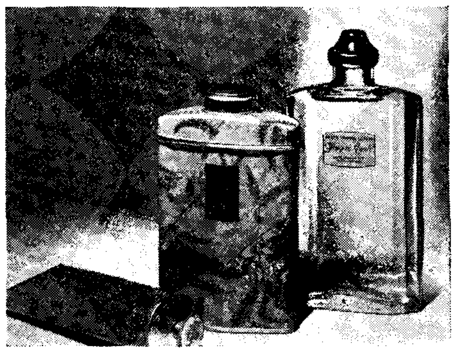

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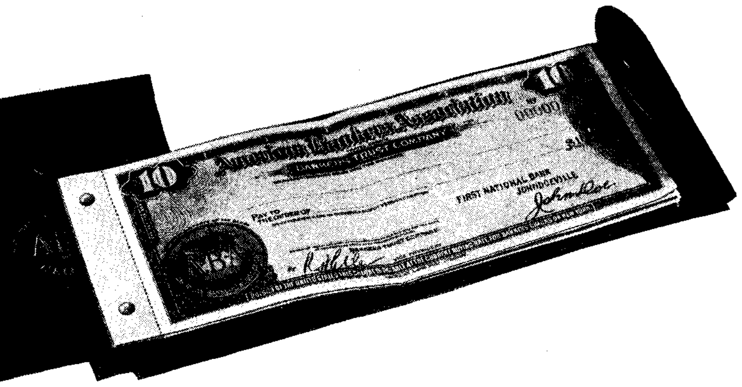

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OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

(Continued from page 45)

pect to come across them in an outpost of Egypt. In Cairo, they might have passed unnoticed, but their presence in el-Khârga was extraordinary. I turned to Nayland Smith, who was glancing in the same direction; and:

"What are they?" I asked.

"Afghans," he replied. "The great brotherhood of Kâli is well represented there."

"Remarkable," I said. "There can be few relations between Afghanistan and this obscure spot?"

"None whatever!" Weymouth broke in. "And now, Greville, follow the direction in which my cigarette is pointing."

Endeavoring not to betray myself, I did as he suggested.

"A group of three," he added for my guidance.

I SAW the group. I might have failed to identify them, but my memory was painfully fresh in regard to that dead man in the Tomb of the Black Ape. They wore their turbans in such a manner that the mark on the brow could not be distinguished. But I knew them for Burmans; and I did not doubt that they belonged to the mysterious fraternity of the dacoits! At which moment:

"Don't turn around until I give the signal," Nayland Smith rapped—"but just behind us."

I watched him as he glanced about, apparently in search of a waiter, then caught his signal. I looked swiftly into an alcove under the stairs . . . and then turned aside, as the gaze of a pair of fierce, wild-animal eyes became focused upon mine. The waiter arrived and Nayland Smith ordered more coffee. As the man departed to execute the order:

"*Thugs!*" he whispered. He bent over the table. "There are representatives of at least three fanatic religious sects in this place tonight. Dacoity is represented, also thugee. The two gentlemen from Kandahar are *phansigars*, or religious stranglers!" He stared at Weymouth. "Does this suggest anything to you?"

Weymouth's blue eyes were fixed on me; and:

"I confess, Greville," he said, "that I feel as you do. . . . And I can see that you're puzzled."

"I am," I agreed.

Nayland Smith raised his hand irritably and tugged at the lobe of his left ear; then:

"*You* understand, Petrie?" he snapped.

I looked at Dr. Petrie and it was unnecessary for him to reply. I saw that he *did* understand.

"Any doubt I may have had, Smith," he said, "regarding the purpose of this expedition, is washed away. In some miraculous way you have brought us to what seems to be the focus of all the dangerous fanatics of the Eastern world!"

"I don't claim all the credit," Smith replied; "but I admit that the facts confirm my theory."

"And what was your theory?" I asked.

"My theory," Smith replied, "based on the latest information to hand, and, as Weymouth here knows, almost hourly reports from Police Headquarters as widely divided as Pekin and Berlin, was this: That some attempt was being made to coördinate the dangerous religious sects of the East together with their sympathizers in the West. In short, that the organization once known as the *Si Fan*—you, alone, Greville," he turned to me, "fail to appreciate the significance of this—is in process of reconstruction! Something vital to the scheme was hidden in the Tomb of the Black Ape. This, and I can only blame myself, was removed under my very nose. The center of the conspiracy is Fah Lo Suee—Dr. Fu Manchu's daughter, whose temporary headquarters I know to be here. Tonight, at least, I am justified. Look around."

He bent over the table and we all did likewise, so that our four heads came very closely together; then:

"We are not too late," he said earnestly. "A meeting has been called . . . and we must be present!"

The two Indians in the alcove stood up and went towards the door. As the pair disappeared:

"They lead, and we follow!" said Nayland Smith. "Go ahead, Weymouth, and act as connecting link."

He stood up, clapping his hands for the waiter. Weymouth had his meaning in a moment, nodded, and went out.

"Follow him, Greville!"

I grasped the scheme and went out behind the superintendent. The spirit of the thing was beginning to get me. Truly this was a desperate adventure . . . for the stakes were life or death!

Weymouth led and I followed. I had grasped Nayland Smith's routine—and I knew that Petrie would be behind me. The score discharged, Smith would track Petrie.

I saw the bulky form of the superintendent at the far side of the square. By a narrow street he paused, peered ahead and then glanced back.

I raised my hand. Weymouth disappeared.

Reaching the street in turn, I looked along it. I saw a sheer tunnel, but I recognized it for that by which we had reached the square. There was an open space at the farther end; and I saw Weymouth standing there in the moonlight and knew that I must be visible to him—as a silhouette.

He raised his arm. I replied. Then I looked back.

Dr. Petrie was crossing the square!

We exchanged signals—and I followed Weymouth. The chain was complete.

For a time I thought that the house of the Sheik Ismail might be somewhere on the road we had pursued from the palm grove to the town. But it was not so. Weymouth, ahead of me, paused, and gave the signal: left.

A narrow path through rice fields, with scanty cover other than that of an occasional tree, proved to be the route. If the men walking a few hundred yards ahead of Weymouth looked around, they could scarcely fail to see him! I only prayed should they do so, that they would take it for granted he was bound upon business similar to their own.

WHERE an acacia drooped over a dome, very white in the moonlight, which marked the resting-place of some holy man, the path seemed to end. So also did the cultivated land. Beyond, stretched the desert, away to the distant hills.

By the shrine Weymouth paused, turned, and signaled. I looked back. Petrie was not in sight. I waited, anxiously . . . and then I saw him, just entering the rice-field.

We exchanged signs and I pressed on.

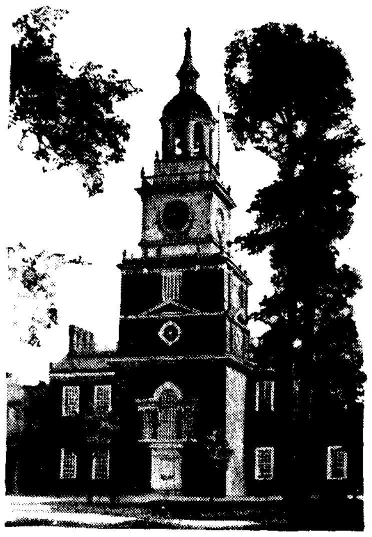
Left of the cultivated land and invisible from the rice, was a close grove of doom palms. As I cautiously circled around the shrine and saw nothing but desert before me, instinctively I looked to right and left. And there was Weymouth, not fifty yards away!

I joined him, and:

"The house is just beyond the trees," he said. "There's a high wall all around it. The two Indians have gone in."

We waited for Petrie. Then Nayland Smith joined us. He turned and stared back along the path. Evidently no other party was on the way yet.

(Continued on page 48)



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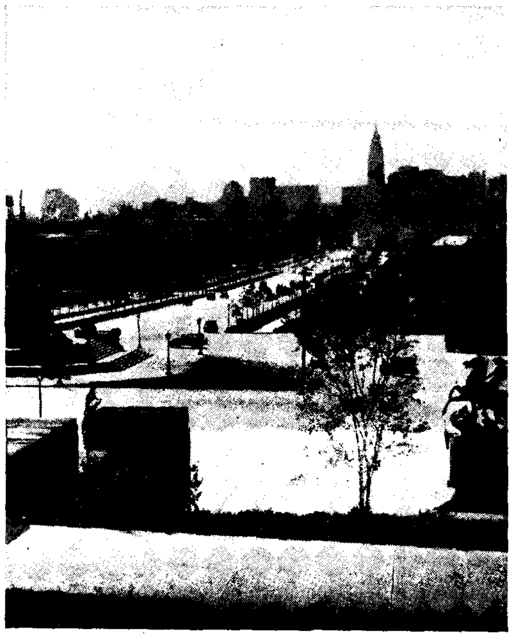
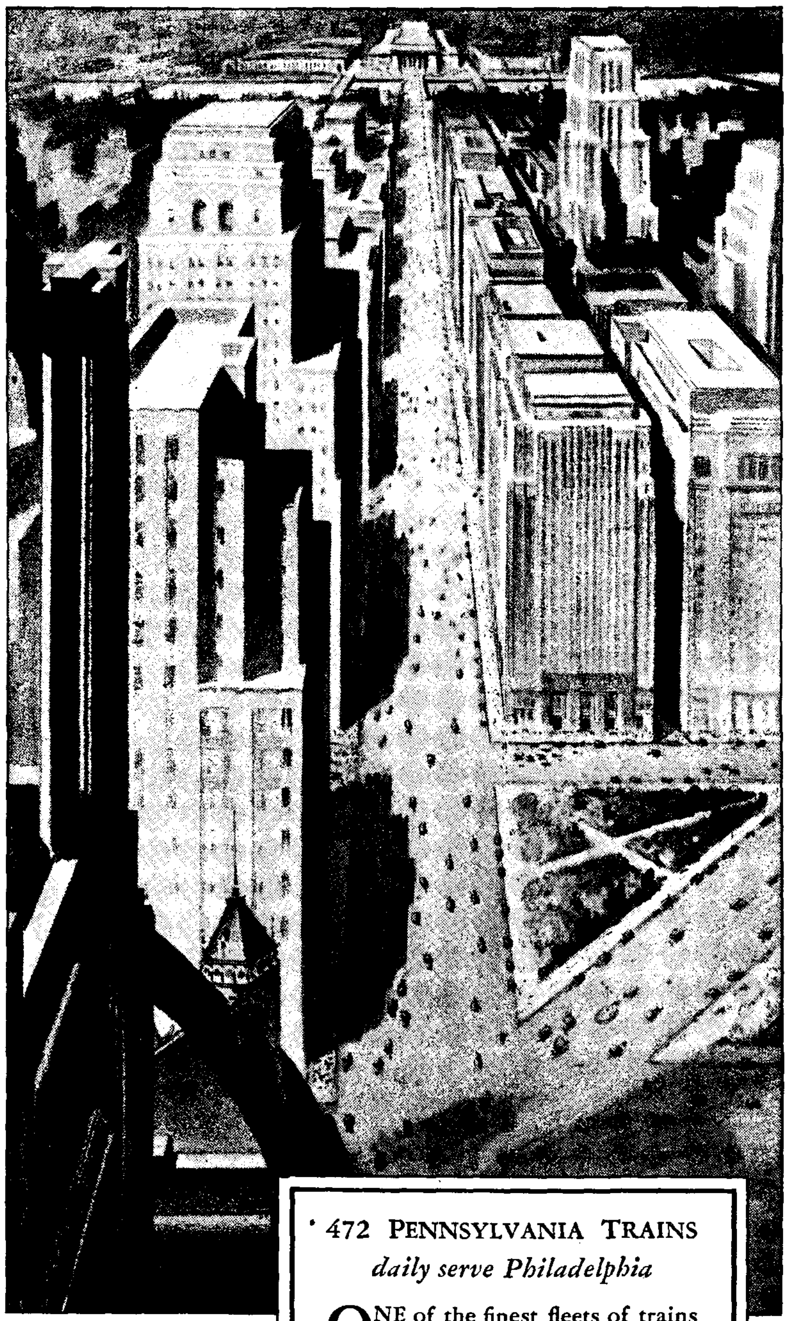


Philadelphia has adopted a constructive program of expansion. In the next ten years it expects to increase the value of its manufactured products by nearly a billion and a half dollars. (at left) *Fairmount Parkway seen from the new Art Museum—a splendid artery of traffic and the heart of the city's cultural activity.*



(above) *An artist's conception of the magnificent new Pennsylvania Boulevard as it will appear within a few years with the new Pennsylvania Station in the background. This forms with Fairmount Parkway two sides of a gigantic triangle of boulevards.*

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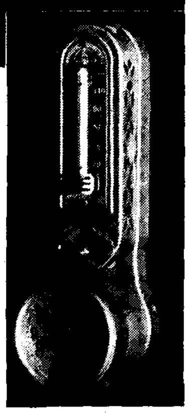

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MINNEAPOLIS
HONEYWELL
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Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 46

The track through the rice-field was empty as far as the eye could see.

"What next?" said Smith. "I'm afraid I've left too much to chance. We should have visited the mudir. The thing begins to crystallize. I know, now, what to expect."

He turned, and:

"Weymouth," he said, "do you remember the raid on the house in London in 1917?"

"By God!" cried Weymouth. "You mean the meeting of the Council of Seven?"

"Exactly!" Smith rapped.

"Probably the last."

"In England, certainly."

"The Council of Seven?" I said. "What is the Council of Seven?"

"It's the Si Fan!" Petrie replied, without adding to my information.

But the tone of his voice turned me cold in spite of the warmth of the night.

"The Council of Seven," Weymouth explained, in his kindly way, "was an organization with headquarters in China. . . ."

"In Ho Nan," Smith jerked.

"The President, or so we always believed," Weymouth continued, "was Dr. Fu Manchu. Its objects we never learned except in a general way. . . ."

"World domination," Petrie suggested.

"Well, that's about it, I suppose. Their methods, Greville, included wholesale robbery and murder. Everybody in their path they removed. Poison was their favorite method, animal or vegetable, and they apparently controlled in their campaign the underworlds of Europe, Asia, Africa and America. They made the mistake of meeting in London, and . . ." his tone grew very grim . . . "we got a few of them."

"But not all," Nayland Smith added. He suddenly grasped my shoulder, and: "Are you beginning to understand," he asked, "what was hidden in the Tomb of the Black Ape?"

I looked at him in blank surprise.

"I can see no connection," I confessed.

"Something," he went on tensely, "which has enabled the woman you know as Madame Ingomar—after an interval of thirteen years—to summon the Council of Seven!"

IN THE shadow cast by a lebbek tree, we all crouched, Nayland Smith having his glasses focused upon the door in a long high wall.

The two Afghans had approached and now stood before this door. So silent was the night that we distinctly heard one of them beat on the panels. He knocked *seven times*. . . .

I saw the door open. Faintly to my ears came the sound of a strange word. It was repeated—by another voice. The murderous Asiatics were admitted. The door was closed again.

"Representatives of at least two murder societies have arrived," said Smith, dropping the glasses and turning. "We are learning something, but not enough. In short, how the devil are we going to get into that house?"

There was a pause and then:

"Personally," said Dr. Petrie, "I think it would be deliberate suicide to attempt to do so! We have not notified the officials of el-Khârga of our presence or our business, and as it would appear that the most dangerous criminal group in the world is assembling here tonight, what could we hope to do, and what would our chances be?"

"Sanity, Petrie, sanity!" Nayland Smith admitted. But the man's impatience, his over-brimming vitality, sounded in his quivering voice. "I've bungled this business—but how could I know? . . . I was guessing largely."

He stood up and began to pace about in the shadow, carefully avoiding exposing himself to the light of the moon; then:

"Yes," he murmured. "We must establish contact with el-Khârga. Damnable—because it means splitting the party. . . . Hello!"

A group of three appeared, moving like silhouettes against the high, mud-brick wall—for the moon was behind us. Nayland Smith dropped prone again and focused the glasses. . . .

"The Burmans," he reported. "*Dacoity* has arrived."

In tense silence, we watched this second party receive admittance as the first had done. And now, I recognized the word. It was *Si Fan!* . . . Again the great iron-studded door was closed.

"We don't know how many may be there already," said Petrie. "Possibly those people we saw in the café. . . ."

"Silence!" Smith snapped.

AS HE spoke, a tall man dressed in European clothes but wearing a fez appeared around the corner of the wall and approached the door. He had a lithe, swinging carriage.

"This one comes alone," Nayland Smith murmured. He studied him through the glasses. "Unplaceable. But strangely like a Turk. . . ."

The tall man was admitted—and the iron-studded door closed once more.

Nayland Smith stood up again and began beating his fist into the palm of his left hand, walking up and down in a state of tremendous excitement.

"We must *do* something!" he said in a low voice—"we must *do* something! Hell is going to be let loose on the world. Tonight, we could nip this poisonous thing in the bud, if only . . ." he paused. Then: "Weymouth," he rapped. "You have official prestige. Go back to el-Khârga—make yourself known to the mudir and force him to raise a sufficient body of men to surround this house! You can't go alone, therefore Dr. Petrie will go with you. . . ."

"But, Smith! . . ."

"My dear fellow—" Nayland Smith's voice altered entirely. "There's no room for sentiment! We're not individuals, tonight, but representatives of sanity opposed to a dreadful madness. Greville, here, has a peculiarly intimate knowledge of Arab life. He speaks the language better than any of us. This you will both admit. I must keep him by me, because my job may prove to be the harder. Off you go, Weymouth! I'm in charge. Get down the dip behind us and circle round the way we came. Don't lose a moment!"

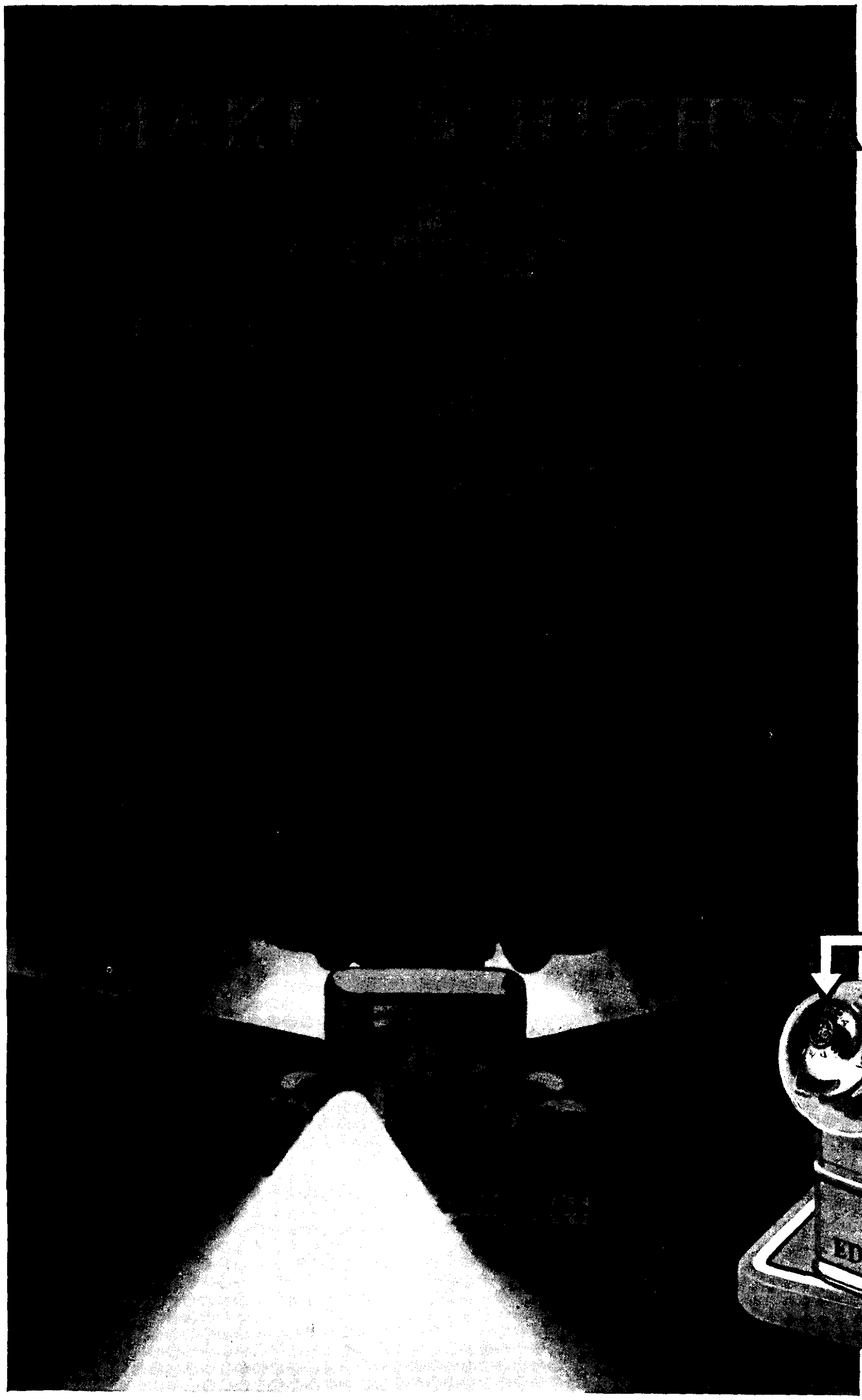
There was some further argument between these old friends, but finally the dominating personality of Nayland Smith prevailed; and Weymouth and Dr. Petrie set out. As they disappeared into the hollow behind us:

"Heaven grant I haven't bungled this thing!" said Nayland Smith and gripped my arm fiercely. "But I've stage-managed it like an amateur. Only sheer luck can save us now!"

He turned aside, focused his glasses on the distant angle of the wall. A minute passed—two—three—four. Then came a sudden outcry, muffled, but unmistakable.

"My God!" Smith's voice was tragic. "They've run into another party! Come on, Greville!"

(*Continued on page 50*)



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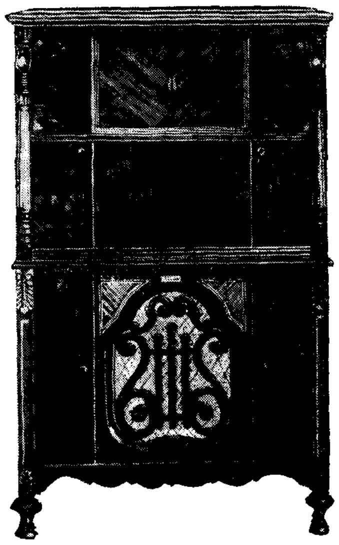

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Capehart
AMPERION

THE CAPEHART CORPORATION, FT. WAYNE, IND.

Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 48

Breaking cover we hared across in the moonlight. Regardless of any watcher who might be concealed behind that iron-studded door in the long wall, we raced headlong to the corner. I was hard and fit; but, amazing to relate, I had all I could do to keep pace with Nayland Smith.

Around the corner we plunged . . . and almost fell headlong over a vague tangle of struggling figures!

"Petrie!" Nayland Smith cried. "Are you there?"

"Yes, by the grace of God!" came pantingly. . . .

"Weymouth?"

"All clear!"

Dense shadow masked the combatants; and, risking everything, I dragged out my torch and switched on the light.

Dr. Petrie, rather disheveled and lacking his tarboosh, was just standing up. A forbidding figure, muffled in a shapeless camel's hair garment, lay near. Weymouth was resting his bulk upon a second.

"Light out!" snapped Nayland Smith.

I obeyed. Weymouth's voice came through the darkness:

"Do you remember, Sir Denis, that other meeting in London? There was only one Lama monk there. There are two here!"

His words explained a mystery which had baffled me. These were *Tibetan monks!*

"They must have heard us approaching," Petrie went on. "They were hiding in the shadows. And as we climbed up on to the path, they attacked us. I may add that they were men of their hands. Personally I'm by no means undamaged, but by sheer luck I managed to knock my man out."

"I think I've strangled mine!" said Weymouth grimly. "He was gouging my eye," he added.

"Petrie!" said Nayland Smith. "We're going to win! This is the hand of Providence! . . ."

For one tense moment none of us grasped his meaning; then:

"By heavens, *no*. It's too damned dangerous," Weymouth exclaimed. "For God's sake, don't risk it!"

"I'm going to risk it!" Smith snapped. "There's too much at stake to hesitate. If *they* were in our place, there'd be two swift executions. We can't stoop to that. Gags, we can improvise. But how the devil are we going to tie them up?"

At which moment the man on whose body Weymouth was kneeling uttered a loud cry. The cry ceased with significant suddenness; and:

"Two of us wear turbans," said Weymouth; "that's twelve feet of stout linen. What more do we want?"

WE GAGGED and bound the sturdy Tibetans, using torchlight sparingly. One of them struggled a lot; but the other was still. Petrie seemed to have achieved a classic knock-out. Then we dragged our captives down into the shadow of the hollow; and Nayland Smith and I clothed ourselves in those hot, stuffy, camel's hair garments.

"Remember the sign," he rapped: "Si Fan! . . . then the formal Moslem salute."

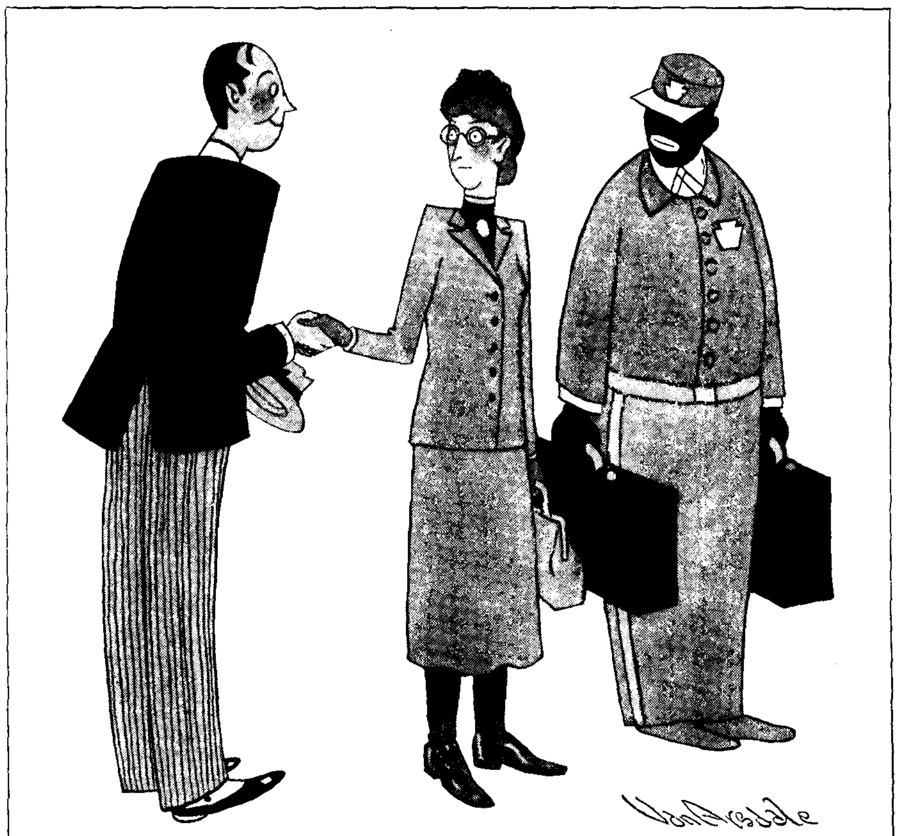
"Good enough! But these fellows probably talked Chinese. . . ."

"So do I!" he rapped. "Leave that to me." He turned to Weymouth. "Your job is to raise a party inside half an hour! Off you go! Good luck, Petrie. I count on you, Weymouth. . . ."

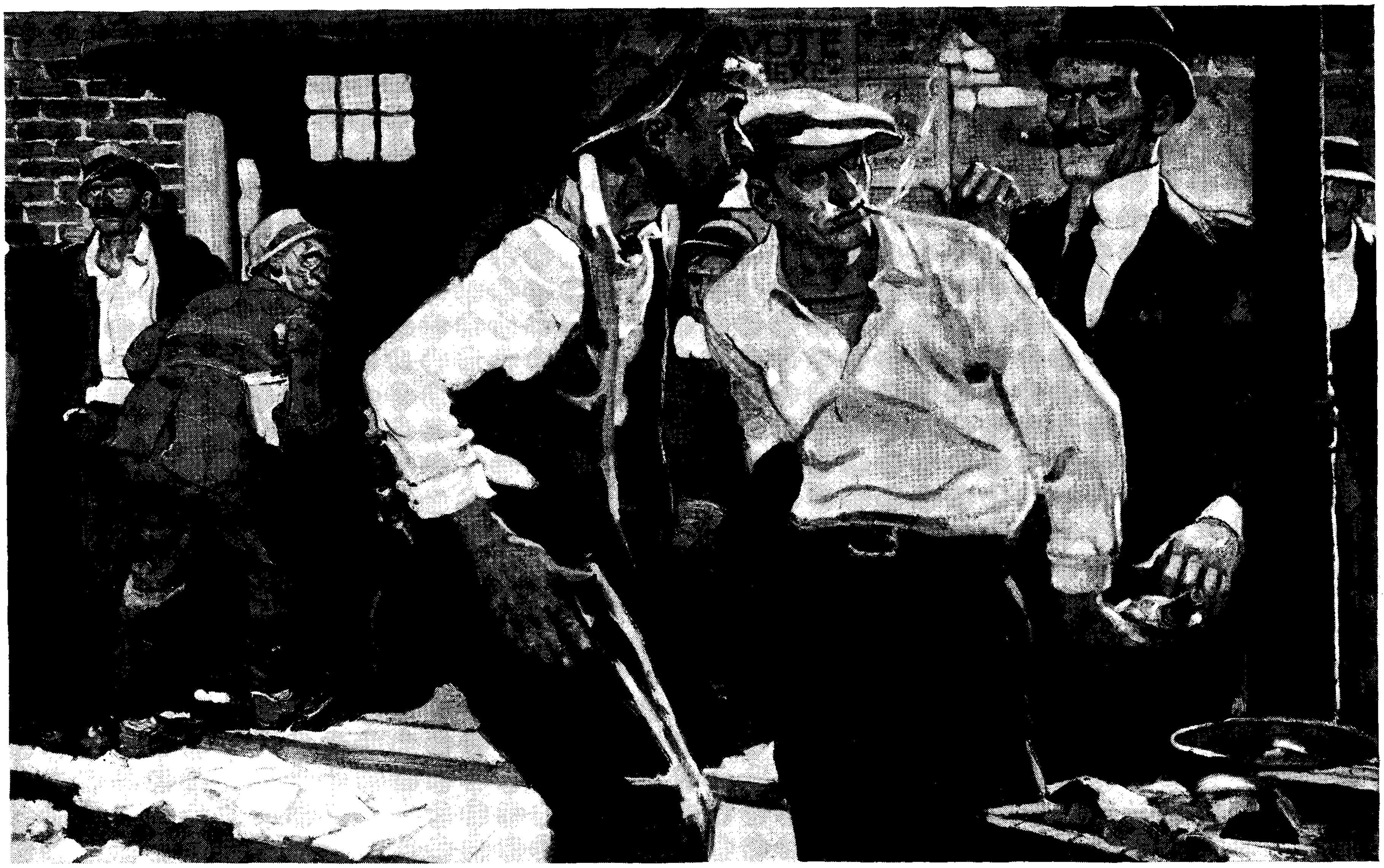
But when a thousand and one other things are effaced—including that difficult parting—I shall always retain my memories of the moment when Nayland Smith and I, wearing the cowled robes of the monks, approached that iron-studded door.

My companion was a host in himself; his splendid audacity stimulated. I thought, as he raised his fist and beat seven times upon the sun-bleached wood, that even if this adventure should conclude the short tale of my life, yet it would not have been ill-spent since I had met and been judged worthy to work with Sir Denis Nayland Smith.

(*To be continued next week*)



"Well, be good!"



"Two Bits . . . and a Half Pint!"

A few days before a recent election in an Ohio City, two Scripps-Howard reporters lodged themselves in one of the city's flop-houses. Dressed as hobos, they fraternized with other inmates and learned of a wholesale vote-buying plot.

On the day of the election, they were approached by ward-heelers, given the names of two absentee voters, and urged to vote for a shady candidate. The pay was to be "two bits and a bottle of corn liquor." The bribers were photographed and caught in the act. The evidence was air-tight. And indictments promptly followed.

What is the value to the city in journalistic service of this kind? Just this: While no single exposé will end political crookedness, each new indictment helps. The punishment, even of a minor culprit, has a salutary effect. The "higher-ups" are a little less ready to consider new conspiracies.

No Scripps-Howard editor seeks or relishes the rôle of a reformer. His main job is to publish a good newspaper. But the pocketbooks and interests of his readers are affected by the city government. And if city officials will not keep that government honest and competent, he considers it part of a newspaper's news service and responsibility to help dig out and spotlight the facts. Not as an expression of superior virtue, but as a service which a newspaper's public has a right to expect.

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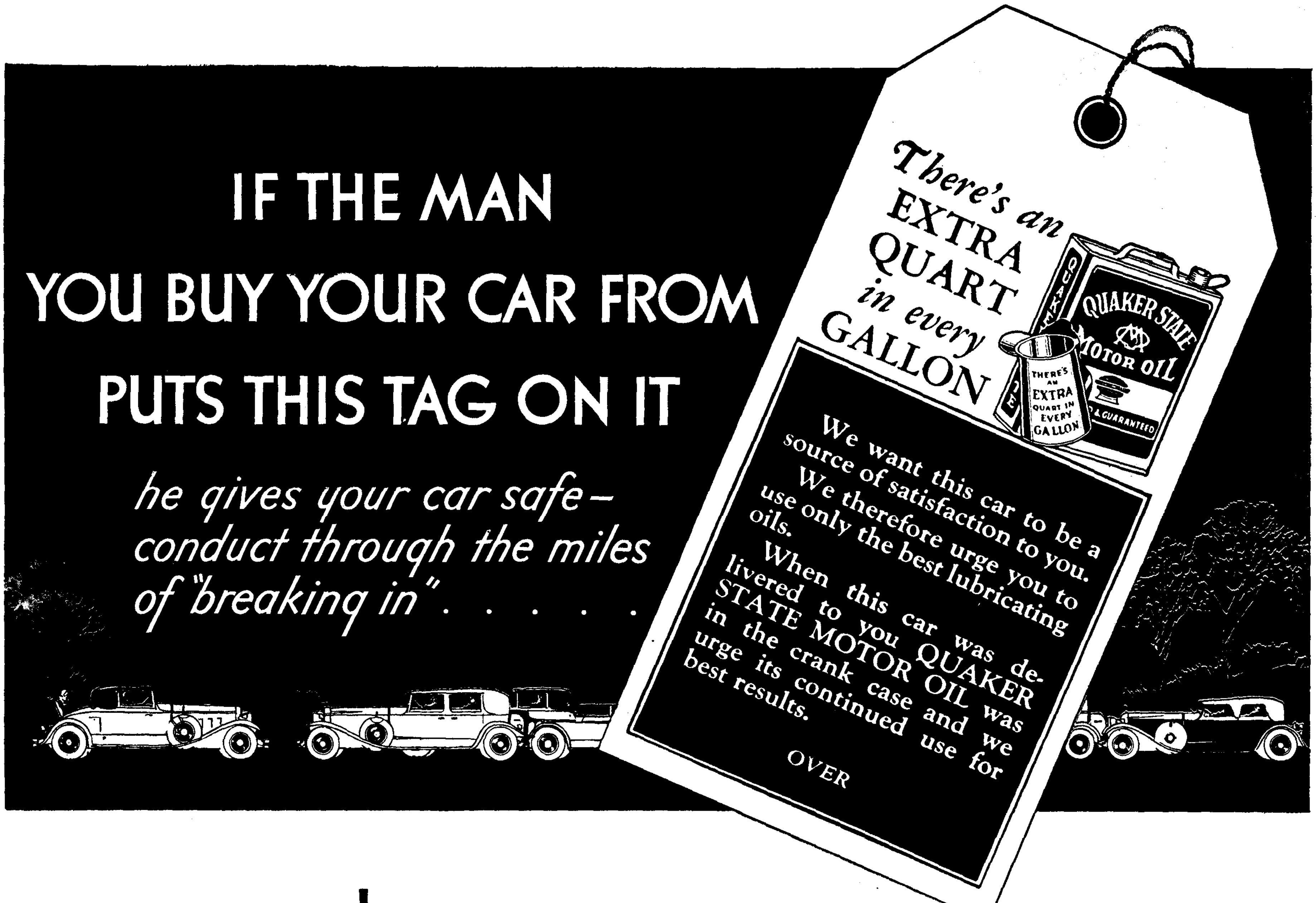


IF THE MAN YOU BUY YOUR CAR FROM PUTS THIS TAG ON IT

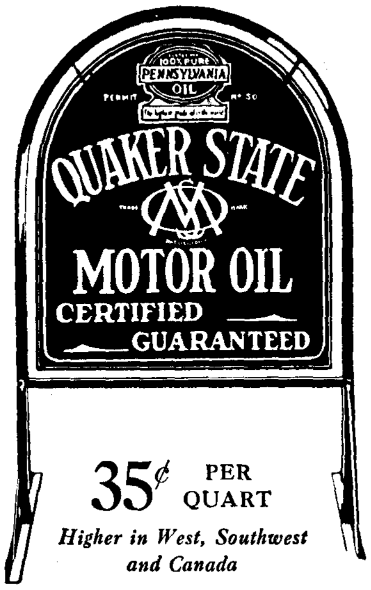
he gives your car safe-conduct through the miles of "breaking in" . . . .

There's an EXTRA QUART *in every* GALLON

We want this car to be a source of satisfaction to you. We therefore urge you to use only the best lubricating oils.

When this car was delivered to you QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL was in the crank case and we urge its continued use for best results.

OVER



35¢ PER QUART

Higher in West, Southwest and Canada

IT'S JUST a tag—but so important is its message that thousands of motor car dealers attach it to every new car they sell.

It says—"When this car was delivered, Quaker State Motor Oil was in the crankcase and we urge its continued use."

And why do so many dealers start their customers off with Quaker State and urge them to continue using it? Because their interest in car and customer does not end when the sale is made. They want the customer to *stay* satisfied—and they know that much of the satisfaction the customer gets out of the car depends on the quality of the lubricant he puts into it.

They know that the first few hundred miles are particularly critical miles to a motor car—miles that can make or mar its future performance—miles when every working part must be bathed with the very finest lubrication.

And they know that Quaker State gives safer, sweeter lubrication than any ordinary oil can possibly give—because there's a quart more of *lubrication* in every gallon of Quaker State—a quart more than is found in the ordinary gallon of oil. This is why . . .

Ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of motor oil a quart of material that has little or no value in lubricating an automobile motor—a quart of waste.

But Quaker State is *super*-refined—a process that removes the quart of waste that ordinary refining leaves in. In its place you get a quart of the finest lubricant. What you really get is an extra quart in every gallon of Quaker State!

And all four quarts are made from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—the finest crude oil in the world.

Look for the Quaker State Tag on the new car you buy. Use Quaker State regularly. It will give your motor extra smooth power—and an extra long life!

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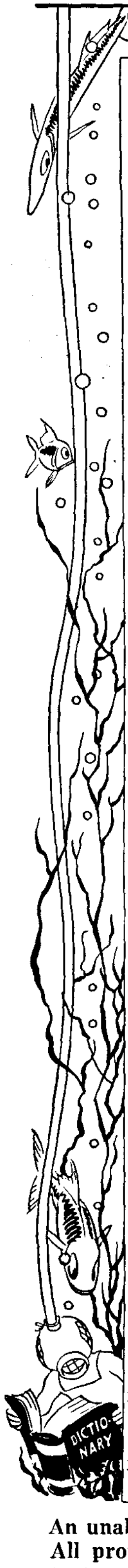
WORD
HUNT
PARALEE

In the English language there are twenty-three words (each having just six letters) that begin with the letters S-P-R. One of them is SPRAIN. You supply the others.



1	S	P	R	A	I	N	To weaken, as a joint, muscle, etc., by sudden and excessive exertion. Also, the condition so caused.
2	S	P	R				Leaped; emerged; issued; disclosed suddenly.
3	S	P	R				A kind of tree; also, its wood. Also, to dress smartly.
4	S	P	R				Been on a spree.
5	S	P	R				To germinate, as a seed. Also, the shoot of a plant.
6	S	P	R				To run very fast.
7	S	P	R				(Dial. Eng.) Spring; leap; struggle. Brisk; active; spruce.
8	S	P	R				(Scot. and Dial Eng.) Variant of SPRUCE.
9	S	P	R				To spread the limbs carelessly, while recumbent. Also, as a vine, to spread or climb irregularly.
10	S	P	R				(Dial. Eng.) Variant of PRONG. Also (Local Brit.) the house sparrow.
11	S	P	R				To scatter; to extend over a surface. To open; unfurl. To stretch forth. To divulge.
12	S	P	R				(Dial. Eng.) Spread.
13	S	P	R				To leap; spurt; dart. To emerge. Also, a season of the year. Also, an elastic body or device. Also, an issue of water from the earth.
14	S	P	R				(Scot. and Dial. Eng.) Sprawl.
15	S	P	R				Leaped. Closed suddenly, as the parts of a trap. Produced or disclosed suddenly.
16	S	P	R				(Scot. and Dial. Eng.) Brag; swagger.
17	S	P	R				(One of two forms) More nimble, active, vigorous.
18	S	P	R				(One of two forms) Same as number 17.
19	S	P	R				A ghost; spirit; an apparition. An elf; fairy; goblin. Also a kind of swift-running beach crab.
20	S	P	R				Alert; active; lively; nimble; shrewd; deft.
21	S	P	R				A sprout. Also (South Africa) a small affluent of a river, often dry.
22	S	P	R				(Scot. and Dial. Eng.) Variant of SPROUT.
23	S	P	R				(Dial. Eng.) Energy; activity; agility.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Merch
2. Mercy
3. Merop
4. Meros
5. Merou
6. Merle
7. Merit
8. Merth
9. Mergh
10. Merse
11. Merry
12. Merge

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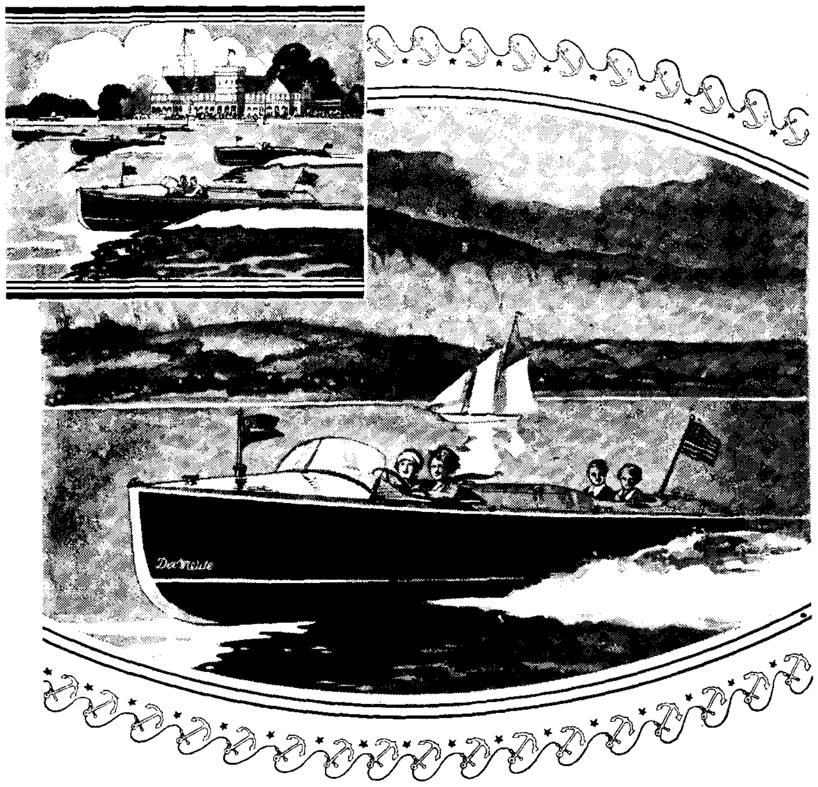

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Special-feature trains East and West

THE CAPITOL LIMITED
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Real home atmosphere in the Observation and Club cars; dinner in the specially designed Colonial Diner; a competent maid at the service of women traveling with children. Ride and dine with us.

One sentence occurs again and again in the letters that come to our offices every year:

> "*I was led to make my trip over your railroad at the suggestion of a friend.*"

This is not an accident. It is the result of a definite plan which was started several years ago.

At that time we said to ourselves, "What can we offer people as an inducement to travel with us?"

And we answered, "We can honestly try to give people a little more than they've paid for.

"Their ticket calls for a ride on our railroad. We are required to provide a locomotive, an engineer, conductors, porters, various pieces of railroad equipment, and dining-car service. That's what every railroad must provide. But let *us* try to give them an enjoyable trip; an engineer who is doing his very best to start and stop his train without jolt, and a locomotive that will help him do it. Let us have tracks that are smooth, equipment that is modern and clean. Let us try to have conductors and porters who take pride in their work and who have a feeling of sympathy, kindliness, and thoughtfulness toward travelers. And let us provide our passengers with meals that are *really* good."

People like to talk about railroads, and when they found out what we were trying to do they began talking to their friends. That's one of the reasons our business has grown.

So it's you, after all, who have helped make our railroad more and more successful. You on your front porch, and in your club and church, and wherever you meet your friends.

We appreciate it. When you ride with us, we'll endeavor to show you that we do.

The B&O

BALTIMORE & OHIO

Frogs don't grow Feathers

Continued from page 15

obliging. Lacking in pep. Am I right?"

George inclined his head. It seemed to sum it up.

"I thought so! You lack nerve. You lack dash. A good fellow, and all that. But beyond it—what? The flatfish complex. And a pretty poor flatfish, too. No offense, Finch? Good! Well, it was this circus which gave me the line on this business. Fond of animals, shipmate?"

"I like dogs and things."

"Wild animals, laddie! Take bears, for instance. Yes?"

George shuddered. There seemed such a lot of unnecessary ill feeling about the beasts of the forest. To him it seemed merely an exhibition of unpleasantness for one creature to eat another.

Winslow Moult shook his head critically. "Give me a tiger," he offered. "It's only a matter of nerve. I knew a fellow once who kicked a puma in the pants—I was staying in the same house, too—and in two shakes had it feeding out of his hand—in the middle of the night! That's what the women like. Nerve with wild animals! You see, Finch, they're scared to death themselves, and when they see a fellow—never mind if they've always written him off as a total loss—when they see this poor skate upper-cut the big bear, or put a half-Nelson on the back legs of the tiger, what do they do? They fall on his neck, Finch! Picture it. It's too simple."

George Finch reflected. Here, he recognized, was sex wisdom fresh from the horse's mouth.

"But the bear might . . ."

"Not on your life! Leave it to Winslow! I told you the circus here put the job in my mind? Well, let's get down to brass tacks, Finch. Do you want this girl to fall on your neck and fix up for a lifetime? Be honest, Finch. Face it!"

"Look here! I— What I—"

"I'm glad," interrupted Winslow Moult, "that you are the man I thought you were, Finch! You haven't a lamp chimney on you, have you?"

"Lamp chimney?"

"That glass tube thing they have on the top of oil lamps. No? Well, you should hear me at work on a lamp chimney! Realistic? Lord bless you! Women faint and strong men shake in their shoes. You hear this roaring when you're alone with the girl in the arbor down there. Pitch dark, by the shrubberies, shipmate. You follow? "Oh, George!' she cries. 'Bears from the circus! Save me!' What do you do, Finch? You fling off your coat. 'Bears!' you laugh. 'Let me get at them!'"

Winslow Moult paused to mark his effect. "Through the moonlight you see the bushes swaying. You plunge into the jungle. I get up from where I'm crawling about the place. 'Take that, you cur!' you shout. 'And that!' And I get busy with the lamp glass again, making for the fence and the circus. The bears all beaten up and hitting the breeze for home, sweet home! You get the idea, shipmate? 'My hero!' she breathes when you connect with the summer arbor again."

The lips of George Finch worked, but he could find no way of expressing his thoughts. "I—" he began, and stopped.

"You what, laddie?"

"I think, Moult," George Finch managed at length. "I think the idea you have just outlined is both impracticable and discreditable. I am going to bed."

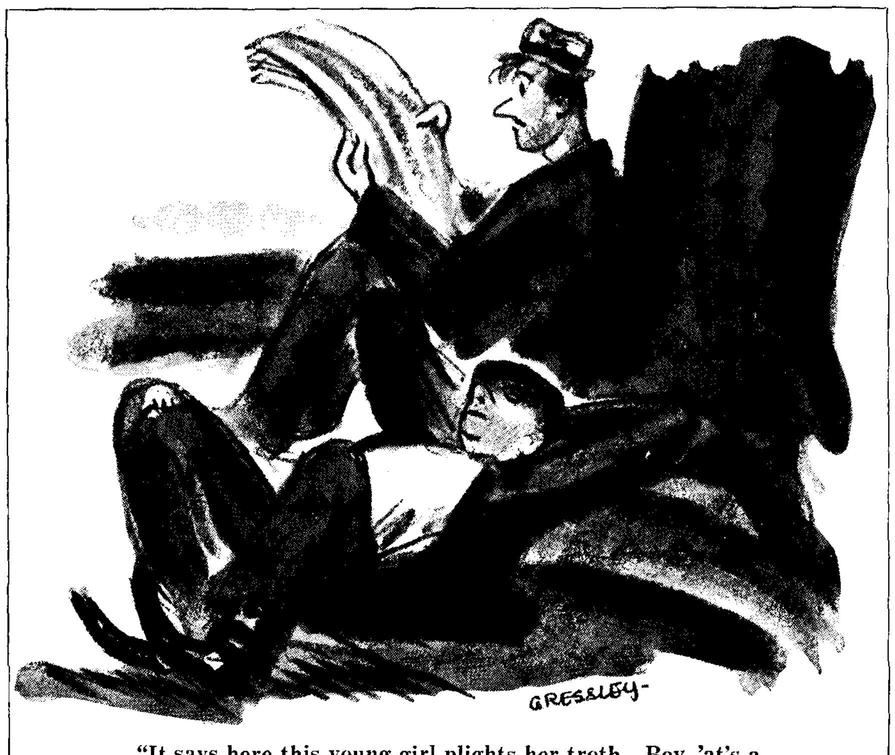
WHEN he awoke next morning, George Finch stood firm in his determination not to go within a hundred yards of that circus with Audrey and Winslow Moult. The saga of the human bear had shaken him to the core. The horror of this proposed deceit and false heroics had invaded his dreams. He might, he thought, have been even more severe with the fellow in declining to have anything to do with the affair.

Yet, that afternoon he found himself trailing round the menagerie with this girl who thought him a weak-minded frog and the Hon. Winslow Moult.

The mere thought of these bears made him feel ill—and it was in front of a traveling crate containing two monster specimens that the test came.

"You would never think," commented Winslow Moult, "that George here has a flair for this sort of thing—from his appearance, I mean."

(*Continued on page 56*)



"It says here this young girl plights her troth. Boy, 'at's a tough break—she was just figurin' on gettin' married too."

"This Lad of Mine is FLYING"

WHEN the plane left the ground on his first solo flight, I was afraid. But only for a moment. I had been through the shops where that Travel Air biplane was made, knew it was superbly strong, had seen its safety proved in flight. It was the boy who was being tested, not the ship.

He climbed gently, banked, dwindled from sight. Then he was back, up two thousand feet, swinging in a graceful arc, then pointing into the wind. Now he was nosed for the field. Right there I had another pang. Getting off the ground was easy, I understood; the trick lay in getting back on.

Scarcely breathing, I saw the wheels kiss the turf, then cling to the field as the machine taxied toward me.

As soon as Rod was out of the cockpit I had my arm around him. "Great, boy," I said, "a perfect landing!"

"It's not so hard," Rod smiled, "she lands at less than fifty miles an hour and you know we've had the roadster up to seventy."

I think his mother's and my pride in Rod is justified. He has mastered air travel. He isn't going to be a commercial pilot; flying is only incidental to his business career. I'm training him to be a master in this new world of ours. He's going to know the resources of this country as only an airman can. When he takes over my business he'll know what's going on at every point and will consolidate units in a new way. And another thing, when we want to relax, two hours in the Travel Air will see both of us in shirts and breeches at our lakeside cabin.

★ ★ ★

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Travel Air three-place, open cockpit biplane powered with the 165 h. p. Wright Whirlwind. High speed, 122 m. p. h. Cruising speed, 103 m.p.h. Landing speed, 46 m.p.h. Service ceiling, 13,000 feet. Normal cruising range, 690 miles.

Every Travel Air airplane is entitled to full Curtiss-Wright day and night service at more than 40 bases throughout the continent.

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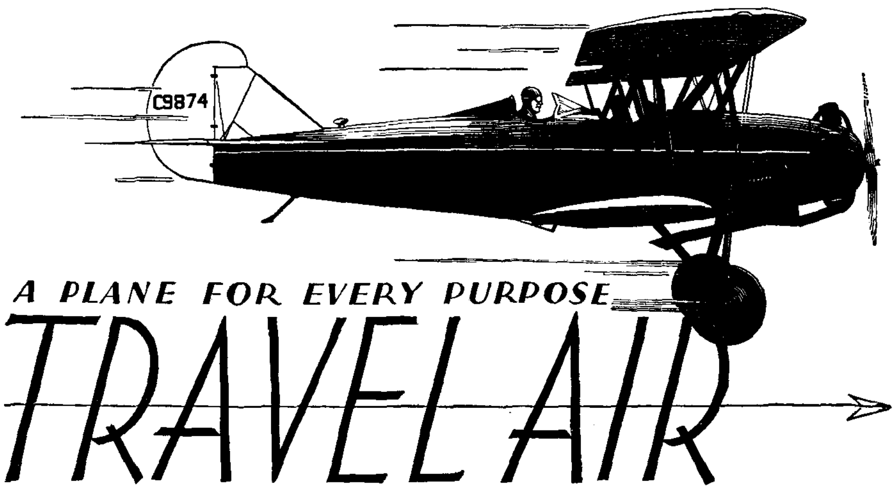

A PLANE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

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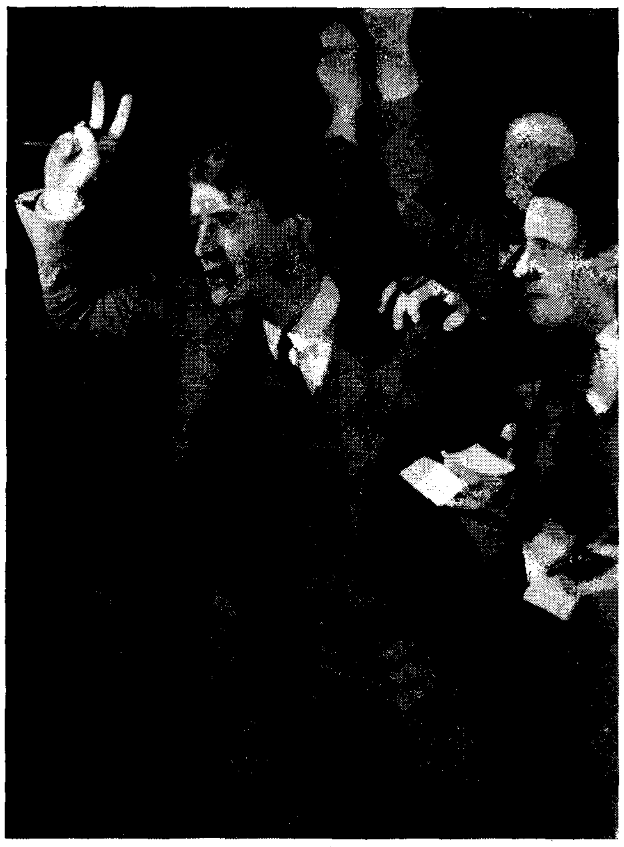
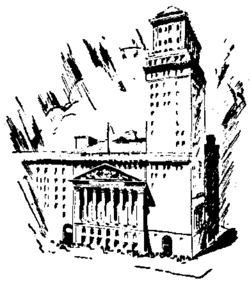




THE STOCK EXCHANGE IS HIS ONLY "GYM"

. . . YET HE HAS

"ATHLETE'S FOOT!"

THE only game he knows is the market. His daily exercise is a stiff work-out on the floor of the Exchange. His muscles are strangers to "gym" routine and he wouldn't know the difference between a "back-hand" and a "birdie."

Yet this fast-stepping floor trader has been futilely fighting an annoying case of "Athlete's Foot" for six months and—*he doesn't even know what it is!*

An unpleasant, soft moistness with itching between the toes of his left foot worries him and bothers him more than a ten-point drop in one of his favorite stocks.

And the thing that bullies this man in the game of bulls-and-bears is a tiny ringworm germ called *tinea trichophyton*—hardly noticeable at first, but stealthy, *persistent* and *terribly annoying later on.*

**Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home*

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere*. It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire nation until now the United States Public Health Service finds *"It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time."* And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton,* has made itself a nuisance in America.

---

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, by bacteria counts and by photomicrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent.* The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours a short time ago.

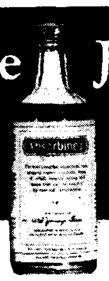
Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
357 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.



FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS.

(Continued from page 55)

Audrey turned to him, surprised. "Wild animals? They make my flesh creep!"

"Bears," added Winslow Moult: "He can do anything with them. One kick in the pants from George and they feed from his hand!" A swift elbow took the amiable citizen in the ribs. "Am I right, shipmate?"

George Finch swallowed quickly; this girl was watching him round-eyed. "I—have always—"

"He has always been that way," George Finch's stage manager finished for him. "Born to it. The master mind with animals." He paused. Then: "See you later," he added. "I have some business to attend to."

Safely back in the grounds of Cottenham Manor, George Finch made an attempt to rake enough courage forward to tell this girl the truth, but he never made his confession. It was the way this girl was looking at him. By the arbor she stopped him.

"I should never have imagined it of you, Blimpey," she said reflectively. "You're always landing these cracks on me. I believe I'm getting—fond of you! You're so different. Bears always have terrified me, anyway. . . ."

A peculiar thing happened in the life of George Aloysius Finch. "Bears?" he echoed, and he heard himself laugh. "What is there to be frightened of?"

A dreamy look drifted romantically into her eyes. "It's all very well for you, Blimpey. You were born to it. . . . Do you really kick them in the pants?"

"It depends," stated George, amazed still at the sound of his own voice, "whether I am annoyed with them."

For a moment she was silent. Then: "You remember yesterday, Blimpey, when I said I couldn't imagine you swinging a girl round by her shoulders, and . . ."

"I remember," he told her hoarsely.

"Well, I find I *can* imagine it now, Blimpey. Isn't that strange?"

On the verge of sagging at the knee from sheer ecstasy, he removed his glasses to polish them. George Finch did not want to miss any of this. Then he swayed forward, arms outstretched.

"Aha! I see you!" sounded a familiar voice, and he pulled himself up short to find the friend of his youth at his elbow. "Swift work, shipmate! But all to the good. What did I tell you?"

The girl turned an indignant look onto the man who had just muffed it. "So Winslow told you?"

"That man told me nothing!" George almost yelled. "I loathe the sight of—"

"Come, come, shipmate!" Winslow reproved. "Is this the spirit that wins through? What would you do without coöperation—now?"

George saw his point. "I loathe the sight of people who jump to conclusions," he amended humbly.

"The boy friend will see you tonight in the arbor here," Winslow mentioned to Audrey. "I want a word or two with him now. Business," he hinted darkly.

AS SHE disappeared through the archway in the yews, George turned on his promoter, fiercely—for him. "Let's get this clear, Moult," he began.

"All fixed, laddie," Winslow told him. "I slipped the tamer a fiver. Any time will do, shipmate, but bear in mind that you owe it me. I said to the fellow: 'Bit of fun, what, if those two bears got loose? My friend is interested. If anyone asks you if the brutes were out—tonight's the time, ten-thirty sharp—you say they were loose, but my friend chivvied them home.' He was on in a moment. 'Trust me, sir!' he said, and tipped me the wink. The girl hears the growling, sees them in the bushes; you chase them off; and the menagerie folk are solid behind our tale."

George Finch did not like this scheme, but a fragrant vision, lips upturned, was before his eyes. "I have to be with—with Audrey in the arbor here at ten-thirty tonight?" he acknowledged feebly.

Winslow Moult hit him heartily between the shoulder blades. "Leave it to me! And now you had better hop onto that gardener's bicycle and get me a lamp chimney in the village. Tomorrow you will be shaking me by the hand. 'Moult!' you will say. 'Moult, I thank you from the bottom of my heart! Words cannot express—' "

But George Finch, moving as one who dreams dreams, was making for the potting shed and that bicycle.

AT TEN-TWENTY-FIVE that evening George Finch, amateur tamer of bears, moved over the moonlit lawns toward the shrubberies and the arbor. Audrey was on his arm. It had not been difficult.

In the billiard-room at ten-fifteen Winslow Moult, master of ceremonies, had tipped him the wink, and with a bulge under his coat had disappeared through the French windows. According to plan he had collected Audrey, who had agreed, readily it seemed, to this moonlit assignation.

At ten-thirty sharp came sounds as of heavy bodies crashing about in the shrubbery. The girl's hand stiffened on his arm. "What was that, Blimps?" she whispered.

A blood-curdling growl answered the question. Winslow was certainly delivering a lungful.

"Bears!" screamed Audrey, and with a gazelle-like leap she was gone.

Outside in the moonlight George discovered her perched on the thatch of the arbor roof. "Oh, quick, Blimps!" she breathed. "They're in the bushes just behind you! Jump up—I—I—think I'm going to—to faint. . . ."

From the back of the arbor rose an enraged tumult of noise. Realistic was the word. George wondered whether that lamp chimney would stand the strain. The crashing about in the bushes suggested elephants. Here was the cue for the coat-removing act.

"Bears—!" he had begun to laugh, when he caught sight of the pinched, white look about this girl's face. He jerked his shoulders back into his dinner jacket. For a moment he hesitated, then—George Finch was a simple-minded, kind-hearted poor sort of skate—he joined her on the thatch.

"Listen, Audrey!" he whispered, as she clung to his shirt front. "D-don't get scared now! That isn't bears—it's . . . it's only—"

"Only what?"

He gulped. "Winslow Moult."

"Winslow?"

To prove it he pointed a finger down into the bushes. From this unforeseen elevation she made out a figure in evening dress. It was crawling on its hands and knees, beating the bushes with a stick and holding something to its mouth. Undeniably Winslow, the man of ideas.

"Oh!" was all she said.

"What I mean—" stammered George Finch. "I couldn't go through with it. I was supposed to chase the bears off, and—and then you—"

"I see!"

Down in the bushes the human bear's tonsils were feeling the strain. This Finch, he was thinking, was a slow starter. He worked up a masterly crescendo, crashing nearer to the strong point.

"You see, Audrey, it was to make an impression on you, and—"

She stopped him with a gesture. "You thought it good fun to make a fo-ool of me? Winslow's idea?"

(Continued on page 59)

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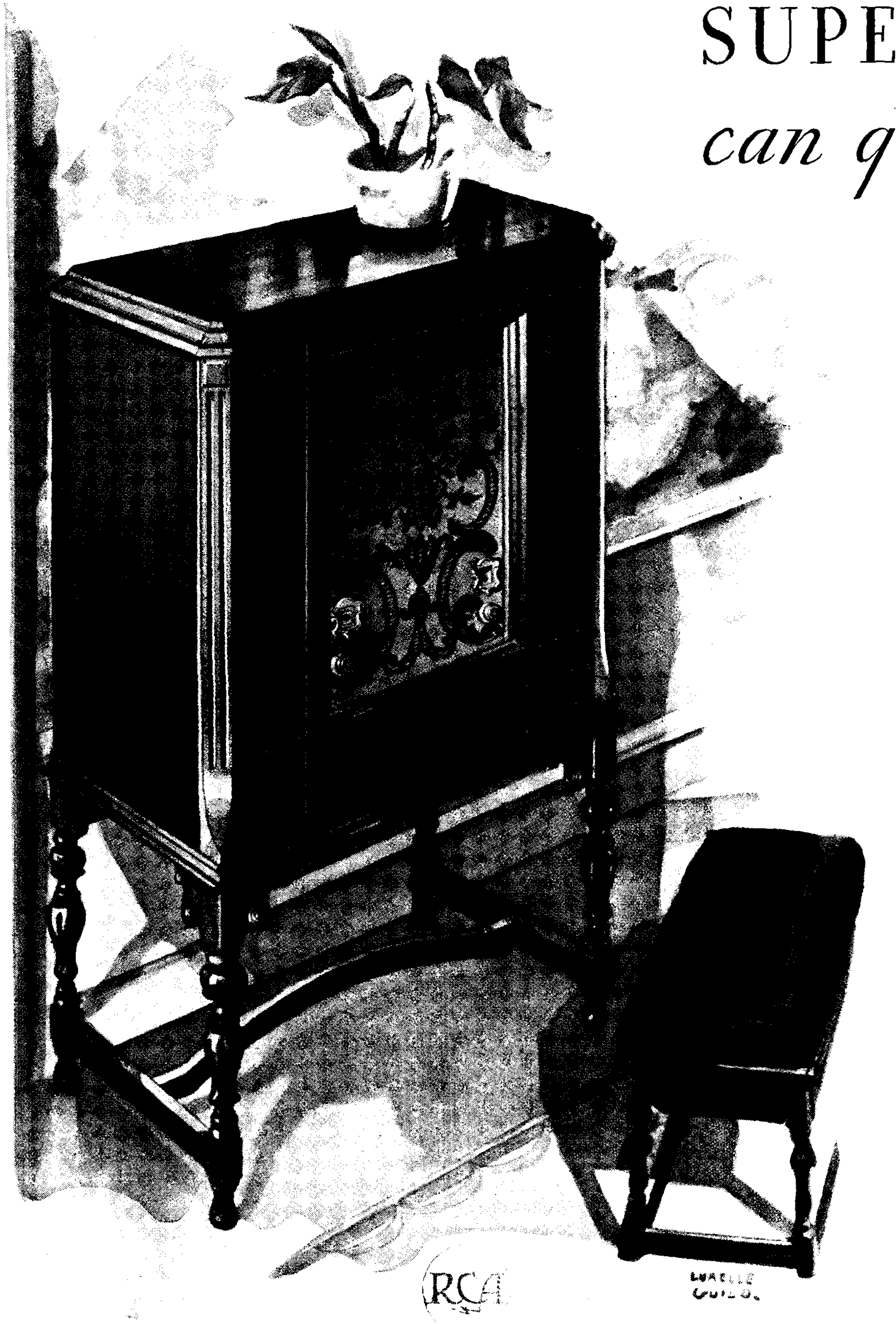

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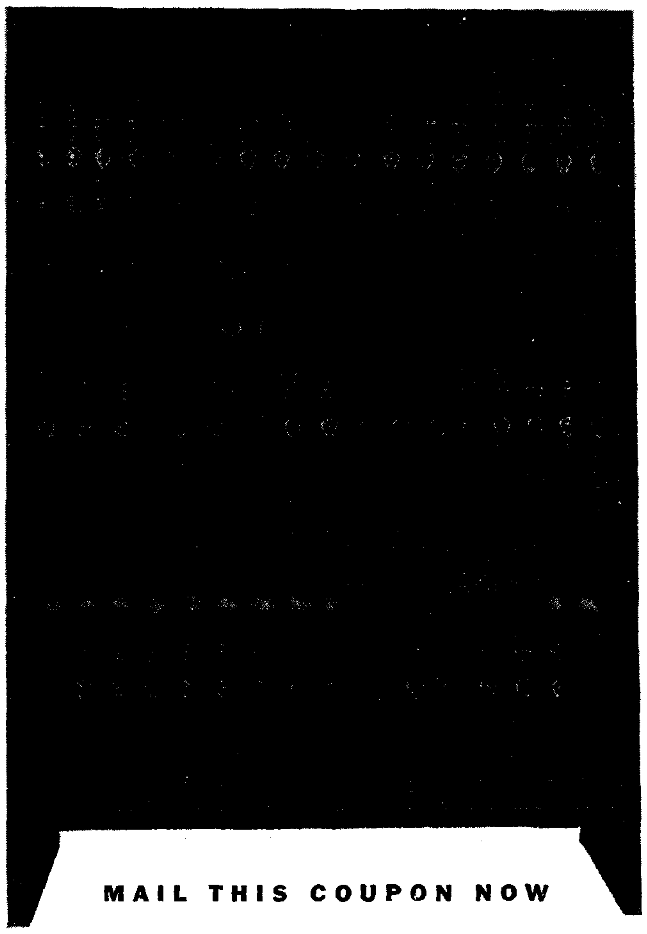

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Frogs don't grow Feathers

Continued from page 56

"We worked it out together," he lied loyally. A furious bout of growling took the air. In the pause that followed came a faint "Coo-ee!" and a second salvo of wrath resumed continuity.

"I don't believe it," she said. "It was Winslow's idea. Oh, oh! I loathe you both! But I hate that man worst." She worked her way down to the edge of the thatch. "Let the poor fish enjoy himself. I only wish—*Oh, look!*"

Her voice broke off on a stifled scream, and George found his neck strangled in a pair of arms.

"Now, don't be scared!" he comforted once more. "Let me pop down and stop the fellow's noise."

FOR a moment she raised her head from his shirt front, and buried it again quickly. George followed the direction her hurried glance had taken—and the hair rose solid on the back of his neck.

Clearly defined at the back of the bushes were the shapes of Ada and Frank—twin monsters from the menagerie bear pen. In the moonlight they were ambling along, shoulder to shoulder, obviously intrigued by the sound of this growling, rising like a challenge from the neighborhood of the arbor.

George Finch tried to think. This man Moult had landed him for this. He was full of bitterness. A certain hoarseness was apparent in the human bear's growling now. In an interval *"Coo-ee—George!"* sounded clearly, and through the moonlight the man on the thatch saw the face of his promoter peer anxiously through the bushes into the darkness of the arbor.

"But—what shall I do?" he asked of no one in particular.

"I h-hope," sobbed Audrey, "they eat him—and go away."

Some ten yards to the rear of their impersonator, Ada and Frank halted to sample the air. They were clearly intrigued with the efforts of this man who, unconsciously, was getting away with it better than he knew. Raising a head the size of a small armchair some eight feet from the ground, Frank left his wife to look into this affair at closer quarters. No bear likes its professional stuff pirated.

The man with ideas, as he beat about in the bushes giving his lungs an evening with the lid removed, was telling himself the girl had her arms round this fellow Finch. She wouldn't let him go. The act wanted waking up. He moved up under the open window, padding the mould on hands and knees. Frankie followed, two paces to the rear. This was new stuff to him.

Under the window sill Winslow put good work into the lamp chimney. Putty rained about the ears, but all was quiet on the Western Front. Cupping his hands the promoter tried another line. "Cooee, shipmate! *Help, help!*" took the air. It startled Frankie, causing him only just to miss biting his tongue. Two black buttons on the back of this performer's coat he had been favoring with a lick or two. Retiring three paces he let loose a throaty rumble on his own account.

To the human bear this doubling of his part came as insult added to injury. He rose indignantly on his knees. "What the hell are you growling for, you great oaf?" he complained bitterly into the darkness of the arbor. "Have you got this business mixed? What's holding you from coming out?" The artist in this promoter overcame his momentary irritation. "Bears in the bushes, shipmate!" he added urgently. "They're after me! Quick! You have the flair, Finch. . . ."

To the dumb-struck pair on the roof overhead it seemed that Frankie was only waiting to pick on a good spot on which to land this cheap infringer of copyright with a swipe.

Audrey broke the spell. "Oh! Why don't you do something!" she cried.

George cleared the paralysis from his vocal cords. "There's a bear after you!" he shouted down in a hoarse whisper.

Winslow Moult's head shot up quickly. He rose to his feet. "I know there is," he said tersely. "I've just told you so."

"But there is!" George's voice cracked with the effort, for Frank had risen too, and he looked like a bear who was about to get down to business after these interesting preliminaries.

Winslow Moult was puzzled. "There is what?"

"A b-bear after you!" screamed George.

With the air of one whose patience has collapsed, the human bear threw away his lamp chimney. "Why, you poor, half-soaked skate!" he yelled back, "haven't I been telling you? The place is thick with bears!"

Frank was running a flannel-like tongue over his lips. To Audrey it seemed the first luscious bite was only a matter of seconds. *"Oh, look just behind your neck!"* she screamed.

With a final withering look at the man on the thatch Winslow obeyed.

The effect was electric. With a cry like the sound of a rubber boot coming unstuck from the mud, the Hon. Winslow Moult doubled round the arbor and leaped for the edge of the thatch.

Frank followed—rapidly. With one leg hooked onto the roof Winslow saw him coming—the human bear's head was upside down, then his nerve failed.

"Oh, Blimps!" cried Audrey. "Save him!"

But George was already at work. Down at the edge of the thatch he was heaving at Winslow's arms. A final heave and Winslow was up, but in the effort the thatch gave. It was not built for bear hunting.

"Oh, oh!" the girl sobbed, on Winslow's shirt front, as a couple of hundredweight of straw and George Finch fell into the bear's arms below. "Fetch him up, Winslow! He did it for you!"

PERCHED on the summit of the arbor the promoter surveyed the terrain below calmly. "Leave it," he advised, "to George. He has a flair."

Straw was not what Frank had been expecting. He scraped it from his head and shoulders, puzzled at the way the night was working out. Over the lawns one of these infringers was hitting the breeze for the billiard-room. With a low rumble he gave chase.

Tight-lipped, Audrey watched it. "You're—you're not going to help him? —after he risked his life to save you?"

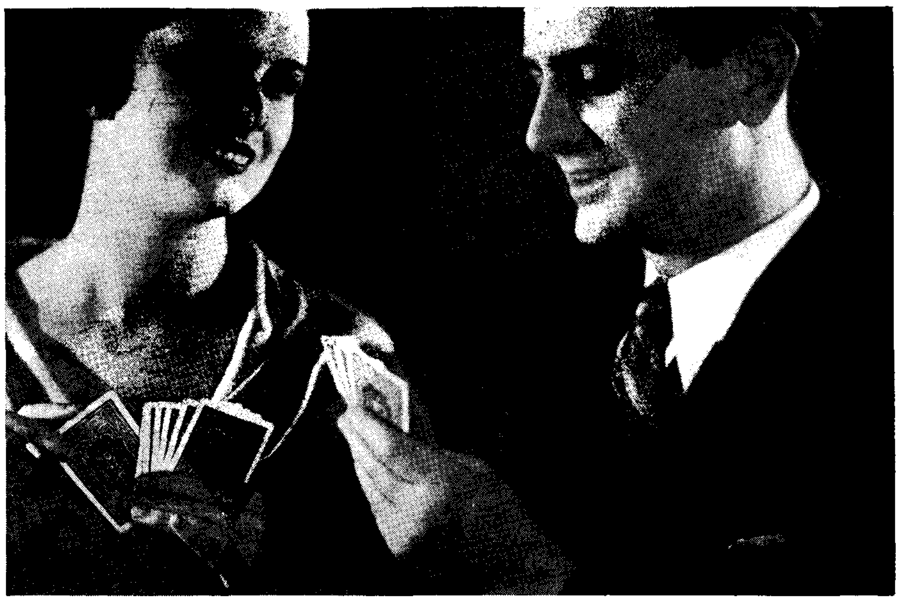
Winslow Moult shook his head. "The boy is tiring him out. Giving him a run first. Best thing to do with bears! No, leave it to George."

"He'll be killed! Oh, how I loathe you! You dragged him into this!"

"Just watch him!" urged Winslow. "When the big bear is winded that boy will land him one in the pants, and in a couple of shakes it will be doing tricks for him. Just to prove my confidence," suggested this man of ideas, "I lay you seven to four on George Finch. Are you on?"

But Audrey was not listening. This

(*Continued on page 60*)



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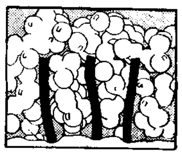

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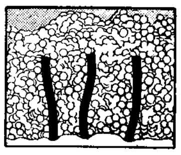

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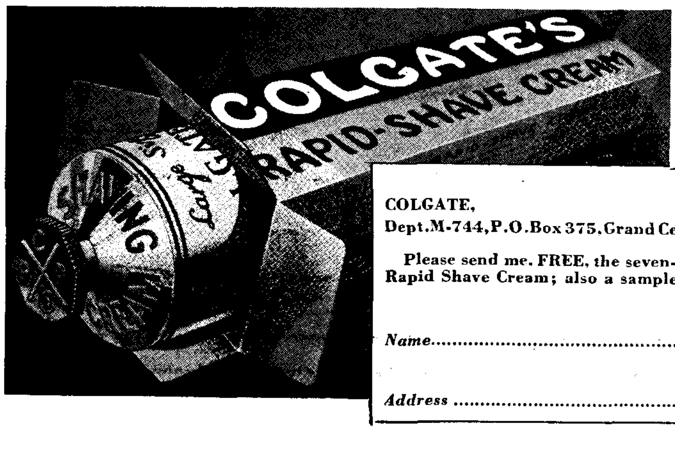

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(*Continued from page 59*)

man had risked his life for another—and now he was fighting single-handed against a pair of bears. "Oh, George!" she breathed, and she meant it.

Bursting out of the back door of a greenhouse her hero emerged, a flowerpot in each hand. Frank, charging through the débris, was close on his heels. George Finch had realized the pace was too hot to make the billiard-room. He was temporizing, and that greenhouse had let him down. Pulling up sharp, he swung round on his heels and let the big bear have the flower pots, left-right, in the waistline. Then, while Frank hugged himself, he came like a streak for the arbor once more.

Afterward, Audrey decided she acted by instinct. As her hero arrived, with a jolt of the elbow, she sent the man who was prepared to lay seven to four on the field slithering down the roof. And as Winslow hit the turf she tugged George Finch aboard. When Frank arrived, a hot second, he found that the match had developed into a relay race with the opposing team. He summoned Ada to the chase, and together they pounded the turf to make up leeway with this opposition's second string.

"Oh, Blimpey! My hero!" sighed Audrey. "Those flowerpots! What presence of mind!"

"Oh, that!" George panted. "Pshaw!" Through the moonlight he saw her face upturned, appealing. An idea came to him. "You remember you said on that fence—"

She nestled closer.

"You said you couldn't imagine me—"

Across the lawns drifted a cry of anguish. "These bears," it said, "are climbing the tree. Get a gun, shipmate!"

Among the twigs at the top of a cedar tree, outlined against the rising moon, was the shape of Winslow Moult. Halfway up the trunk two heavy shapes were heaving themselves upward. It looked like a day for Winslow Moult. For the pair on the thatch it was a gift. In a couple of minutes they were inside the billiard-room. George Finch cleared his throat.

"You said you couldn't imag—"

"Oh, Blimpey!" whispered Audrey. "Just try!"

AT LENGTH George Finch came up for air. Into the swim of it, mixed up with the sound of the Wings of the Blue Bird, persisted an urgent voice from the distance:

"Shipmate! Have a heart! That lion tamer must have thought I told him to let them loose at ten-thirty. Whistle them down—*or get that gun!*"

Silhouetted now against the night sky, some ten feet of trunk separated the big bears, still climbing, from the end of their night's fun. George Finch turned his eyes back to the vision in his arms. A sigh escaped him. "I suppose," he said, "one ought to telephone to the menagerie people, or something. . . ."

A tightening of this vision's hands over his collar bones told him that she agreed. "We'll write them a postcard," she said.

Spring song

Continued from page 30

did not notice her as she moved timidly about the kitchen at mealtimes. In her old print dress, with her childlike braid on her back, she gave nothing to interest them. Her eyes kept to the floor. Only when she was alone did she lift them to the window. . . . She saw him twice again, moving heavily behind his team, and her heart swelled.

The men talked after they had eaten. They sat around with their pipes, the smell of the fields still on them. While she washed the dishes she could listen to their speaking. Generally it was of crops or horse-trades or stories out of the woods; but once they told about a fight between one of their friends and a boater.

"A great mammoth," they called him. He had beaten their man badly. "The bearded son. . . ." they said; and described him, hating him aloud. But she knew who he was and treasured their ill-nature.

IT WAS the first warm night of spring, with a few small stars a prelude to the moon. She watched them from the bed. Below her the house slept noisily. She could hear heavy snores from the rooms of the hired help. Her uncle had gone off to town after supper; he had not yet returned. And her aunt had forgotten to lock her in.

The girl got out of bed and dressed. Then she went down the stairs a step at a time, feeling patiently for the creaks in the treads, pressing close to the wall. There was no one to hear her in the hall, and she crept to the kitchen. The floor creaked at her first step; she stopped as if frozen.

The low light of the lamp showed her in her white Sunday dress, in stocking feet, her blue eyes filmed and her lower lip drawn in against her teeth. Her thin figure was straight and tense; for a time she gave no sign of breathing.

The latch clicked as she turned the knob, and she stood still again with the lamplight on her back and the kitchen all but behind her. But the house slept steadily and she stepped outside. The old hound, chained to the stoop, whined faintly. She went over to him and stroked his ears. She remembered how he had found her once before, and she decided this time she would take him with her. She unfastened the snap and walked to the stoop edge. He went ahead of her, dancing stiffly on old legs.

The valley was quite still; but there was a movement in the shadows and the moon came over the trees. Slowly the light was born; the woods took shape, and far down the valley a wash of silver touched the beeches. She was shaking. It did not seem that she could take her feet from the last step. There was a loneliness in the dark worse than the sleeping clamor of the house. It was still.

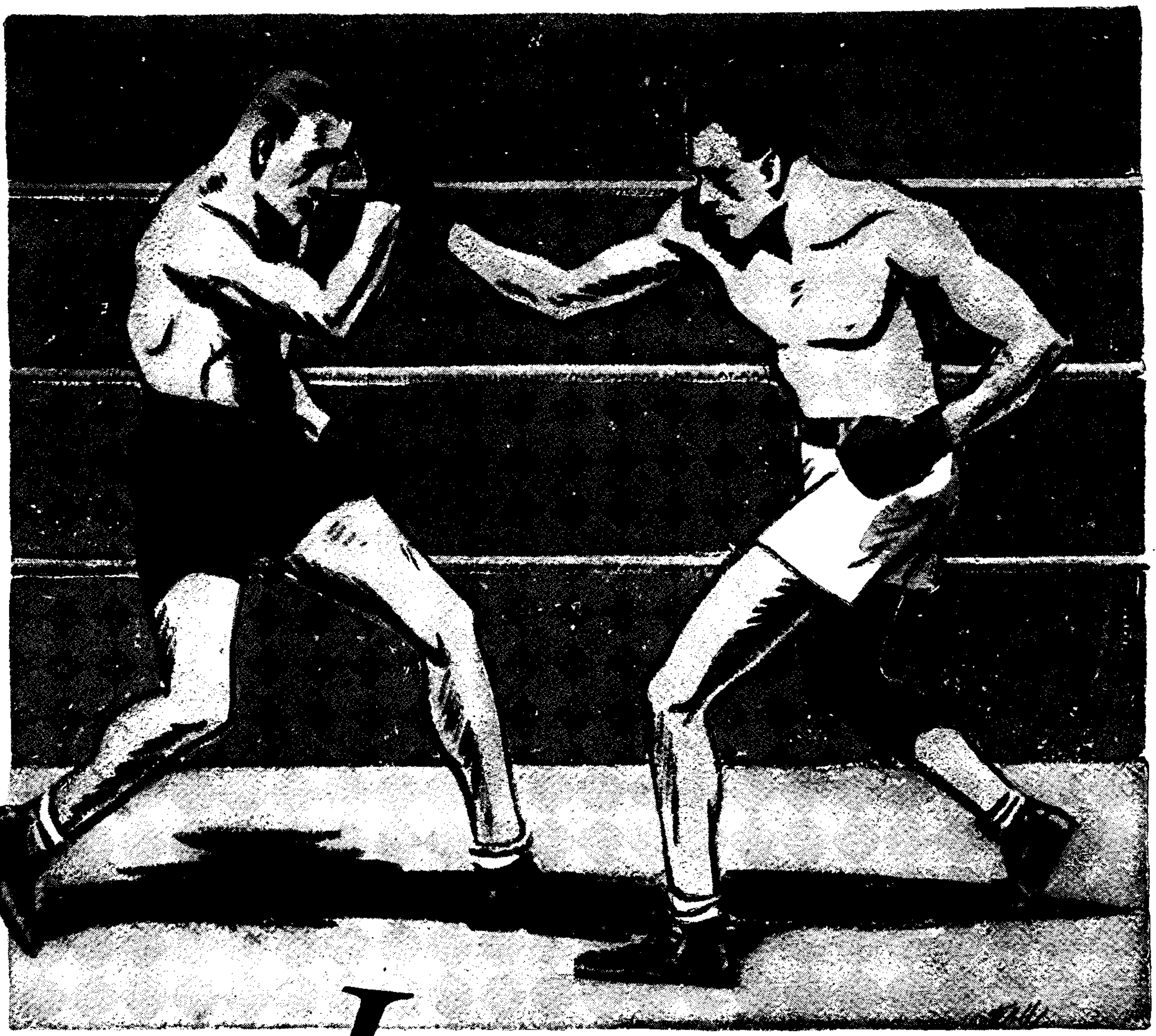
Then far up the valley she heard the horn. The low clear sound of it brought her courage.

She stooped swiftly for her shoes, and remembered that they were lying by her bed. Then the horn sounded again, far away, plaintive, insistent, and she looked up to see a lantern coming swiftly along the road, touching a horse's flank and the shining wet ruts; and when it turned a corner, she had a glimpse of its red eye in the dark.

Panic swept her. She ran downhill like a white shadow under the moon, and when she reached the fence, the house looked far back and high above her. A cow, heavy with her calf, lifted her head and blew out a misty breath, thick with the new grass smell, and waited for her word. But she was watching the barn.

The wagon wheeled up to the door and the horse stopped. She had a moment's

(*Continued on page 63*)



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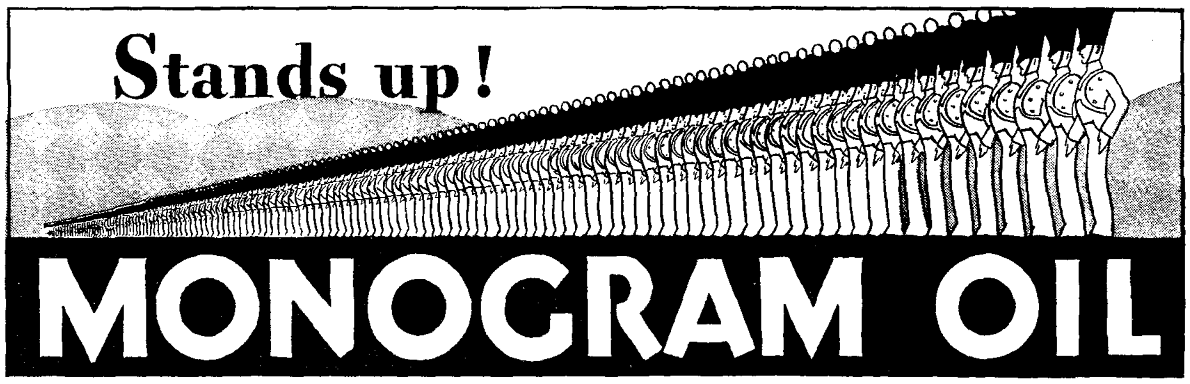

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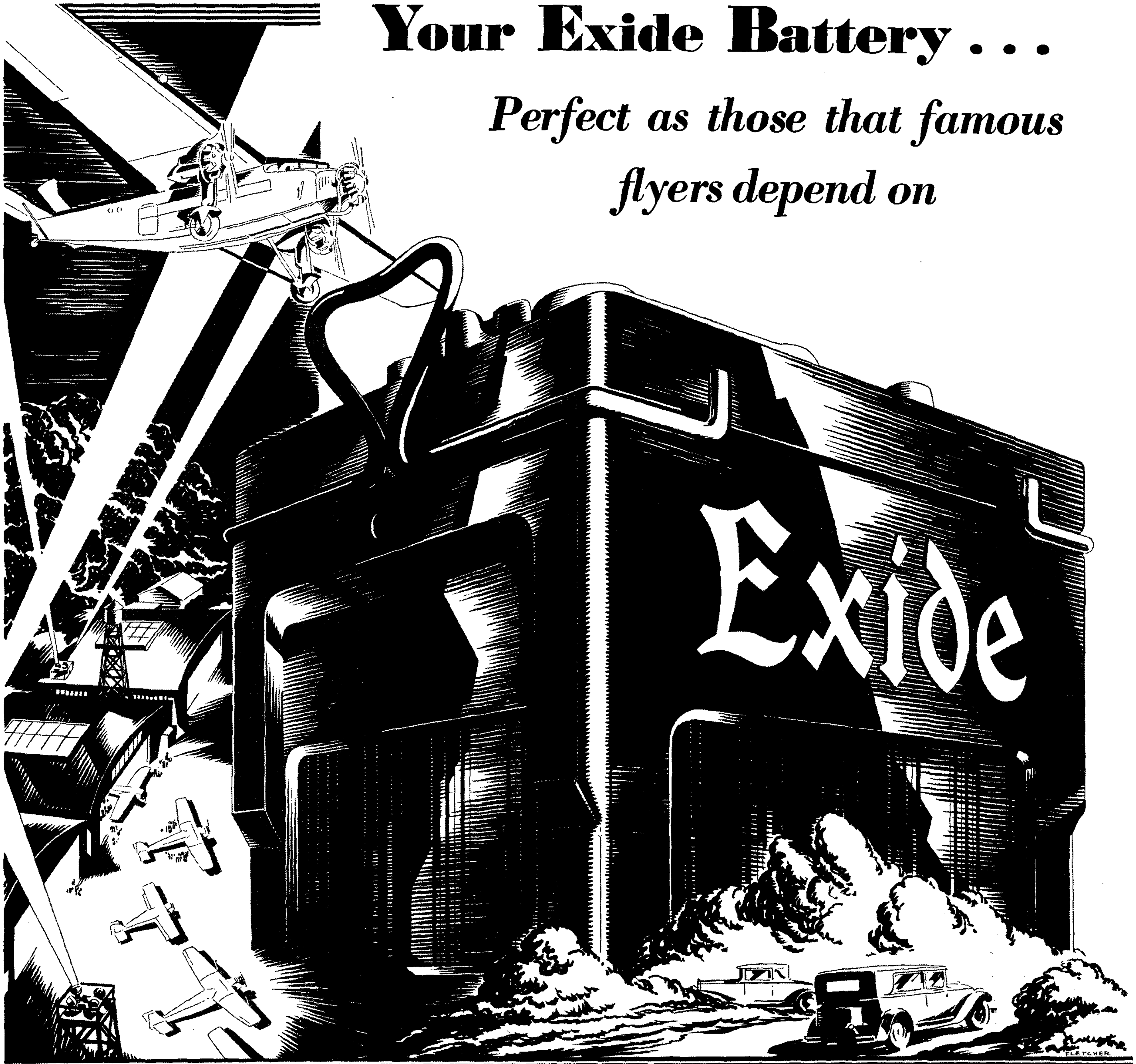

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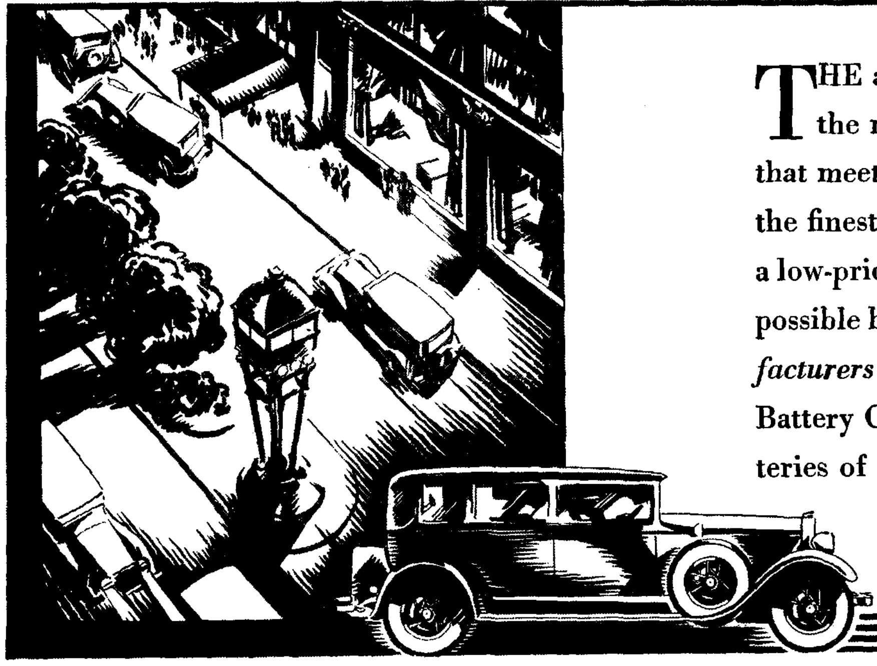

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The Exide 44—13 plate is priced at $7.95. Other models priced higher.

Exide
BATTERIES

Spring song

Continued from page 60

view of her uncle's back and the dark quarters of the horse, and they were gone. And she ran again.

The rain upon the ground was cold, and the stones bruised her feet, but she felt neither. She splashed through a small brook with the water coming to her knees, icy cold, and she halted again.

The house was merely a dark square against the hillside, with the moon touching the chimney-top. Then as she watched a high shrill whistling broke out for the hound. He pressed against her leg, glancing up in the shadows, and she felt him sway to his wagging tail.

She fled to the beech grove at her back. As soon as she was among the trees, the sound of the whistling was cut off.

IN HER sudden plunge into the grove she had lost her direction; and now she ran, blind with fear, and at her heels the old hound who years before had been so glad to catch her. She ran until her heart ached and a dry pain entered her throat.

She came to the edge of a small circular clearing, where the moon was bright and a gnarled tree stood, the mother of the grove. It was not slender and straight as the other trees, but heavy upon its roots, and its branches stretched over the ground. She fell down under it, lying flat on her breast, with her arms out before her, quivering. After a while she looked up to see the old hound gazing back into the woods.

His tail wagged excitedly and he lifted his chin and barked. Following his eyes, she saw a yellow lantern light swooping into the limbs overhead. Great shadows came to life; she heard the stamp of men. The hound barked again and one of the men shouted: "The dog's found her."

She would have cried out but for her hopelessness. She only lay silent before the tree, breathing as if she prayed. . . .

And then into the clearing an old buck rabbit hopped, bright-eyed, his ears high; and the hound greeted him like a friend.

"She's run again."

The man swore as he turned to cut across the angle made by the rabbit.

"Bear right!" he shouted.

In a moment they were gone. The lights flickered in the branches and went out. The shadows sank into the ground.

The stillness returned to the clearing with the white light of the moon, and with it came also the beginning of sound. Far away in the swamp a frog tried its pipe, very low and shy, a single note. And presently it tried again and then it was still.

The girl pulled her arms under her eyes where she lay and began to cry, and the strength she had had went out of her like water running. She could not have stirred then if the men had burst upon her with their lights and shouting. Even her sobs were slow dead things.

She was tired, so tired that her senses could tell her nothing. She could not tell at which point she had entered the clearing. There was only the moon and the old tree casting its shadows on its roots, and far away the single note of a frog.

She must have lain beneath the tree for a long time, for when at last she heard it, she was cold. It came low to the earth, with the smell of leaves and old things of the trees, slow and gentle, as if the man had breathed into the horn.

She got to her knees and faced the sound, for it was easy to find. It came again, and she rose to her feet and went toward it out of the clearing, through the woods. There were old things in her, but she did not care. Among the beeches it did not matter what had been right in the cold brown house where men lived righteously.

She walked as if she walked blindly, for twigs bent across her cheeks. She did not seem to feel the strokes. Her wet hair shone pale as the dress upon her shoulders. It too was wet with the dew and spotted brown where she had lain beneath the tree. It hung close to her, showing her thin child's body.

Her feet fell into a path that deer might have made and it brought them straight to the canal.

The water flowed quietly with a black sheen round the curve. As she stood on the towpath she could hear the mutter of it in the bankside grass, and she saw the water weeds weaving from side to side. Here and there the moonlight caught the arrowheaded ripples. It flowed out of the stillness of the grove with the trees thick along the towpath, giving darkness, and it went past her feet southward under the moon a thread of silver. Far down she could see the sky upon the water where it entered the gorge.

Then above the curve her ears caught the tread of horses coming toward her. With them came once more the sound of the horn, and she knew it was he.

Till that moment it seemed simple to her. There would be no need of talking, she had thought. All through the winter it seemed to her that she belonged to him. She would be there, and he would take her and put her aboard with no word spoken.

But when the team appeared in the arm of the curve, their necks bent before the collars, and the towline a thread of silver behind them, drawing on something still out of sight, she was afraid. He came upon her in the shadow without seeing her. But the horses stopped and snorted at her gently, letting out steam from their nostrils. Then he stood before her looking down, his heavy legs wide apart, his broad hat back on his head, his long whip looped on his shoulder, and his black beard sweeping his shirt; and the bigness of him came over her like a blanket.

"Hullo," he said. "Who're you?"

She said, "I'm Rose."

HIS voice rumbled to himself deep in him. He said over his shoulder, "Put her in a minute, Pete, and look at this."

The old blunt bow of the boat came into sight with its own momentum, cuddling a ripple before it, and the lantern burning on the stern threw a light against the trees.

An old man jumped ashore with a rope in his hand and hitched it to a tree. Then he joined them. A horn hung in a silver circle over his arm and as he walked he blew gently in the mouthpiece, and a low note went ahead of him, like the sleepy murmur of bees. He was a little man with silver hair and a face smooth and alert as a squirrel's. He wore a red waistcoat to his thighs and he stood beside the driver's arm.

"Hullo," he said. "Who're you?"

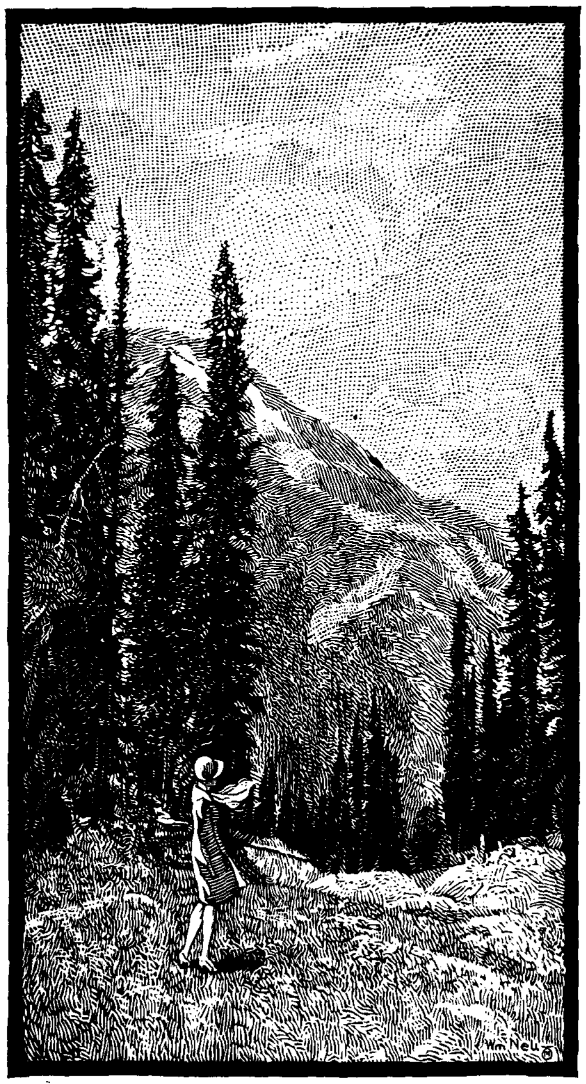
She said once more, "I'm Rose."

She could not say any more; it was all she had to say; but she looked at them with a silent hopefulness.

"Jeppers!" he said after a while.

The old man echoed, "Cripus!"

(*Continued on page 64*)



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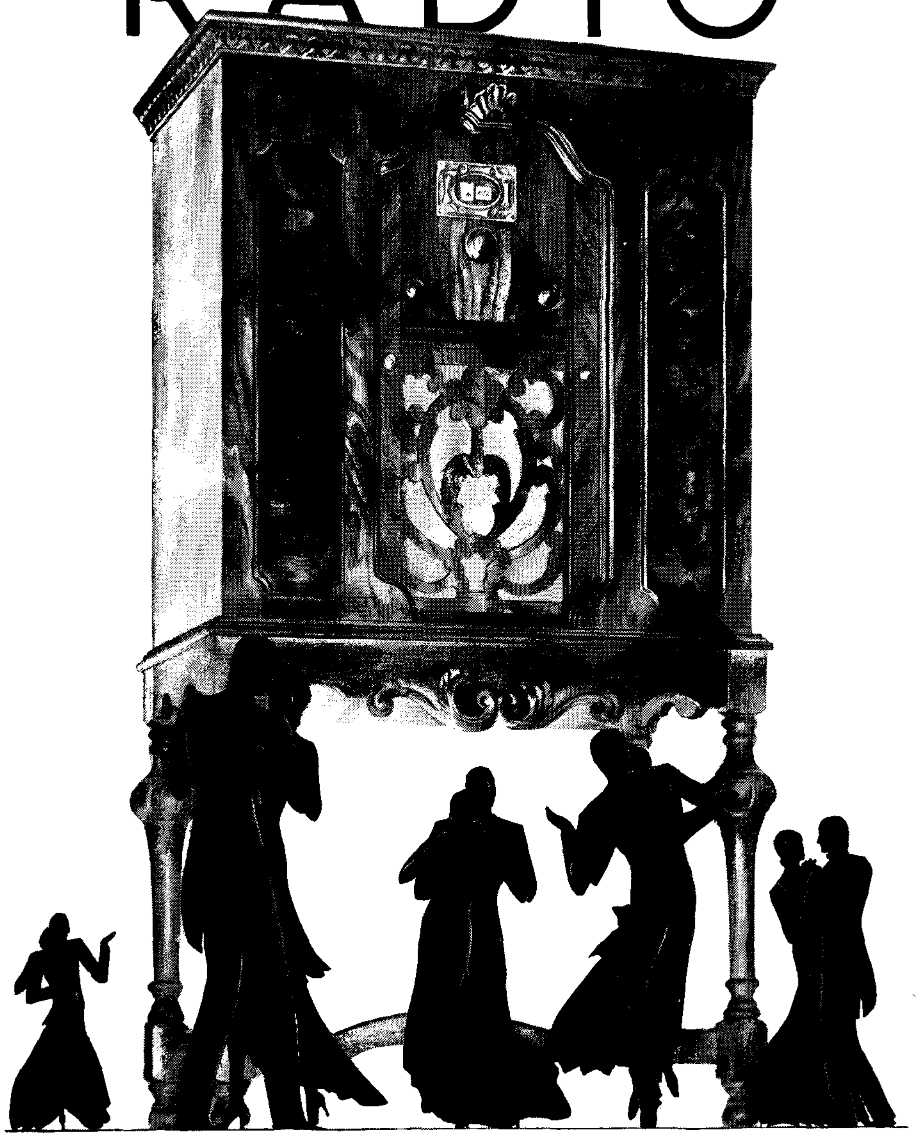

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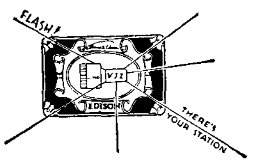

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DESIGNED AND BUILT IN THE LABORATORIES OF Thomas A. Edison ORANGE, N. J.

(*Continued from page 63*)

They exchanged glances.

"What're you doing here?" he asked her.

"I've run away again," she said.

"They caught you before?"

"Two times."

"What did they do to you?" asked the old man.

She did not answer.

The boater rumbled in his black beard. It was like thunder on the earth at night.

"They would do that," said the old man, Pete.

"Why did you find me?" he asked, bending his black beard toward her.

A shiver passed up her, and she barely whispered, "I heard the horn."

He looked at the old man. Pete touched the horn with his mouth, and it seemed to her that the sound hung around them both.

A thought came to him; he asked, "Was it you they're after, them with lanterns and the hound?" He tilted his head back toward the grove.

"Yes," she said; "but it's a rabbit now."

Suddenly they heard the happy cry of the hound coming towards them.

He swore deep in his chest. "I've seen him. I'd run away, too. Get aboard with Pete, Rose."

She felt the blood flooding to her hair. Then his arm was about her and he had hoisted her to his shoulder. The old man went back and jumped nimbly to the deck.

He said, "We'll push on past the combines. Then we'll eat, and we'll haul all night. I'm working down below this summer."

He handed her up and the old man took her.

"Will you cook for us, Rose?"

"Yes."

"Keep inside the cabin, then. We'll look out for you."

"Sure," said Pete. "If he comes we'll give him a twister."

He touched his horn again and the team started of their own accord.

"Better get down," said the old man. "They'd see you here in the light."

As she went down the narrow stairs, she felt the old boat move under her.

"There's some supper on the stove you might keep your eye on," Pete called after her.

A glass-bowled lamp lighted the cabin from its bracket on the wall. The little cook-stove to the right of the stairs had the air hot and filled the room with a comfortable smell of potatoes heating in a pan. There were old green curtains drawn across the windows.

SHE went forward softly as she had in the kitchen in the gaunt house above the valley. Her eyes explored the sleeping cuddy with its three bunks, two made up with soiled blankets; she observed the old dust and the old food smells of the wood; and her eye fell on the table, let down on its hinges from the wall, with the grimy salt and pepper shakers set back in the shelf behind it. It was dirty and full of the odor of men living alone; but it brought her a great comfort, and by degrees her back straightened and her eyes grew bright. It was comfortable and friendly for all the dirt, and its warmth went through her. It was a place for her to live.

Her heart hurt with its gratitude. He had taken her in with nothing. She thought of the words of the hired man, "You're pretty, Rose." She looked at herself in the small mirror and her small face grew pink.

"We'll look out for you," he had said.

The old boat moved along, and as they went she heard beyond the window the same frog in the far swamp finding his song. While she listened, he found it; confidence crept into the clear notes, and suddenly other voices took it up, and the sound of their singing came closer until it went with them along the water, voice upon voice uplifted.

Overhead she heard Pete, the old man, sound his horn loud for the lock, and she knew that the grove was left behind, and the hunting men, and the bay of the running hound, and the old buck rabbit leaping.

The boat sank down between the walls and went on, and again the horn blew from the lock, and again they sank and went on, and the bitter farm lay far back in the high valley.

It came to her then in the cabin that she looked upon her house; and there was work for her to do. When she looked between the curtains, she could see him walking behind the heavy rumps of his horses, his great shoulders bent and his whip wound round his arm. Overhead she heard the shifting of the old man's feet, and from time to time the old insistence of the horn. In a while they would come down; they would look to her for food.

She stood there before the stove, minding the potatoes, and as her senses found root in the cabin she smelled cheese. A smile curved her child's mouth and she went to the cupboard and found there what she wanted.

So while they went on she worked, until her back ached from beating in the bowl and bending over the oven. But the ache pleased her, for she knew that she was working well. Beside herself it was the only gift she had to bring him.

OUTSIDE, the team stopped and the boat went to the bank. She heard the horses come aboard and settle down in their stalls and Pete go forward to help feed them. She did not hear them talking, only the deep mutter of his voice.

"I wisht he'd come after us," he said to Pete, "so I could've told him a few things, and hit him once."

"I'd've told him a few things," the old man echoed him. "He's as low as they come."

And he brought a sweet note from the horn.

"What'll you do with her?" the old man asked.

"We'll let her stay."

"She's pretty," said the old man.

"She ain't only a child," he growled.

She did not hear him, for she was bending before the oven. But when they sat down at the table, and she laid the eggs and potatoes before them, the old man hung up the horn with a fond glance at it, and said conversationally, tucking his handkerchief into his shirt collar, "I used to know your ma, Rose. She was a famous lady down there, and well liked." She looked up at the boater and he nodded his black beard.

"I knowed her, too," he said. "She was a beautiful woman."

She felt the blood rush into her face.

They waited with their eyes on hers. All at once a dark look came over his face.

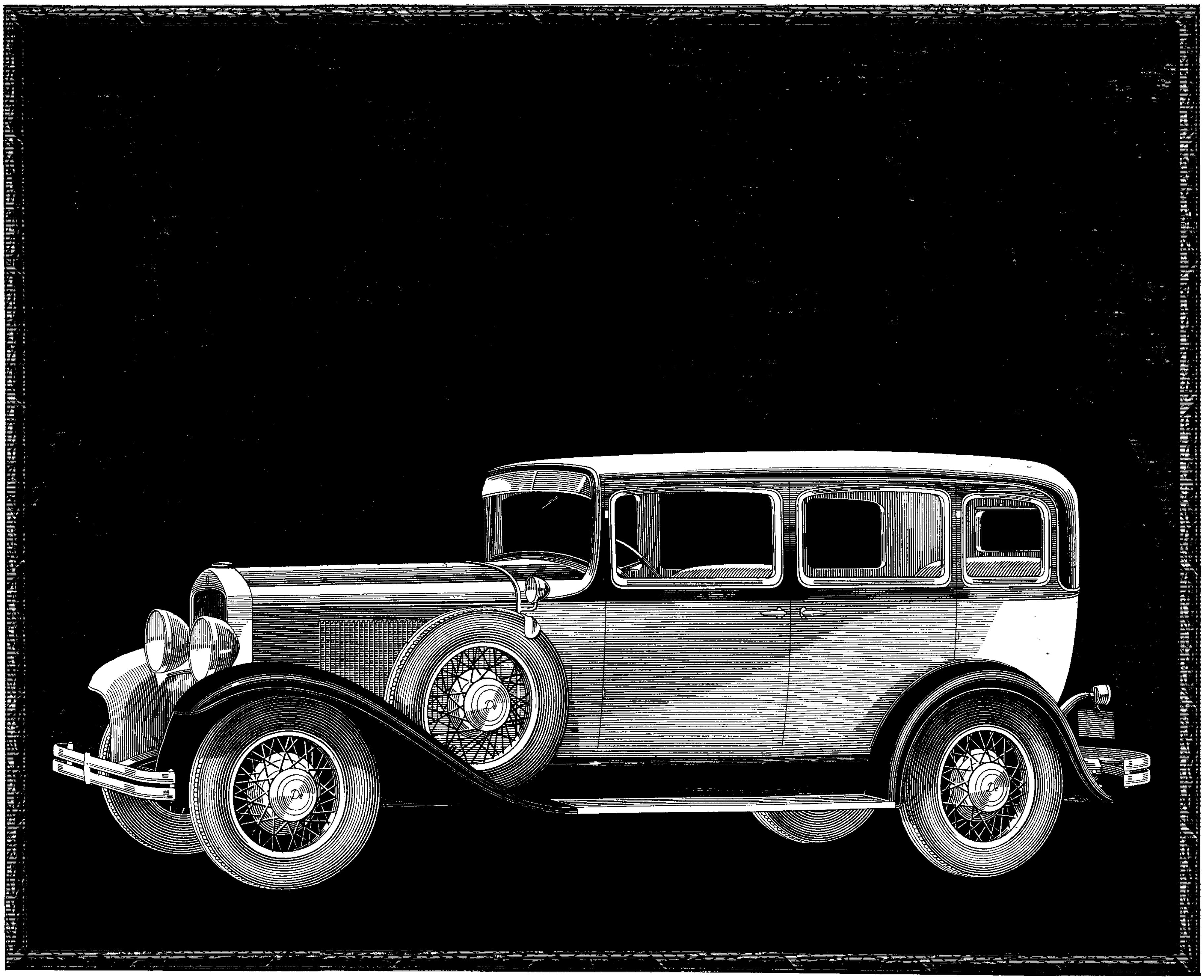
"Set down and eat," he said. And the old man growled to himself and cast his eye to the horn.

Then shyly she went over to the stove and brought forth the pie to set it before him, and her heart sang because she saw that it was good.

The old man cleared his throat and cocked his eye, and he said, "I've allus held there'd be cows in heaven, just for a cheese pie."

But he said nothing. Only when she ventured to lift her eyes to him, he gave her a wide white smile through his beard. . . .

So they went on after a while, refreshed, with a warm rain washing the deck; and she went to sleep in the bunk, with the sound of frogs singing, the soft voice of the water on the planks, and the low note of the horn.



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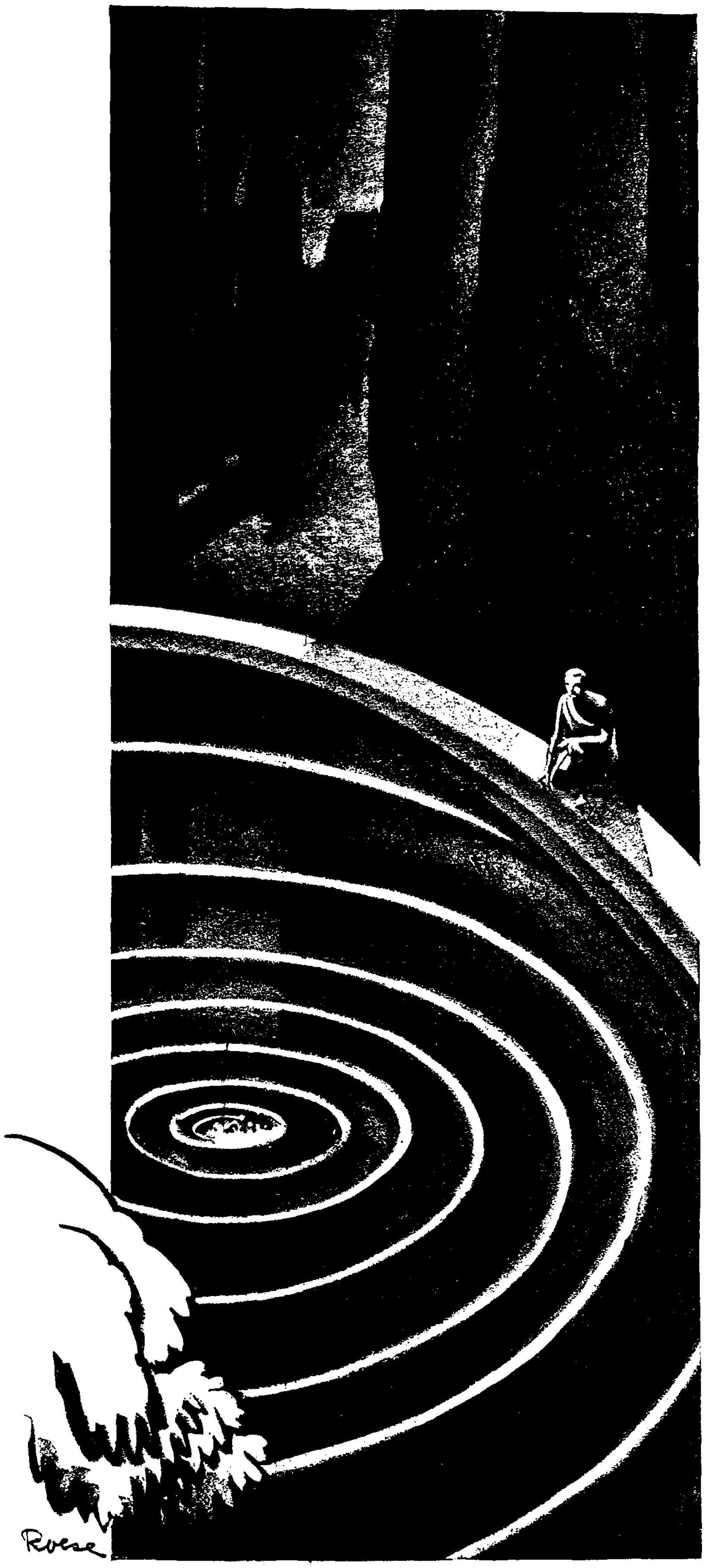

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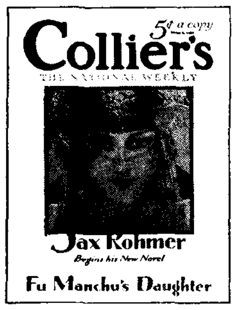
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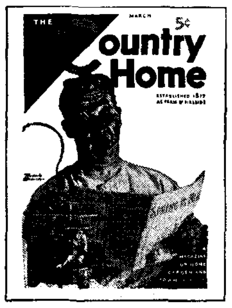
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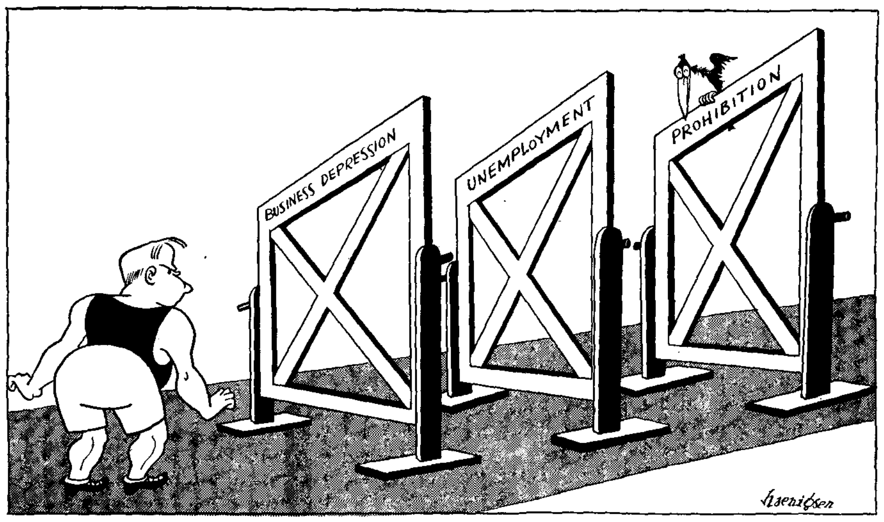

Hurdles for Hoover

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

IN SPITE of giving, on the whole, a reasonably good administration, disappointing in some respects but surprisingly enlightened in others, Mr. Hoover appears to have lost more ground with the electorate than Presidents usually do in their first year in office.

Let any intelligent person compare his own reactions to any year of Mr. Coolidge's time in office to this first year of Mr. Hoover's, eliminating what bias he may have on prohibition, and he will admit that there is a much higher intelligence and a much better conception of public service being shown today in the White House than there was at any time in the administration of his predecessor. Yet Mr. Coolidge steadily became more popular while Mr. Hoover has declined in popularity.

It is impossible to explain the result of the February congressional by-election in Massachusetts as other than a verdict adverse to the national administration. If you say that several thousand wet Republicans who didn't vote for Al Smith in 1928 now have left their party to vote for the Democratic candidate for Congress, even that is a grave defection. It is a sign that Mr. Hoover has not been able to hold that element in his party to his support, and it is a very large element in the East.

Unemployment resulting from the stock-exchange panic is said by some to account largely for the turning of a district normally ten thousand to fifteen thousand Republican into one nearly seven thousand Democratic. But there is nothing that contributes so much to the unpopularity of a President as a loss of jobs and a tightening of the belt around the waist.

So on the strength of the Massachusetts result one may say that a good many men have turned against Mr. Hoover because he has proved to be more of a dry than without good reason they hoped he would be. And a good many others are at least temporarily discontented with him because he has not performed the miracle of keeping prosperity up to the high point.

"It's a Wet Wind"

Others still have become at least indifferent to him because on the human side he is to them disappointing; he has not made himself seem close to them; he doesn't dramatize himself; he is not a dashing person like Roosevelt or an amusing hard-headed rural philosopher like Coolidge.

It is possible to attach too much significance to the Massachusetts by-election. Conditions in the district are exceptional. An unusual majority there is wet. And unemployment there is especially bad. But after making all allowances, that seven thousand majority in a district that has never before gone Democratic must stand as a portent, until the congressional elections next fall tell us whether it gave us a piece of the public mind or not.

Mr. Hoover is reported to have said to one of his friends on being elected to the Presidency, in one of those moments of depression which descend upon a man when he is exalted to high office, "I shall be an unpopular President."

Personality Minus

Conditions were of course against him. He succeeded to the Presidency at the peak of a cycle of prosperity. A slump sometime in his four years in the White House was inevitable. And a business depression is the one unforgivable offense in American politics.

The wet-dry issue was overdue for a struggle on a national scale. The contest would have been fought out in 1928 except that the religious issue obscured it. The feeling between the wets and drys has gained in violence from being denied full expression two years ago.

Many wets who supported Mr. Hoover in 1928 or were at least tolerant of him in that year are now bitter against him. They find it difficult to keep within reasonable language the expression of their dislike for the President. And among the wets are men of influence, wealthy business men, leading professional men, newspaper owners. A lot of public opinion used to be made over the bar in the old days. A lot of public opinion is made over the illicit bottle in these days.

Another trouble lies in the personality of Mr. Hoover. He lacks the gusto which the American people likes in its Presidents. He takes the Presidency as a tremendous job. The public would rather see him do his work with a turn of the wrist. He does not laugh. He is buried in a mountain of facts and reports. Blue prints are alien to the temper of the American people. The public impatience with his commissions is significant. The people like their Presidents to know everything instinctively.

The United States Senate has hurt him with the public. Quite unreasonably the public asks that its Presidents should control Congress.

Fortunately the reaction against the Administration has come early. The business depression seems to be righting itself. Mr. Hoover has time to profit by what mistakes he may have made. His keen knowledge of the business of government and his unusual spirit of public service should count for him in the end.

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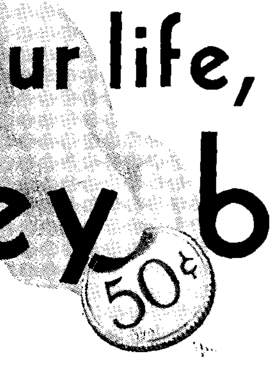

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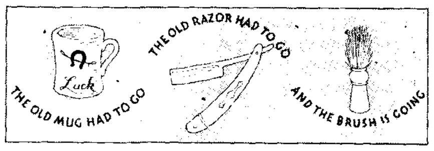
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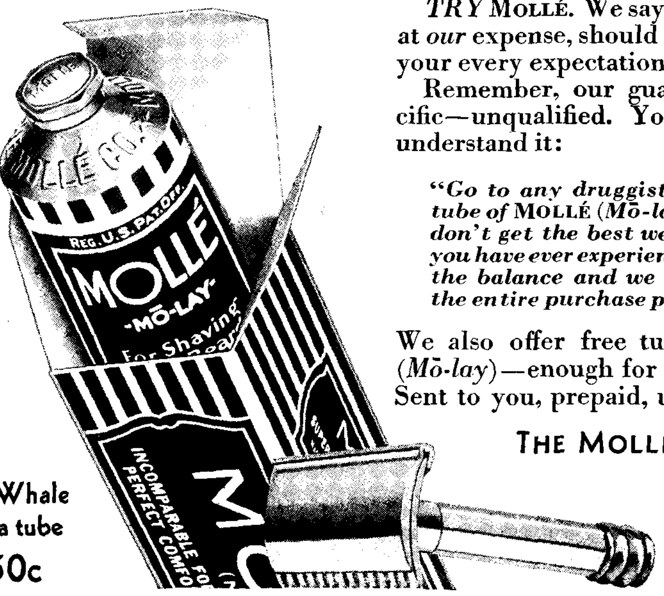

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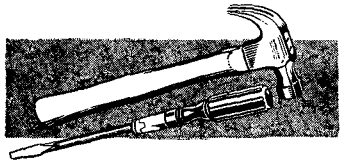
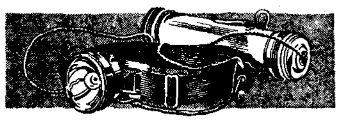


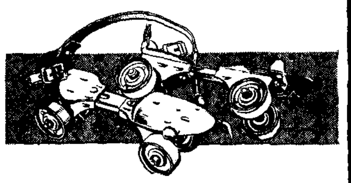
THE swing of this Octagon Head Hammer suggests the "sweet handling" of a Winchester Rifle, while its Winchester heat treated steel gives confidence and power to each blow. A hammer that *is* a hammer.

And here's a "he-man" screw driver — the Regular Winchester Mechanics Pattern—with a blade that can't twist in the handle—nothing finer. Typical numbers in the wide range of Winchester quality tools.

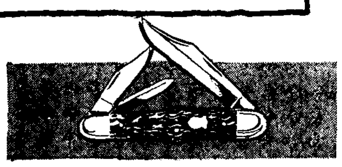


THE Winchester Headlight fastens around your head or hat, and lights wherever you look. Its battery case slips conveniently into your pocket, leaving both hands free. A supremely convenient light for countless jobs. Made in 3-cell focusing (360 ft. range); 5-cell focusing (1200 ft. range); 3 and 5-cell diffusing styles. There's a full *range of Winchester flashlights for* every purpose. Always use Winchester batteries.

WINCHESTER fishing tackle will win your affection like a Winchester Gun. This Bamboo Fly Rod of handsome brown treated stock, with nickel silver fittings, screw-type reel seat, serrated waterproofed ferrules and other features will lend an added thrill to your sport.



WINCHESTER Roller Skates—tested by 7,000 miles of road work—have six special features of construction which have made *them supreme in strength*—supremely easy running—and supreme in mileage. 3 styles—boys', girls' and junior sizes for younger children.



GOOD knives, like a good gun, demand the finest quality of steel and workmanship. Winchester combines them both in pocket and flat cutlery. This stag handled, swell center balloon pattern is typical of the efficient and popular pocket knives made by Winchester.

Winchester cutlery also includes a fine line of flat cutlery, paring knives, scissors and shears.

WINCHESTER guns have long been cherished possessions because they have done their work supremely well. So Winchester, for over three score years, has played a supreme part in the sporting picture. Now other quality products bring Winchester into the varied pictures of daily life. You have occasion every day to use a Winchester product.

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In overhauling the car for your first spring trip, for instance, see that your kit is replenished with Winchester Tools—the tools that do a cleaner job to start with and that *hold* their edge, their temper, their grip. And put a freshly filled Winchester Flashlight in the pocket of your car. (See the Headlight—an ideal light for motorists—described on this page.)

For other spring pursuits, a Winchester Fishing Rod, a Pocket Knife or pair of Roller Skates furnish equipment that will fill the bill exactly depending on your hobby, your vocation or your age. FREE—Write for "The Winchester Idea"—a booklet which gives you helpful suggestions for using Winchester Products throughout the year.

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"*every one a Winchester quality product*"

The Belle of Calomega

Continued from page 22

directly after eating. Didn't you know that?"

"That's what I always say," interposed the colorless aunt.

Darma chuckled, as if she had a private joke. "Can I powder my nose?" She walked around the table and past him, out into the hall. She was not very tall but she held her head high, her shoulders straight without stiffness. Energy glowed in her movements, when she could be brought to make them. Clearly that laziness was mostly a matter of mind.

How old was she? he speculated as she disappeared at the door. Eighteen, at most twenty-one. And why didn't she wear clothes that covered rather than exploited her—person? Even if it *was* a very excellently constructed person. Then he hied his thoughts abruptly to the problems of the mill.

Fifteen minutes later Darma came downstairs. For the last seven of the fifteen Austin had stood with clenched teeth, twirling his watch chain.

"You took your bath after all," he remarked, trying to keep his tone polite.

"Oh—no!" It was a wide-eyed child talking now. "I hurried even about primping a little. I wasn't but a jiffy—not near long enough to take a bath!"

"Well—" He put on his hat. She looked so lovely standing there, with a big, floppy-brimmed straw hat in her hand, that he couldn't help feeling less severe. He smiled. "Let's go."

"All right, Austin. But it isn't in walkin' distance. We'll have to phone for a taxi or use my old wreck in the garage—and I can't ever think to get any gas, so we'll have to phone."

"Where's the phone?"

Her face lit up. "I know! I bet Henry's still outside." She rushed to the door and flung it open. "He is!"

At first there seemed to be no one in the parked car, but Austin made out finally a misshapen shoe propped into an angle of the tonneau. Henry was asleep.

Awakened, he snorted and rubbed his eyes:

"I *said* y'all would be out 'fo' noon."

THE mill was at the far end of town, across the railroad tracks. Austin had determined to ask some questions about it during the brief drive. But she sat so close, without touching him but still very close, that he couldn't compose his mind. He was aware, though, of how the sunlight slanted in and lay brightly on her floppy hat. That her face, underneath, was shadowed and vivid. He saw out of the corner of an eye that there were tiny freckles on her nose.

"You married, Austin?" she asked suddenly.

"No."

"I sort of thought you were."

He squirmed. "Do I look married?"

"No—I guess you don't."

Austin decided to do the proper, the honorable thing. He said:

"I hope to be married a year from this July."

"I know. I've been engaged like that. Four times. You won't get married, darling. You'll just drift. You never get married if you're going to do it a year from any old July. You just say you will because it makes you feel settled."

He flushed. She had got under his skin completely now. Called him, of all things, a drifter!

"I don't think you understand," he told her with some airiness. "You see, I have my whole life planned out. I'm going to manage it in an intelligent fashion, if I can, and *not* just drift. That's the whole point in living in the twentieth century: carving out our future with the tools of what we have found out about ourselves."

He wondered how the little speech sounded. He had made it before—to Ada, for instance—and it had seemed quite effective. Now he didn't know. Darma didn't look at him directly. She was staring at the unkempt back of Henry's head.

They drove across some tracks and began to ascend a small hill toward a squat, wide building with a smokestack.

"There's the mill," he remarked when she made no reply. "Isn't it?"

"I like your idea about planning out your whole life," she said from a distance. "Do you think I could plan mine? Do the plans work—your plans? Mine never have."

"It's this *town!*" he asserted passionately. "It seems *tired.* It hasn't any pep. You'd feel differently about things if you lived up North. Why, you—you'd take a new lease on life. There you could direct your future."

She regarded him for a moment in respectful awe—as if she expected presently to see an icicle append to his chin. Then Henry braked the car. They had reached the mill.

THE Lysle Woolen Mill did not do a very large yearly business. Probably you have never heard of Lysle woolens. There was a tiny office that you reached by wooden steps from the street and upstairs the looms where the girls worked. There were fifteen girls.

"Nat," Darma said to the dumpy little man who met them at the door, "this is Austin Munn. He's come to make the mill efficient. Dad sent for him before he died. Do what he says, Nat." She turned to Austin. "This is Nat Stringfellow, Austin." They shook hands.

Nat Stringfellow was about forty and very nearly bald. He had small black eyes that blinked merrily. Austin got the feeling that his merriment stopped at the eyes; perhaps he was blinking to keep awake. Nobody else appeared to occupy an "executive" post. As soon as she had introduced them Darma said:

"I'm goin' and buy a dope at Connie's, Austin. I'll see you tonight." She walked out.

Sitting, talking, in the little office, Austin could hear the whirr of the looms and a low bumble of talk from the girls. He could smell, too, the rank aroma of raw wool. He found out in half an hour all the really essential things: what each person was supposed to do, what they were paid, how the accounts were kept. Mr. Stringfellow was genial and obliging. He answered everything pretty succinctly and adequately, except that he chuckled too much and at every pause he'd snap wide, green suspenders. The only thing Austin could not find out was why the mill had been started in Calomega in the beginning.

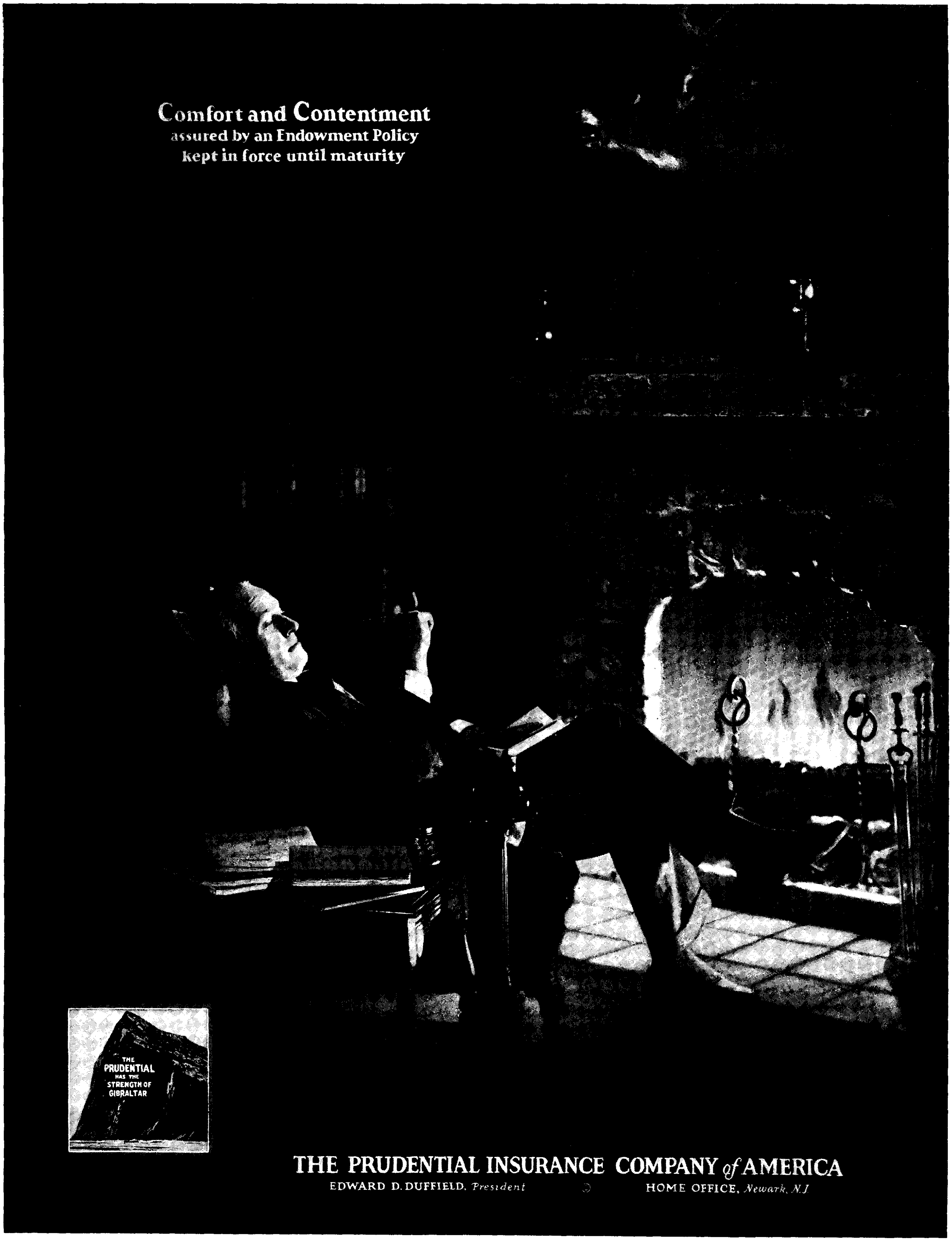
"Old Mr. Lysle had all sorts of ideas about us taking to factories and things like that," Stringfellow said. "He used to talk about an 'industrial South.' And we get by here every year. I guess you couldn't expect much more."

"What time do the girls arrive in the morning?" he asked, taking notes on a pad of bright yellow paper.

"Oh, nine o'clock or a quarter after."

"They must get in at nine sharp. Fifteen minutes a day is an hour and a

(*Continued on page 70*)



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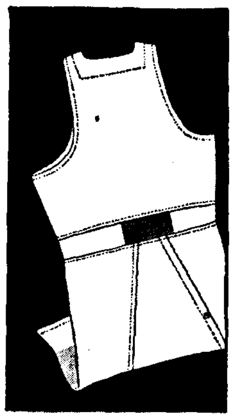
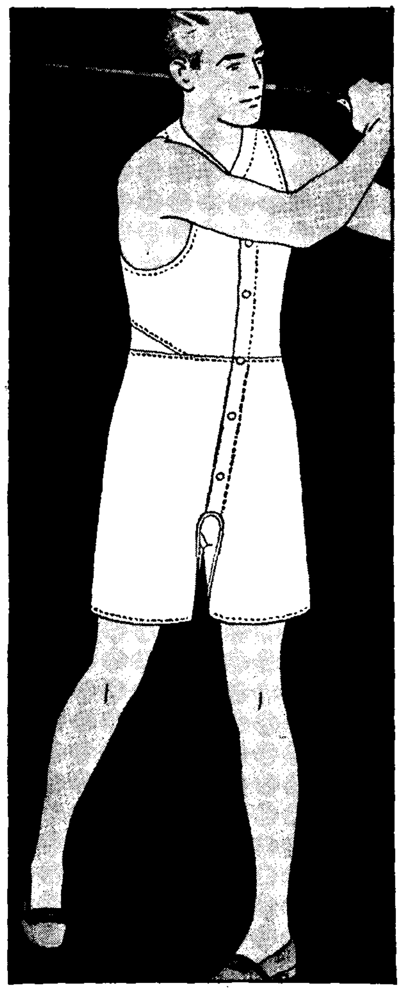
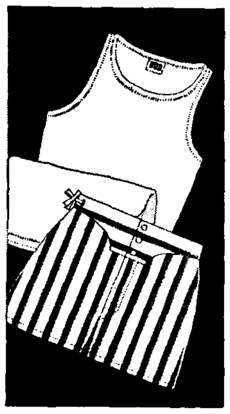


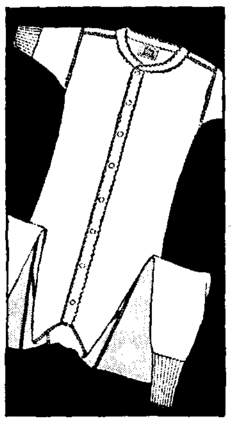
Rear view of Samsonbak. *Center section of belt is blue to help identification. Unusual value for the money.*



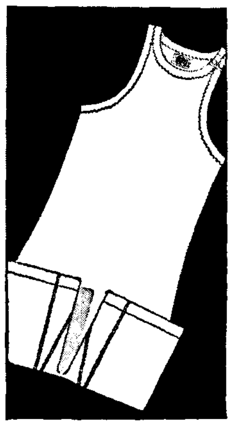
Hanes Samsonbak *Athletic Union Suit of madras and broadcloth with patented belt,* $1. *Other union suits from* 75c *to* $2.



Hanes *Shirts and Shorts in smart, new styles and colors,* 50c, 75c, $1. *Fine fabrics and wide choice.*



Elastic-knit Lightweight Union Suits for mild climates, $1 *to* $1.50. *Long or short sleeves, three-quarter or ankle length.*



Knit Athletic Union Suit — shoulder-button style — made of fine combed yarn, knitted to generous measurements. Just $1.

Tug-o'-war or tug-o'-wear, you can't rip the Samsonbak. The Hanes dealer invites you to try! Go see him. He'll get a strangle-hold on one end—you grab the other, and pull with all your might. That belt stretches and stretches but never rips. There's not a strand of rubber in it and it goes three-quarters of the way around your body, wherever there's any chance of stretching or binding. A cool number indeed—and only $1.

If you prefer shirts and shorts or other types of underwear, be sure to see how much better they're made by Hanes. A quarter-century's experience in this business may be responsible—but millions of men who wear Hanes say it's a "gift." If your dealer hasn't the complete line for your boys as well as yourself, write to P. H. Hanes Knitting Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

HANES UNDERWEAR

FOR MEN AND BOYS — FOR EVERY SEASON

TRADE MARK HANES

The Belle of Calomega

Continued from page 68

half a week for each girl. We'll install a time clock as soon as we can get one. All the big factories have them now."

Later, after Stringfellow had gone to lunch and the whirr of the looms had ceased during the noon hour, Austin sat at Stringfellow's desk and looked out of the window at a patch of green hillside. He was struck with the excessive greenness of the grass. A little wind brought him a sudden warm peace. It was like June mornings during his first year in New Haven. Sometimes then he had looked upon the world and been almost overcome by a voluptuous languor. Everything had been quickly simple and resolved; the high challenge of his young ambition had thinned among the elms and had not seemed to matter. There had been instead a lazy pride of youth around his heart—his heart beating young and strong with a long time to go. There had been, too, a sense of being inextricably entangled with the Connecticut June; with the cyclic march of spring and summer and fall and winter and nothing mattering at all. That was the way it was now, yet a little differently. It was sadder now, he didn't know why. But he knew an antidote: he closed his eyes and thought about great offices, high and wide and bustling, in New York. Offices that were spick as sword blades and as bright; offices that held the clicking wheels of his destiny—that would bring him a fine home and a long black motor car and a life smooth and satiny and controlled. Happiness.

After a while he pulled himself together completely. He set to work, and before Stringfellow returned was well on the way toward outlining an entire new system of bookkeeping.

When Austin asked where Darma was that night at supper, the aunt told him about a perilous cold draft from somewhere and added that Darma was doubtless out "gallivantin' around with one of the boys." He did not enjoy his food very much and excused himself after the dessert to go to his room.

He sat down on the bed and tried to think, but he seemed to have lost the faculty. He used to be able to shape out his days in the evenings. The outlines of things were blurred; values, relationships, were not as clear as they had always been. Perhaps his digestion was out of order. He had heard of malaria in the South and wondered if he had had time to contract it. Between him and the future there seemed to be a film of tepid gauze that billowed and trembled but would not go away. Already the mill and its problems were far off. Perhaps, writing to Ada, a sense of reality would come back. He got paper and pen.

But after two pages he realized that all his phrases were borrowed out of other letters. He rose and went to the window. It was late dusk but the moon had come, very lean and low on the horizon, just above the sycamore tops. Smells rushed in through the open windows, making his lungs swell. They were faint, sweet smells of he did not know what kinds of flowers. Honeysuckle, perhaps, and magnolia. He wasn't sure about the magnolia. It might be, too, that the house had an aroma of its own, like some of the older buildings at Yale that were scented with the Revolution.

Suddenly he heard the sound of a motor and caught the gleam of headlights through the leaves. There was a commotion of laughter and talking out by the front gate. Drawling male voices. He could not make out any words. It was Darma coming home. Austin saw her come up the walk with three young men. One of the young men bore a jug in his hand and they were all, apparently, enjoying each other hugely.

Presently from below came the thumping of a piano; *True Blue Lou* played carelessly and very fast. The music ceased and he could hear tables and chairs being moved. Then he couldn't hear anything except an occasional booming man's laugh. So he sat down in a wicker rocker with a dusty copy of a magazine, three months old.

Instead of focusing his mind on the type he kept telling himself how strange it was that Darma should be giving a party, even if it were an informal one, so soon after her father's death. He told himself, too, that she might have been a bit more hospitable and invited him down. He wouldn't have gone, of course, but she might at least have asked him. He wondered what Darma was doing to entertain her three guests.

Curiosity pestered him until he stood up. He'd take a stroll and perhaps, as he passed the living-room, he could glance discreetly in. He put on his hat and walked out into the dark hall with a feeling of guilt that he should be succumbing to such an undignified impulse.

Downstairs he was momentarily blinded by the glare of a high crystal candelabrum in the living-room. Then he saw the four of them gathered about a table from which a vase and a pile of books had been cleared and stacked in a corner. Darma and her friends were playing poker. There were little piles of red, white and blue chips on the table, and four glasses. The young men were in their shirt-sleeves; they looked about twenty and reminded him of types he had seen loitering outside of dance halls at night on upper Broadway. They didn't look vicious, but there was the stamp of shiftlessness, of not working, upon them. They wore the pseudo-"collegiate" clothes of year before last. At once Austin didn't like them at all. Moreover, the spectacle of Darma playing poker and the smell of alcohol in the air filled him with a vague interior anger. She ought not to do it. It was a crime for her to be acting like this.

She sat facing him. The garish light made her hair shine and she was very beautiful, he thought. She raised her eyes and saw him.

"Hi, Austin! Come on and take a hand."

The three young men turned their heads quickly and stared at him.

"No, thanks," he replied. "I don't play."

"We'll teach him," suggested a young man with sleek hair and ruddy, sunburned skin. "Don't I love to teach 'em how!" He laughed loudly and, Austin thought, coarsely.

"I'm going for a walk."

Austin turned to leave. Darma half rose from her seat. She touched her glass, keeping her eyes on him.

"Don't you want a little snort, mister?"

"No. Much obliged." His tone was formal. He walked on to the door and out and around the block. The moon was very small and high now. It could be overlooked, there were so many fine stars. Austin did not know why he should be unhappy. Rather, he did not admit that he knew.

When he came indoors again he didn't glance into the room where the chips were clicking. He walked fast up the stairs. When he reached his room he undressed immediately and got into bed. At last he went to sleep.

Once in the night he was awakened by the sound of an automobile backfiring and people's voices. He turned over in bed and pulled a pillow over his exposed ear. The bed was luxuriously springy and smelled faintly of what he identified as pine needles. Soon he slept again.

WHEN Austin left the house the next morning at eight o'clock it was utterly quiet. He breakfasted at a lunch wagon near the station and arrived at the mill at a quarter of nine. No one else was there. Four or five of the girls arrived at nine, the rest came in between then and half past. He sent for each of the tardy ones and delivered a sharp lecture on punctuality. Lateness in the future would bring instant dismissal. They did not seem much impressed and giggled together as they left the office.

Stringfellow arrived at ten fifteen. Austin looked at him and significantly at the clock. The older man appeared not to get the connection. He chuckled and, after a cheery good morning, sat down in a chair with a copy of the Calomega Bugle.

That day was not very satisfactory. Austin had the feeling of working hard and not accomplishing much. He did perfect a system, though, of measuring what each girl averaged in production and he told Stringfellow that they would discharge the janitor who cleaned up very sketchily each evening. In the afternoon he wrote a report in full of the situation and mailed it to his home office.

Darma was on the back porch drying her hair when he returned at six o'clock. Sarah, the Negro maid, was hanging up clothes on a line in the back yard.

"Good evening," he said.

"Come and talk to me, Austin. I haven't seen you since the Flood."

She had on the blue dressing-gown and sat on a small stool. She glanced up at him from under the dark cascade of her hair. It was lovely hair, he thought. He had never seen a woman with her hair down before; that is, not off the stage. He felt obscurely that she was immodest, and yet, because he was the intruder and not someone else, it seemed all right.

"How's the old mill? Is it going to make a lot of money now? I want a lot of money, Austin."

"I don't know," he said.

She sat up, throwing her hair back and shaking it. "I guess you'll fix it up. It doesn't matter, anyway. You want a julep, mister?"

"No, I don't drink, Darma. Do you drink very much—with those fellows?" He wondered whether he should have asked the question. What business was it of his?

There was a silence. Her face was very solemn. She looked like a bewildered child, a careless, disarrayed child with her hair tumbled down and all. He had the sudden conviction that she was crying inside.

"Oh, I don't know, Austin. I take a snort now and then. What else is there to do? It makes the evenings seem kind of important. The boys come over and play a little stud. They're nice boys, Austin. I'd have introduced you if you'd stuck around."

He looked quite content he hadn't met them. He looked it so patently that she laughed, rising.

"I'm going and bathe, Austin. Supper's nearly ready. You want to take me to a movie afterwards? We could stop in at Connie's for a dope on the way home."

"What is a dope, Darma?"

"Good lord! Don't you know a dope's a soft drink, mister?"

"I didn't—but we'll stop in for one."

Yellow lights and buggy wheels, black faces shining. Calomega night. A barber shop with a glimpse of worn plush chairs; a poolroom emitting a faint clickety-clack, with an odor of must and overalls. Then the movie place, still innocent of talkies and plastered with ten-foot Western lithographs.

What the film was about he never knew. He was early conscious of a great cloud of dust and a sheriff's star; then Darma, thrilled by what she saw, seized his hand. She would have seized anybody's hand. But Austin sat from then on in guilty rapture, unresponsive to every stimulus except the incredible certainty of touching her.

Later, at a round, cracked marble table in Connie's Sweetshop—young people on all sides had called to Darma and stared at him—he became suddenly self-conscious and ashamed. To begin with he felt an alien, opposed to these slow-voiced Southerners and all they stood for. And he was sure, too, that he had sinned in his heart. It wasn't clear how, but he had sinned. Probably against Ada.

"You're thinking of that darned old mill and how you're going to make it hum tomorrow," Darma said. She took another sip through her straw and continued, "No, you're not, either. You're thinking about your girl. What's her name, Austin?"

"Ada," he said abstractedly.

"Love her?"

The question jolted him sharply, put him on the defensive. People he knew did not talk about love casually; did not, in fact, talk about it at all. His brow came down a fraction of an inch.

"We are marrying for life, and not because of any temporary infatuation," he told her. "Companionship and a community of interest mean more than—well, than being moonstruck. It's all right in books and the movies, but in life you've got to meet a more serious problem."

"I guess."

HE WAS aware that she didn't remotely comprehend. And he had the dreadful suspicion that his statement had sounded magisterial and pompous. "She's got a fine business head," he added doggedly. "That's a big help in a wife—in my line."

Darma said nothing, so he went on, "Of course, sentiment is all right, but Ada and I haven't much time for it these days. She works, too, you see."

"I'd get a job, Austin, only I don't know what to do." She was quite impersonal, detached about it.

He wanted, inexplicably, to tell her that she didn't need a job. But he said, "Why don't you take an interest in the mill?"

"That's what I'll do—from now on."

He knew she didn't mean a word.

She flattened her straw along a polished nail and watched it curl like one of those paper favors that you can blow out with a whistling noise.

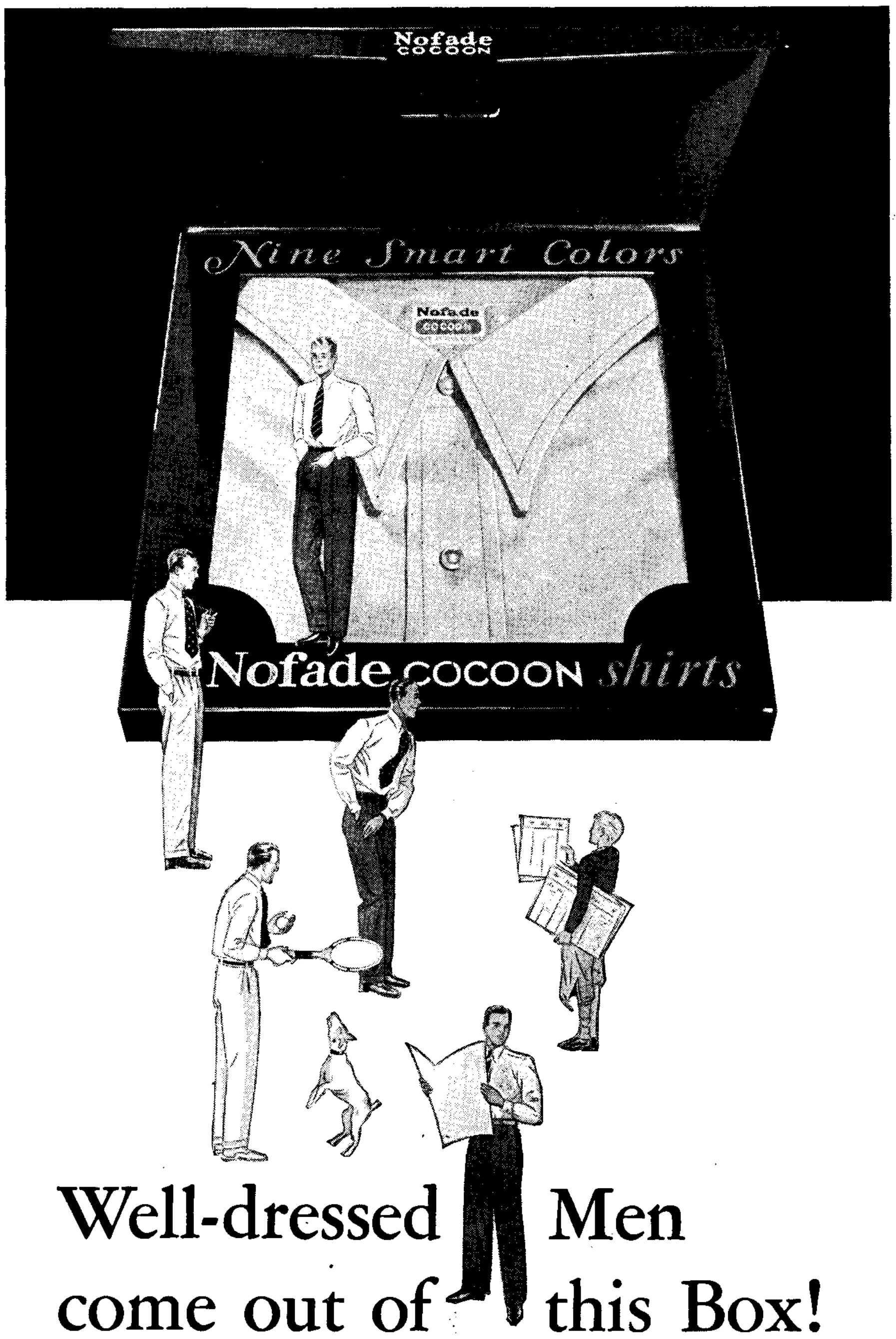
"I like you, Austin," she remarked meditatively. "Do you think I'm so terrible? I guess you do. And I'm afraid if you keep on thinking that I won't be able to like you as much. That's the way people are, they say."

"I don't think you're terrible at all," he hastened, a little wildly for him. "Where'd you get that idea?"

"I was half fooling," she said. "I like to see you serious." . . .

There was a car parked in front of the Lysle home when Austin and Darma reached it. This made his heart descend a little because all during the walk he had been thinking how well

(*Continued on page 72*)



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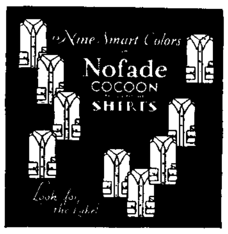

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(*Continued from page 71*)

they looked together. It was a finer, windier emotion than vanity, too; a rare comfortable pride that a man has with a woman once in a long time. And now he feared that Darma had company.

She had. As they walked in the front door the same voice he had heard the night before was drawling, "Pair of tens high. Bet 'em, Jake." Chips clattered.

Darma plucked at his sleeve and said appealingly, "Aw, come on and watch the game. I'm going to shoo 'em out in a little bit."

But his lips tightened. "Thanks. I think I'll turn in."

He saw her hesitate for an instant in the pool of light that the open living-room door made, looking at him hard. He hadn't time to solve the enigma of her eyes before someone at the table—there were four of them now—cried, "Hi, there, white girl. You all take a hand."

"Coming," Darma murmured. And then to him: "Well, good night."

IN FIFTEEN minutes Austin was in bed. He did not go to sleep. He listened to the subdued murmur that drifted up from below and to the sporadic tap-tapping of leaves against the window screens. He wished he had joined her crowd downstairs, and he wished he had never heard of Calomega. He thought about the nights old man Lysle had spent in this same room, alone and waiting patiently for—nothing. Sometimes he closed his eyes only to have Darma come so near it was very painful. If he had talked to her a little more, if they had walked a little longer! But in the back of his mind was the feeling of being trapped; he must win through, somehow, back to the cool competence of Ada. Here in the balmy shadows obscure perils lurked. At length he was very much afraid.

The conversation in the room below was, he decided, growing louder. Suddenly there came a sharp rapping at his door. He bounded out of bed and turned the knob. A heavy weight pushed the door open against him and he stepped back, not knowing what to expect.

In the door frame stood a man, palely visible in the filtered starlight from the windows. Austin smelled pomade and liquor; the man was weaving slightly on his feet. It was the one with the loud laugh, who had wanted to teach him to play poker—Austin was immediately sure of that. The man cried:

"What're you sneakin' around Darma for? Maybe we ain't so smart down here, but I ain't standin' for none of that with my sugar!"

Austin dodged the fist that sped at him—dodged it in an excess of sudden cool anger. He'd show this drug-store cowboy how to box. He swung a right and left toward his antagonist's chin and the jar of those impacts was good; a high joy was running in him. But as he stepped forward in the dark to another attack he tripped over something; the door sill or perhaps, in his eagerness, his own foot. Before he could recover his balance or his guard something exploded in his head; a white pain reverberated through his skull and he was conscious of sprawling ineptly floorward.

He came to with a delightful coolness moving over his forehead.

"Take this, mister," Darma told him as she held a glass with a colorless, pungently aromatic liquid under his nose. In her other hand was a wet cloth. She was kneeling beside him.

He gulped down the dose and sat up. "Where is he?"

"Gone home. I told those white trash to make tracks. Don't worry, you fixed him so he won't be able to be outdoors with that shiner for a week." Then she added, reflectively, "George was full of 'shine and went sort of crazy, I guess."

For a minute his head swam and all he saw was an indistinct whiteness haloed with dark hair. "Oh, Darma—" he began and started to reach his arms up to her. He wanted to pull her to him, wanted, in a giddy exaltation, to tell her that he had to have her forever; that nothing, Ada nor anything else, mattered—but then his brain became clear and he snapped out of it.

"What, Austin? Feel bad?"

"Just dizzy a little. But it's all right now."

He got to his feet and was swiftly conscious of being clad only in his pajamas. Snatching his dressing-gown from a chair he donned it hastily. He was careful not to look at Darma.

"You better go to bed," she said. "I'll bet you've got an awful headache."

He stood at the window. "I'm trying to get a little air."

"I'm sorry about it happening," Darma offered presently. "George goes blind runnin' just because we were engaged last spring. But we'll talk in the morning. Good night, mister. I guess I'm a little headachy myself."

He turned and smiled. "Good night," he said.

But she didn't go right away. She stood with her back to him in the door, her head drooping. He couldn't stand that. He went over and asked, "Are you ill?" although he knew that wasn't it.

She turned. "You see, I can't manage my life. It just rambles along and often goes to pieces. You promised to tell me how to manage it, Austin. Can't I make it efficient some way?"

Without, really, any volition of his own, he opened his arms and she came into them, and before he could hesitate he had kissed her. All the joy of the forbidden and the unattainable, all the hunger of starvation was in that kiss.

"You do funny things to me, mister," she murmured finally.

But Austin was suddenly consumed with a reckless courage. "You want me to tell you how to manage your life? I will. Go get your things together. We'll wake up somebody, a justice or something, get married and catch the two-o'clock train for—for the East."

HER hands clenched his shoulders. "All right, Austin. I knew I would if you wanted me to, ever since walking home tonight. But, Austin, how about Ada?"

"Oh, forget Ada!" The enormity of what he said staggered him a bit, but he was drunk with his own impetuosity—the first fine spree of a cautious life. "She doesn't care anything about me and I don't care anything about her. Why, she—she despises me deep down. I see it now. She wants a machine, a robot!"

"Talk on like that," said Darma. "I like to hear you."

"Not now. You go get ready. Five minutes. You'll never know how important it is that you hurry."

He pushed her gaily toward the hall, kissed her once more and then began, half hysterically, to pack. He was afraid he would weaken and he didn't want to weaken.

When he was ready, he sat down in a chair for a moment to rest. The stillness was absolute. He was very happy. He meditated on the exciting process of forming Darma's character, watching her quicken and wake up. But as he meditated, something of the insidious somnolence of Calomega floated in on the mild night breeze and he closed his eyes. He went quickly sound asleep, like a child who could not quite wait the whole night for Christmas morning, with the excitement and all.

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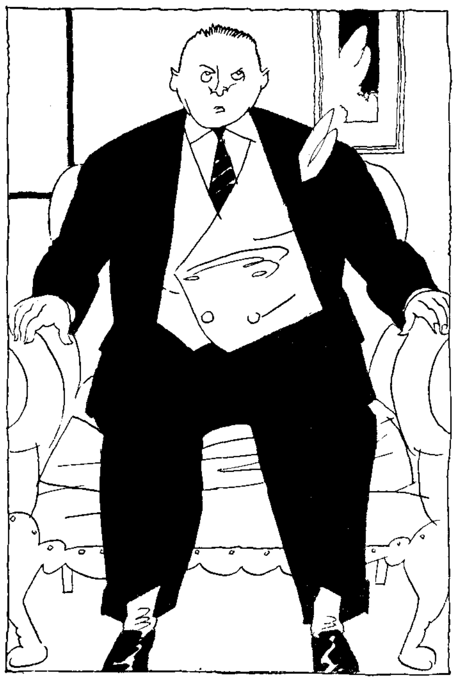

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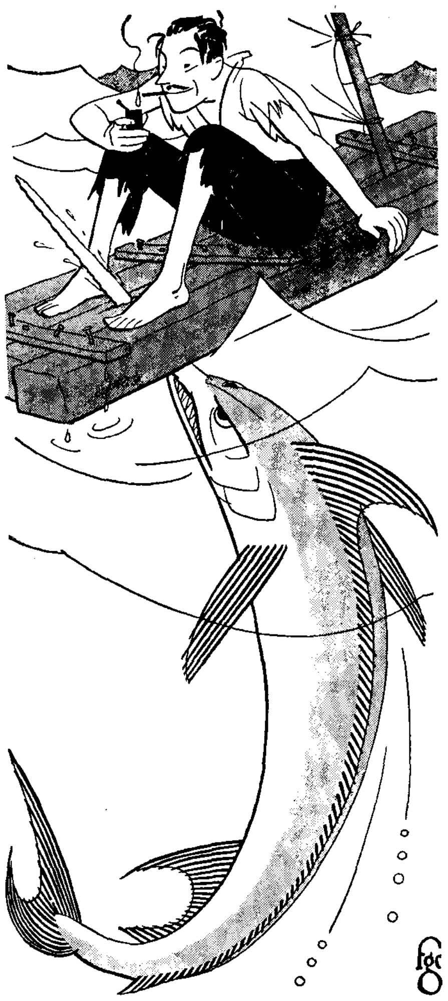

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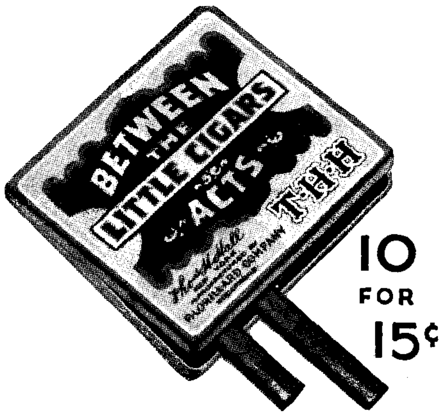

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Grudge Bandits

Continued from page 18

$110,000 which they might have had just as well as not. However, they were not so disgusted with themselves as to want to reform. John Sontag went back to California. George Contant, who also took the name of Sontag, followed within a month or two, but in the meanwhile the members of the original organization had got busy, robbed another Southern Pacific train and made off with a lot of loot, including the aforementioned case of watches, which, as a matter of merrymaking, Mr. Evans had surreptitiously placed on the porch of the parsonage. This little joke started something.

The Town Grows Famous

The Octopus, as anyone at all acquainted with the disposition of that kind of a monster can easily guess, had been sore for some time. Three or four of its crack trains had been rudely held up, a lot of money had passed into the hands of the robbers, and, until now, the Pinkerton boys and the paid sleuths of the company had been chasing their tails around in small circles in their search for clues. But with the discovery of the watches the situation changed at once. Not for a single moment did anyone believe in the preacher's guilt. All that the finding of the watches really did was to indicate that somebody who did know all about the robberies that had been committed against the peace and dignity of the writhing Octopus either had been, or was still, in the town of Visalia.

But this was enough to make the town famous. It was the *only* clue that had come in the way of the detectives and they made much of it. They came to the town in droves; they drank up barrels of bar-whisky; they mysteriously interviewed all of Visalia's high-powered females—which is a way of doing detectives still have when they are looking for criminals—and they never unearthed another clue. They also went in for publicity. They put advertisements in the papers and plastered the entire countryside with posters announcing a fabulous reward for the robbers, dead or alive.

Visalia enjoyed all of this, reaped a heavy profit and then threw a spasm of real joy when, all of a sudden, another robbery took place. This time three men participated in the affair—George, you see, had come on from Minnesota and joined Chris Evans and brother John at Fresno. The loot consisted of two or three heavy bags of coin.

Then something did happen, but the rewards didn't have anything to do with it. George Sontag, as he called himself, who had not come to Visalia following the robbery, dropped into town to see brother John and collect his part of the profit. This innocent visit brought on a lot of hard luck. At that time strangers in Visalia were viewed with suspicion and so hardly had George stepped off the train when he was politely requested by a Pinkerton operator to step over to the sheriff's office and explain himself. George went willingly, talked freely, said he was John Sontag's brother and made no protest whatever when the Pinkerton man told him he would have to wait in the office while somebody went over to the Evans place to check up his tale with brother John.

Taking a deputy by the name of Witte and a couple of other men with him, Big Bill Smith obeyed instructions and drove out to the Evans home. As they approached the place the man in the buckboard clearly saw John Sontag come out of the barn and go into the rear of the house, but when they knocked on the front door and asked Miss Eva Evans, who opened it, if Sontag was there she very promptly replied that he was not.

"You're a liar," responded Witte, "I just seen him with my own eyes and—"

But the deputy had already said a mouthful. The foreman of the grand jury, resenting the rudeness to his daughter, knocked the man down with a .45 caliber pistol bullet and then as John Sontag suddenly appeared with a sawed-off shotgun the remaining detectives, with Big Bill in the lead, left the premises. They left in a hurry. On the way out Bill missed the gate, knocked down a panel of picket fence, and for two years thereafter, this vacancy in the enclosure was known as "Smith's Gap."

Chris Evans looked down at the wounded man lying at his feet. "That settles it, John," he said to Sontag. "Come on, I reckon we better be moving along." The two men went out, climbed into the sheriff's buckboard, which the detectives had forgotten to take with them, and drove away into the hills of Tulare County.

A month passed; not a trace of the outlaws had been found, and then word came to Big Bill Smith, who was commanding the field operations from his headquarters in the barroom of a saloon at Mill Creek stage station, that the fugitives could be found at a ranch house on the Barton Trail. Bill got busy immediately, organized a party of thirteen gunmen, including two Apache scouts, imported from San Carlos, Arizona, and set out to verify the report.

It was wrong as to detail but very gaudy as to results. Instead of locating his men on the Barton Trail he ran onto them in a cabin, and he didn't have to issue any invitation to them to come out and fight. Evans started the engagement. Seated at a window reading a paper the old man saw the posse approaching. He reached for a shotgun, waited until the leaders of the Smith party were in good range of the window and then he let go.

A Brisk Engagement

Two men rolled out of their saddles, Big Bill got a bullet in the back of his neck and the whole gang, except the two Apaches, headed for the brush at the edge of the clearing. The savages, however, who had more nerve than the white gunfighters, dropped down behind a boulder and, for the next hour, made things exceedingly interesting for Chris Evans, who was fighting a one-man battle. Sontag had gone down at the first fire with a bullet in his chest and the old ranchman had to go it alone. He made a noble single-handed job of it. Dividing his attention between the Indians back of the boulder and the white men who were sniping from the distant brush he kept them from rushing him and finally switched the play by rushing the Indians himself. This move ended the engagement. The red men retired. The white men had long since gone for reinforcements, eleven to one not being odds enough to suit Big Bill Smith, and Evans was the victor.

He went and caught one of the horses left behind by the posse; brought it in, lifted Sontag aboard, tied him to the saddle, swung his rifle to his shoulder, and, leading the animal, he struck out for the tall peaks in the distance. All

(*Continued on page 74*)

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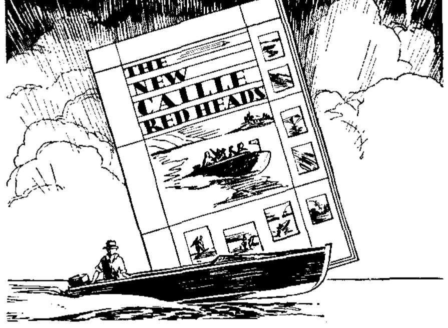
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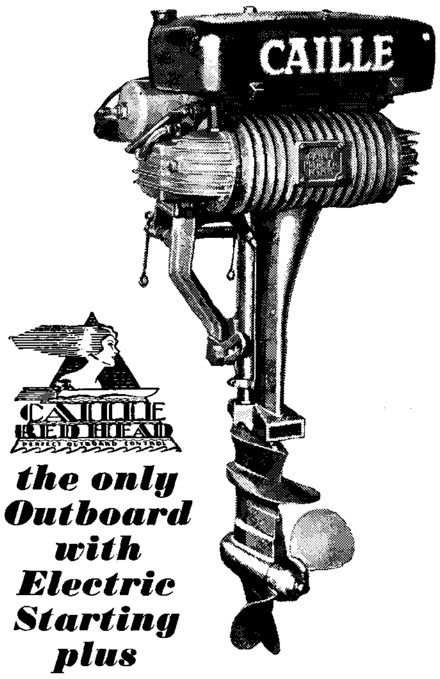

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(*Continued from page 73*)

day he struggled along; darkness came, he still struggled on and at last, at midnight, he delivered his delirious comrade to a friendly ranchman, who agreed to send for a doctor and to care for Sontag until he had recovered.

The next day Evans went back to the hills. Far up, almost on the summit of the Sierra Nevadas, he established a stronghold, built a cabin, named the place Fort Defiance, and came down again to see about Sontag. Evans had been out of the public eye for a month; Sontag had gotten entirely well. Big Bill Smith, with a bullet wound in his neck, animosity in his heart, and all the vast resources of the Octopus behind him, was determined to get Chris Evans even if it took all of three summers and ten thousand men to do it.

Another Lone Battle

But where was Chris Evans? To be perfectly frank about it, and not in any way to belittle the ability of Mr. Smith, we will say that for almost a week Mr. Evans was right there in Visalia visiting his family. He came into town, enjoyed a brief rest, and then, stopping on the way to pick up Sontag, he went back to Fort Defiance.

Early one morning a posse of about twenty men ran into Evans and Sontag as the two men were crossing an open wheat field. Again there were no preliminary remarks. The meeting was called to order with a broadside from the entire posse and Chris Evans' left arm, shattered below the elbow, dropped to his side.

This time it was John Sontag who fought a lone fight. Every condition of the battle was against him. He was outnumbered twenty to one, he was in the middle of an open field, and yet for three hours he stood off his assailants. A chance shot knocked out Chris Evans' left eye; another broke his other arm, also below the elbow, and finally a bullet from the rifle of a Huron Indian, who had crawled up through the wheat stubble, pierced Sontag's lungs. He fell to the ground, but he was still able to shoot. Throughout that entire day he held off the posse and after nightfall, when the intrepid possemen were able to sneak in on the wounded man without much chance of getting hurt, they did so and found that Chris Evans *was gone!*

Blinded in one eye, and with both arms broken, the old man had made a clear get-away. All that night and far into the next day he staggered on. At last he came to a ranch house and being unable with his broken arms to manipulate the gate latch he climbed to the top of the fence and fell over on the inside. He got to his feet, struggled to the pump, used his elbows to pump himself a drink of water, and then went to the house. Two hours later a posse arrived and made the demand that Chris Evans surrender. "Whose posse is it?" asked the old man.

"It's the sheriff's," was the reply.

"All right then, I'll surrender," said Chris Evans, "but I never will to Bill Smith."

John Sontag died on July 4, 1893, and on December 15th of the same year Chris Evans, his left eye gone forever and his arm amputated at the elbow, stood at rigid attention while the district judge in Fresno sentenced him to imprisonment for life. It was a great triumph for Big Bill but a blow to Visalia. The detective gloated, the town groaned and then, in the twinkling of an eye almost, the situation was reversed.

"Extra! Extra! Evans Escapes. Evans Escapes!" That was the cry of the newsboys, and that, in fact, was the glorious truth.

Chris Evans was again free. Assisted by a man named Morrell, the old outlaw had locked the Fresno jailer up in one of his own private apartments and walked out. On the street he held up the mayor, who just happened to be there at the wrong time; at the next corner he shot a hole in the chief of police and then, accompanied by Morrell, he commandeered a rig, pitched the owner out into the road and drove headlong for the King's River Bridge some miles away.

A pursuing posse, however, got to the bridge first and then Evans and Morrell accomplished the impossible. They abandoned their rig, crossed the river on a flume, and a week later, after shooting a clear path for themselves through the ranks of another bevy of man hunters, they were safe in Fort Defiance.

It was dead of winter now, very lonely and terribly cold way up there in the mountains, and as Chris Evans was a sociable man he came down often to visit his friends on the ranches in the lowlands. Several times he got caught and every time he got away, with more or less damage to his pursuers. He and Morrell seemed to bear charmed lives.

Finally, however, they got too bold. They remained too long enjoying the hospitality of a miner, a friend of Chris Evans, and the posse got too close for comfort. They shot their way out of this scrape and got safely back to Fort Defiance, but not without leaving such an open trail behind them that the trackers were able to follow it easily. They did so, and the next morning when Chris Evans opened the door and stepped out for a breath of air a rifle ball caught him in the head. He fell back in the cabin.

"That's the end of you, Chris, I reckon," said Morrell, as he reached for his own gun. But it wasn't. Before the younger man could realize what had happened to the old Chief had jumped to his feet, snatched up a rifle and a belt of cartridges, and crying, "Follow me, Ed," had dashed out of the cabin. Morrell followed, dived into a concealed path made for just such a crisis, and a few hundred feet away he came upon the old man seated on a rock.

"Cut open this damn blister on the back of my head," said the Chief. "It hurts like hell."

Morrell looked. A bullet had plowed its way along the scalp of the old warhorse and at the base of the furrow a large blood blister was forming. The young man punctured it with his knife, washed the entire wound out with a handful of snow and the old man straightened up.

"Come on," the old man said, "we better be getting out of this."

On the Move

For the next three days the two men had a terrible time. They were entirely without food; one snow and sleet storm followed another, and for the last twelve hours Evans was practically blind. Finally, though, they reached a haven in the home of a friendly rancher. They rested for two days and again they were off. They were now "on the country." Fort Defiance was no longer a refuge and they had to keep moving. They kept moving and so did Big Bill's numerous posses. It was a magnificent, a glorious game of hide and seek which meant life and death to at least two, and maybe a lot more of its players. It lasted for several weeks and finally Morrell became so badly stricken with rheumatism that it was up to the old, one-armed Chief practically to carry his partner along at times.

They penetrated to the very outskirts of the town of Visalia, found refuge with friends, slept soundly and rested for the night and when they awoke in the morning and looked out they found themselves gazing down into the muzzles of hundreds of rifles. They had been betrayed, the place was surrounded, escape was impossible, and yet Chris Evans, before he would consider a proposition to surrender, demanded that he be told who was in command of the posse.

"The sheriff of Tulare County," was the reply.

"Then let the sheriff write me a note and sign it," answered Evans.

The note was written and sent in. It was satisfactory and the next moment Evans and Morrell were out on the porch and were shaking hands with the officer. He was a friend of theirs, and the two men knew it. But he was also an officer of the law and he did his duty. He locked his two prisoners up in the Visalia jail and almost immediately something that closely resembled hell broke loose in the now really famous town. The fire bell rang, the whistles blew and down in the "Spanish Quarter," which was the real hangout of the Big Bill Smith contingent, preparations for a double lynching were immediately put under way.

The thing moved rapidly—some historians say that Big Bill Smith himself incited the movement—and the mob, fully inflamed with bad whisky and bountifully supplied with half-inch rope, took up its march to the jail, and the sheriff, who of course knew all about the proposed party, went in to talk to Evans and Morrell.

"They're a-comin' after you fellows," he said to the old Chief, "but they'll never get you, Chris, unless they do it over my dead body."

"No," replied Evans, "there won't be anything like that, Sheriff. You ain't going to get hurt. Just give us our guns and a chance to use 'em and we'll make 'em kill us. That'll be better than a hanging."

Off to Fresno

"I know it, old man," answered the sheriff. "I knew you'd say that, but there's another way out if you boys want to try it. We'll just jump into my buckboard and maybe we can beat 'em to Fresno. Are you game to tackle it?"

"Anything you say, Sheriff."

The sheriff took off the prisoners' shackles, handed them their own pistols and led the way out to the rear of the jail, where two deputies and a buckboard were ready and waiting. The five men got in and off they went. For a few miles all went well, they were beginning to think they had eluded the lynchers and then from behind them came the thud, thud, thud of pursuing horses.

The sheriff stopped, turned his team crossways on the road and they all got out. The mob approached. Apparently it consisted of about one hundred men. It got closer, slowed up, halted at a respectful distance and the sheriff called out:

"I'm the Sheriff of Tulare County. I've sworn to uphold the law and by the eternal God I'm going to uphold it. There are five of us here, we all know how to shoot and we'll die doing it. If any of you blankety-blank skunks want any of our medicine come and get it."

There was a heavy silence, a silence that seemed a long one and the skunks turned and rode back toward Visalia.

Evans and Morrell looked at one another. Here was their chance. It was an even one, almost, between liberty and imprisonment for life. They chose the latter. They handed their guns back to the sheriff, but that official refused to take them.

"Keep 'em," he said, "until we get to Fresno. I can trust you, because, Chris Evans, by gar, you're a man!"

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* Chart based on study of thousands of cases, showing prevalence of common colds during Spring and early Summer.

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for troubled throats

Grandeur and Misery of Victory

Continued from page 13

forces most formidably equipped. The Marne and Verdun will ever remain among the very greatest feats of war.

Yet mutual butchery cannot be the chief occupation of life. The glory of our civilization is that it enables us—occasionally—to live an almost normal life. The Armistice is the interval between the fall and rise of the curtain. Hail to it and welcome!

Who knows? Perhaps the stage of humanity is being set anew, for effects undreamed of. The bounds of civilization are extending, while, to the strains of the Geneva guitar, an ever-widening field is opened up for the planning of those acts of violence which will disclose to us new rungs on the ladder of human progress. This amounts to saying that the Armistice is a door opening on the unknown. Such has ever been the course of human life as the pendulum swings to and fro.

The Fourteen Points

As far as I am concerned, there was no difference of opinion between Marshal Foch and myself, except on the matter of the number of troops to be retained by the Germans, and I obtained a very considerable reduction of these without any difficulty.

I had to defend myself in the Chamber against the accusation of *"having failed to disarm Germany."* This was the only objection that the Opposition, in its disorganized state, could find to raise.

Soon another campaign was launched to show that we had committed an unpardonable sin in accepting the Armistice, instead of going on and signing it in Berlin. Marshal Foch, who was responsible for Rethondes, had not allowed himself to be decoyed into that path. To his honor I must say that I have heard him protest in no measured tones against the absurd ideas of certain quill-drivers, declaring roundly that, once the military result had been achieved, we had no right to gamble with *"the life of a single man"* over a question that was completely settled from the military point of view.

As for me, my duty was very simple. Mr. Wilson, when he sent us the American Army, had put to us the famous fourteen points. Were we prepared to cease fighting on the day when the Germans accepted these various points? If I had refused to reply in the affirmative it would have been nothing less than a breach of faith, and the country would have denounced me with one voice, while our soldiers would have disowned me, and with good reason.

After I had promised, with everyone's approval, to agree to President Wilson's conditions, conditions as wise as they were firm, was I likely to confront him with a refusal at the moment when he asked me to fulfill our engagements? I was not the man to turn traitor to myself as well as to my country. Besides, nobody asked me to, until the danger involved in refusal was past.

To be quite candid, there was no serious opposition to the harshest clauses of the Armistice except among our British allies, who were applying themselves heartily to the task of sparing Germany—fearing nothing so much as that the balance of power might too markedly swing over to the advantage of their "ally," France.

On my return from India, as I was passing through London on my way to Oxford to receive an honorary degree, Mr. Lloyd George asked me to come and see him at the House of Commons. His first words were to ask me if I had anything to say to him.

"Yes, indeed!" I replied. "I have to tell you that from the very day after the Armistice I found you an enemy to France."

"Well," he rejoined, *"was it not always our traditional policy?"*

Great Britain has not ceased to be an island defended by the waves, which is why she believes herself obliged to multiply causes of dissension among the peoples of the Continent, so as to secure peace for her own conquests. This policy has brought her many a day of triumph, in opposition to us.

The new men on the other side of the Channel have not yet perceived that since those days there have been many changes. They were fully aware, however, that the invasion of Belgium meant that they were directly menaced in their most vital parts by a Germany that was declaring that her future *was on the water.* They decided to save England with our assistance, at the risk of freeing France at the same time. They gallantly fulfilled their part, and we treasure up for them a gratitude they mistrust through fear that we may make it an excuse for securing those future advantages which still haunt the dreams of some of our warlike civilians. Our fate seems to be settled, for an invading America has taken it into her head to pay us visits the aims of which are commercial, and Great Britain may yet suffer more from this than the insight of her latter-day politicians yet allows them to suppose. How many notes of interrogation attend the mere statement of the first problems of the peace!

"The Peace Conference," magic word, following with startling suddenness on the carnage of the War to precipitate men from the worst excess of violence into the bottomless pit of a hope of universal justice, as swift to show itself as to vanish away in smoke! Too many stark realities in the War, and too many postponements in the making of peace.

While awaiting the plenipotentiaries of the civilized world, who were to meet in Paris, I thought of the ancient accessories of palavers and parades that used to go hand in hand on such ceremonial occasions. We had suffered too much on every side to revive the tradition of the international festivities that served as interludes to the high-sounding decrees of the sovereigns, who used to take pleasure in diverting the nations before dismembering them.

The New Factor

The Arc de Triomphe, completed by Louis Philippe of "peace at any price" fame, invites us to live in the memories of Austerlitz or Jena, while the real end of the Napoleonic adventure (which is not the whole history of France) was Waterloo. And if we wished to carry on with the thread of the old story should we not find the descendants of Wellington barring the way to the posterity of Blücher?

Need it be added that since those times America has appeared in the amazing development of a vehement energy that carries a population of a hundred millions to the excesses of a materialistic power that, once let loose, no one will be able to master? For the moment she is claiming to establish herself in the economic world of Europe in the guise of a master, with the same eventual outcome as the onslaughts of

(*Continued on page 76*)

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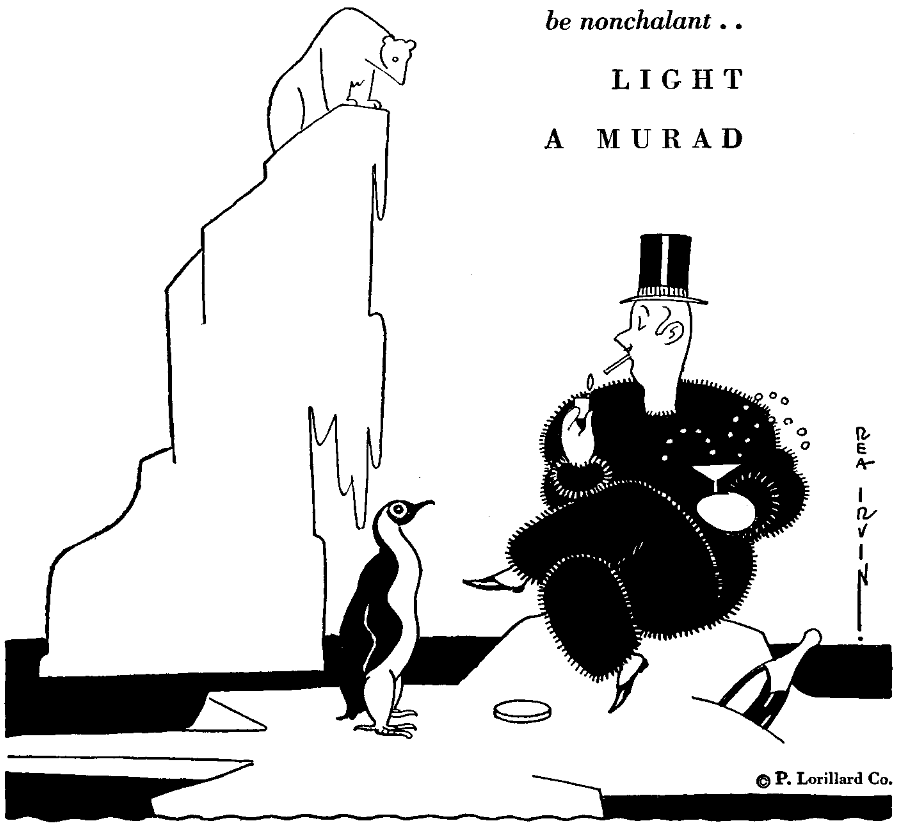
be nonchalant . .

LIGHT

A MURAD



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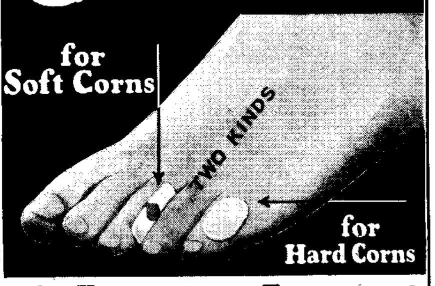

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GLOVER'S IMPERIAL DOG MEDICINES

(*Continued from page 75*)

those conquerors who, in spite of so many apparent triumphs, came to grief in the end. So was it with Napoleon, whom we have already named. The fact is that there is no standing still. We must either rise or fall.

Only for a time do wars destroy the strength of the vanquished to the advantage of the victor. And yet the progress of murder machines goes faster than that of organizations for peace. Already the bombardment of towns by asphyxiating gases seems to be reaching a perfection that will not be easily surpassed. Today it even seems that a good organization for butchery, functioning smoothly, could, with a sufficient number of Zeppelins, in a few seconds, destroy a town—a whole people, in fact—without even some report from a secretary of a maid-of-all-work League of Nations being left for the eye of the historian of this last phase of progress.

The Curtains Part

Ah, well! In spite of these vast horizons in the cloudiness of which the human mind is lost, as soon as men of ordinary feeling meet together to discuss the chances of a peace of mutual tolerance—since we cannot have brotherhood—gestures become quiet, tones grow gentler, eyelids flutter over astonished eyes, and the hand is unclenched for a gesture of goodwill. Gone are the Talleyrands, the Metternichs, of yesterday, shadows of the days forever past! Now let the door open to the messengers of the new era.

I waited. At last a providential hand draws back the curtain of the somewhat vulgar golds and faded silks of the Quai d'Orsay. And here is Lloyd George, fresh and pink, coming forward with a bright, two-fisted smile, and gesticulations now and then so violent that one day President Wilson had to interpose between us with outstretched arms, saying pleasantly, "Well, well! I have never come across two such unreasonable men!" which allowed us to end the angry scene in laughter.

And here is Mr. Arthur Balfour, the most cultured, the most gracious, the most courteous of adamantine men. Mr. Bonar Law, the prince of balance, who would have been a first-class Frenchman had he not been wholly British. Lord Robert Cecil, a Christian who believes and is fain to live his belief, with a smile like a Chinese dragon to express a stubborn mind banged, barred and bolted against arguments. Lord Milner, a brilliant intellect crowned with high culture that culminates in a discreet sentimentality. Extreme gentleness and extreme firmness. A poet in his moments. The man who, in an official report on a night journey from London to Versailles at one of our most trying moments, paused to speak of the loveliness of the moonlight and the young spring grass.

Later there comes on the scene President Woodrow Wilson, armored in his "fourteen points," symbolized in as many pointed wisdom teeth that never let themselves be turned aside from their duty. Edward House, "Colonel House," a super-civilized person escaped from the wilds of Texas, who sees everything, who understands everything, and, while never doing anything but what he thinks fit, knows how to gain the ear and the respect of everybody. A good American, very nearly as good a Frenchman, a sifting, pondering mind, above all, the traditional gentleman. I should be most ungrateful if I could forget the eminent service that this man, one of the best types of the true American, rendered the cause of a civilized peace. Were it only for picking out this good auxiliary, Mr. Wilson would deserve the gratitude of the friends of humanity.

Doubtless he had too much confidence in all the talky-talk and super-talky-talk of his "League of Nations." But what could he do in an assembly of talkers to whom he saw himself obliged to refuse all executive power? Excess of confidence in words can only lead to disappointments.

I must furthermore mention the excellent General Bliss, an independent mind who had well-anchored personal opinions and never budged from them. Also an admiral-physician who returned an everlasting no to whatever he was asked, and never attempted a word of explaining. And Mr. Hoover, today President of the United States, who was conspicuous for the stiffness of the man whose nerves are at the end of their tether; Signor Orlando, all things to all men, very Italian, seconded by Baron Sonnino, possessed of a formidable irony, who never let go once he had got his teeth in anything; M. Hymans, a Belgian, politely incisive.

And then comes one of the best of them all, Benes, the man of resuscitated Czecho-Slovakia, who won general esteem and confidence by the high rectitude of his speech and by his lofty intellect. Venizelos, the veritable son of Ulysses and Calypso, imbued, as was meet and proper, with ancient Hellenic guile. Paderewski, great harmonious soul, making his overflowing heart sing his dream. And there are many others whom I ought to name, not to mention the ineffable group of malcontents—Robert Lansing, Keynes, etc.

Doherty, the delegate from Canada, good-looking, but with an expression of limited intelligence. The delegate from New Zealand, Massey, who takes his place in the first rank for the loftiness of his sentiments and the eloquent kindliness of his broad speech. It was a stock joke to ask him how old he was when he gave up being a cannibal, to which he would answer, "Anyway, I had mine cooked, but you eat yours raw." Smuts of South Africa, with his forced smile, who made the mistake of leaving papers about in which he vented his spleen against the French. And then, flitting round this nosegay of minds in flower, whole constellations of faces for consultation, which lit up and died down at the question of those who had brought them there to endow them with omniscience.

My Lord the Tiger

I have kept until the end my great friend the Maharajah of Bikaner, who spoke out boldly against the lifting of the feminine veil of Islam (the purdah). In the Rampura jungle, on my visit to the excellent Maharajah of Gwalior, he enabled me to make the acquaintance of my lord the tiger, and pay him my appropriate respects.

Here was an assembly of widely varied individuals in which it might be said that every continent and quarter of the globe was represented, all characterized by a common body of ideas as to the rights of peoples to govern themselves according to a representative system which, with all its imperfections, will nevertheless remain an achievement far and away nobler than the violences of conquest. I allow that it may not be the last word of our civilization. What is the last word in anything? It is none the less the sign of an emancipation of human societies emerging from the realm of primitive violence to shape themselves to the reactions that establish freedom.

Let us then salute them on their entering into history, these liberators who bring to the brutalities of empiricism the help of ideas. The first uses to which this independence is put may be, and in fact too often are, but second-rate. But the elimination of part of the violences of human society, to make way for a better order in the development of human personality, of human dignity, marks such an achievement in the activities of the thinking creature that there can be no misuse capable of making him regret it.

To the same period belong the greatness and wretchedness of the strongest and weakest sides of that ideal of ourselves which we bear within us. I salute these delegates of victory—great in idea, poor in resources—who bring in their triumphant hands the raw materials for an effort so splendid that even the disappointments of failure are haloed with an unconquerable hope. Welcome, friends, to our stunned capital, amid the last throes of the most violent outbreak of barbarism, in which civilization itself was on the point of succumbing. You are the living witness of our heights and our depths, between which it is sometimes hard to distinguish.

The Opposition

Yes, I know full well that there will be forces in opposition. Foch, being a soldier, will be loath to abandon the tradition of conquest, and, like every conqueror in history, he has found jurists to construct for him, midway between yes and no, a doctrine of permanent conquest. There is nothing surprising in that. There is no victory which has not, and which does not retain, traces of defeats. There is no defeat which does not carry with it vague echoes whispering of eventual victories that can be worked for.

The keynote of the Treaty of Versailles is *the liberation of the peoples,* the independence of nationalities, whereas the keynote of the policy of Marshal Foch and M. Poincaré was the *occupation* of a territory by force of arms against the will of its inhabitants.

I am fully aware that these gentlemen had no objection to the liberations of the peoples. There was no fear of their refusing us their consent. They had no wish to take anything except from their own neighbors. That being conceded, they were peremptory in insisting that no one must follow their example. In truth, the silence of M. Poincaré, who could not dissociate himself from political arguments as easily as the Marshal, was only too easily explained.

The Conference had passed into history. If, as a result of the endeavors of the vanquished who had now become noisy hecklers, the Allies did not become actually misallied, there were some who threw over their war friendships, and our governments did not even show the measure of resistance necessary to maintain intact our right to reparations.

The Conference is innocent of these evils. It called before it all the parties interested. All who had anything to say were heard. The Treaty will be judged on its merits. The spectacle of a weighty and imposing Conference of Arbitration between peoples asking for justice is a historical event, which, whatever happens, will have consequences for the future.

It is for each of us to realize that the most certain gain he has won by emerging victorious from the fight is the power of cheerfully carrying his burden, to which he may sometimes even add part of another's load. No matter what the result, the best of man's life is to try.

I was there. My eyes met the eyes of friends. My hands touched brotherly hands. I hoped. I desired. I even sometimes acted under the cross-fire of words, with an insubordinate soldier at my heels, a President of the Republic who would have liked to see me at the bottom of a well, in the noise and bustle of Parliament, which was already giving tongue tumultuously like a pack of hounds when the stag has taken soil.

Meanwhile, all the delegates from all the countries must needs take me aside, in turn, to expound their particular thesis, giving me plainly to understand that I should be the vilest of creatures if I raised an objection. And each of us submitted to his neighbor's "turn," until the whole series was gone through.

Such as it is, with its shortcomings, avoidable or otherwise, the Treaty of Versailles, preceded by the Armistice like the first chords of the orchestra, will at least mark a pause in the present or future harmony of peoples striving for freedom.

What will remain of the greatest effort of the human civilizations for an enlargement of universal civilization I shall not attempt to foresee, after ten years of talk in which victors and vanquished have gone on the same tack to shatter, one by one, every guarantee of success.

If the Germans, those friends of culture, had been capable of aspiring to other things than facilities for oppression under the leading of their *steel helmets,* I would feel bound to admire the vigor of their systematic reactions against military defeat. But the moral progress of man would apparently exceed our organic possibilities if we could swing completely from one pole of our sensibilities to the other. Our fathers awaited the Messiah. The Messiah is within us. The problem is to set him free.

In the moral turmoil of the confusion of thoughts and feelings that followed the Great War, on both sides of the Front, who, looking back today, could discern grounds for expecting any reasoned wisdom of judgment? The vanquished who, since their declaration of war and their violation of Belgian neutrality (under the protection of their sworn pledge), had been guilty of every crime against humanity, resort in childish fashion to every kind of lie in order to turn away from themselves the accusing finger of outraged consciences.

The Traditional Policy

They thus aggravate their crime and bring condemnation upon themselves beyond the sternest judgment, by openly seeking a return of force for a twofold weight of lies and of inhumanity. But our humanitarian countries bound to unite willy-nilly against all excesses of violence, finding themselves no longer linked by the immediate fear of a common enemy, have returned, to quote Mr. Lloyd George, *to the traditional policy of enmity.*

Like all conquering peoples, England is now struggling under the weight of her conquests. The half of the globe does not suffice for America to invest her savings, which are in some sort ours; and France, because she has spilt her best blood on the battlefields, remains inert in the hands of those who lull her into slumber, without having yet been able to understand through what failing of her historic *élan* she has allowed so many friends to slip ingloriously over to the ranks of the enemy. And many ask why we have been abandoned, without understanding that our own cause was first abandoned by ourselves.

Another article by Georges Clemenceau will appear in next week's issue

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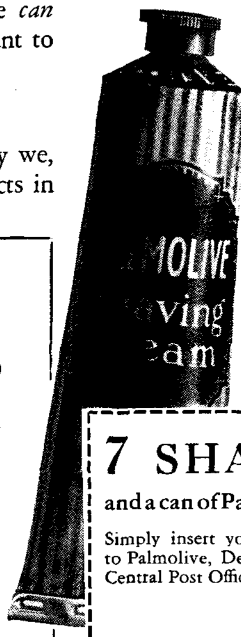

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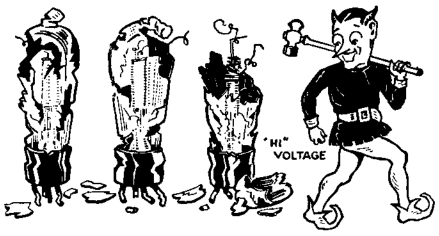

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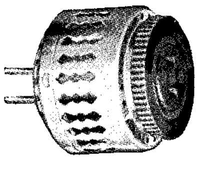

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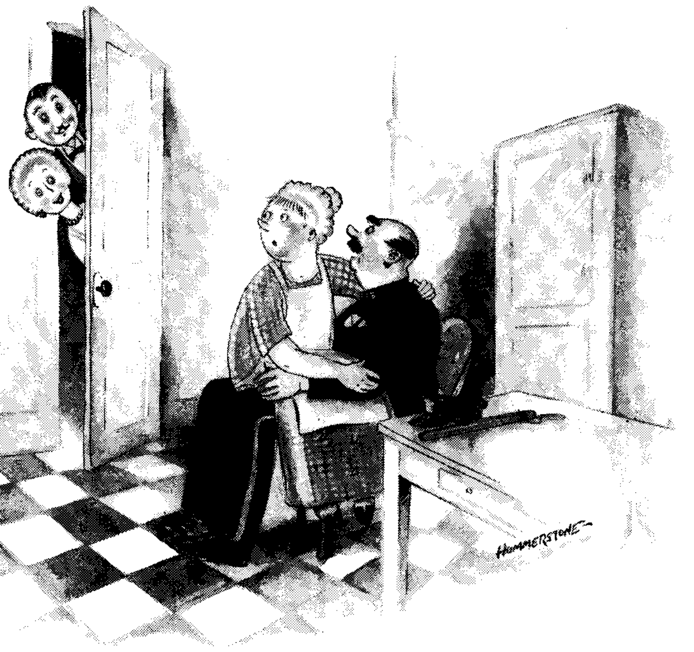


"Oh, Myrtle, do you and your boy friend play bridge?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. 8-7-3-2
H. 7-6
D. 10-9-2
C. 7-5-4-2

West
S. A-6
H. Q-J-10-9-4-2
D. 8-7-3
C. K-6

East
S. K-4
H. A-8-3
D. A-6-5-4
C. Q-J-10-3

South
S. Q-J-10-9-5
H. K-5
D. K-Q-J
C. A-9-8

IF THE above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, had been played at Auction, South would have opened the auction with a bid of one Spade. A No-Trump bid could not be criticized severely, but the suit-bid would be safer because South's hand has no established or readily establishable long suit, and has but single stoppers in Clubs and Hearts. On the other hand, there is sufficient compensating side strength to justify the bid of a five-card suit headed by Queen-Jack-Ten.

West would make a following bid of two Hearts, which North and East would pass. South holds strength enough to rebid Spades; but because it is distributed among the four suits he could double West's two Hearts—of course informatorily. After a pass by West, North would bid two Spades in response to his partner's double. East's assist to three Hearts, followed by three passes, would end the auction.

The hand was played at Contract and South started with two Spades to show that he held six probable tricks, included among which were at least three high-card tricks. West ventured three Hearts, North passed and East gladly made the game jump to four Hearts as he held—for a suit jump—a count of 16 (King of Spades 3, Ace of Hearts 5, Ace of Diamonds 5, Queen-Jack of Clubs 2, and 1 for the Spade doubleton).

The Play

North led the Deuce of Spades. Some players invariably lead the highest irrespective of the number held; but with a keen partner the fourth best opening is generally more informative when made from four small cards and frequently will assist him in reading the distribution of the other suits.

The Declarer who played this deal proved that he did not deserve an expert rating; he had an easy game in sight, but fell one trick short of it. He counted two Spade tricks, three Clubs, one Diamond and five Hearts without the help of a finesse—six if North held the King. He therefore figured that he had a sure game with one trick to spare, and a possible small slam. On the strength of this, he won the first Spade in his own hand with the Ace, and finessed the Queen of Hearts. South won the trick and at once played his King of Diamonds. Declarer won with dummy's Ace, pulled the adverse trumps and started the establishment of his Clubs; but, alas, too late; South came in promptly with the Ace, cashed two good Diamonds and Declarer was held to three-odd.

If Declarer had counted his possible losers instead of his apparent winners, he would have seen that one Club certainly must be lost; one Heart if South had the King; and two Diamonds unless the Clubs were established and West got a Diamond discard before the Ace of Diamonds was forced out.

The hand could have been played to yield four-odd as follows:

Dummy should win the first trick with the King of Spades and lead a low Club. South would play the Ace and West's King would be thrown on it. To trick 3 South would lead a Diamond which East would win with the Ace and then lead two rounds of Clubs, on the second of which West would obtain one Diamond discard.

After dummy's second Club lead, closed hand is put in with the Ace of Spades (retained for that purpose) and the Heart finesse is tried. South's King wins and he cashes one Diamond; but West ruffs the next Daimond lead with a high Heart, draws the remaining adverse trumps and scores four-odd—game.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

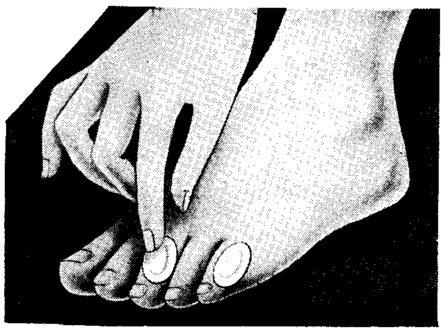
North
S. A-K-4
H. K-Q-8
D. 10-8-2
C. 10-5-4-3

East
S. Q-9-7-3
H. J-7-6-4-2
D. K-Q-6
C. 7

West
S. 10-5-2
H. A-5-3
D. 7-5-3
C. K-8-6-2

South
S. J-8-6
H. 10-9
D. A-J-9-4
C. A-Q-J-9

Ends CORNS



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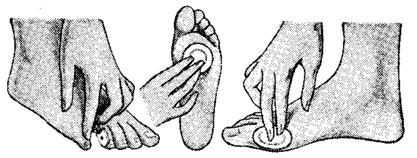

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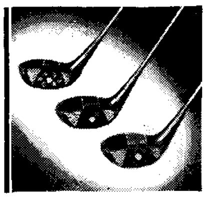

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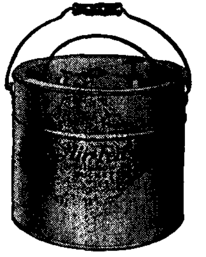

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Chivalry has Limits

Continued from page 26

against that day when she will marry into economic security—a security she may not achieve, alas. At any rate, such a woman is careless of the wage problem. She has no one to support but herself. She can do this rather well on twenty dollars a week if she is living at home where there are other incomes contributing to the upkeep. At least, she appears to be able to.

"She takes what she can get. But next to her, work women who have financial responsibilities—the Mrs. Heergusts, Mrs. Spiegels, or Miss Kovaks. Their traditions are all homeward. No matter how keen they may be at bargaining with the butcher and the baker they lose confidence when they face an employer. And he knows it. You will understand, of course, I am not talking about isolated cases."

Mrs. Wellsing's Story

Among Miss Peterson's exhibits are numerous stories like Mrs. Anna Wellsing's; and crime commissions could do worse than to study them.

Mrs. Wellsing is no longer young. She contributed four children to the population before she fared forth to solve her economic problem by getting a job in a canning factory. That was twelve years ago. She was glad enough to take the eighteen dollars the job offered, so glad in fact, that she wasn't particularly concerned that it was six dollars less than what they paid the man who swept the floor—a job a grade or so lower than hers.

She had worked in the canning factory before she married. Then they had paid her twenty dollars a week and were gracious enough to tell her that she was one of the best workers in the place, and that if she ever wanted to come back she'd be welcome. She came back and got her job, too; but not at the old wage. It was too obvious that she would come back at almost any figure.

The youngest of the four children was then six months old. Max, the next, was two. Clara was three and a half, and George was six. Inasmuch as it was necessary that somebody look after such babies, the Wellsings took in an old woman who otherwise would have been homeless—a very old woman who ate a great deal but could do very little else. Just couldn't. Most of the time she spent in bed, with the baby and Max beside her.

Mrs. Wellsing arose at five, attended to the children, got breakfast, prepared lunch and did about twenty more chores before speeding off to work at seven. At first it seemed she wouldn't be able to hold the job because her mind was forever straying from labeling cans to what young George might be doing.

But in time she got used to it and made good at her work. And now we come to the particular point of this tale. What George's conduct would have been had his mother remained at home during those twelve years is beside the point. But what we know is that she was not at home and that George ran wild. The judge sentencing him to prison two years ago did so with a long lecture about home influence and vicious associates and the duty of parents and what not. At any rate George is in jail—for the second time. This one was a bit of banditry wherein no one was killed. Otherwise George might have been electrocuted and his mother would have missed a day or so at the canning factory. Get docked for it too, probably.

The supposition is—and fair enough—that any woman as devoted to her family as Mrs. Wellsing (she might have abandoned them all as fathers do now and then) might very well have kept George straight had she been at home. Of course, that's merely a supposition.

"Our immediate concern," said Miss Peterson, "this country's immediate concern, is for that growing army of wives and mothers who must abandon home for the mill, the factory, the shop—as Mrs. Wellsing had to. Consider these women and you'll begin to understand that, if the future of our children is an important item in the country's progress, we are inviting a great deal of trouble."

What is written here is taken from what the Women's Bureau found in six surveys made by itself and thirty-one studies made by other agencies—most of them non-official sociological bodies. Of necessity there was much repetition in the stories of Mrs. Wellsing and Mrs. Heergust. Only now and then the trail twisted into situations such as Mrs. Castro's.

Mrs. Castro, like thousands of the others, went back to work to make up the difference between what her husband earned and what it took to maintain the family—five in all. And she did very well, too, earning as much as thirty dollars some weeks in a cotton mill. Such wages ranked her high among the employees, who got as little as twelve dollars and thought themselves particularly brilliant when they struggled as high as twenty-four. But Mrs. Castro was peculiarly adept. No trouble at all for her to keep fifteen or eighteen frames in good order.

But in time it dawned upon Mrs. Castro that Mr. Castro's energy diminished as hers increased. His efforts to support the family became less enthusiastic as it became apparent to him that she could do it alone if necessary.

Presently, when Mr. Castro was laid off, he accepted his notice with less gloom than formerly. And when the mill resumed work Mr. Castro was not among those who hurried back through the reopened gates. In short, he had lost so much zest that the whole idea was repugnant, and Mr. Castro remained idle for nine months.

A Quick Get-away

But not until one night when he beat her for insisting that he do something about a job did she take her complaint out of the house. She told it to a policeman who arrived at the flat just in time to miss Mr. Castro, who had taken to the fire escape.

And he has been absent ever since. Social workers discovered that Mr. Castro had paused in his flight in Pittsburgh where, lacking Mrs. Castro's wages, he has been obliged to go to work. Mrs. Castro was informed that they could fetch him back and prosecute him for desertion and non-support.

"No," said Mrs. Castro, "he would only get out of jail and then I'd have him on my hands again. We get along all right this way."

This gets away from Miss Peterson's main contention that by discriminating against women in wages and chances, the employer is making a myth of chivalry—a very loose word at best anyway. But one can find plenty of examples of what she claims in the case of higher paid women employees.

Repeatedly the survey found that

(*Continued on page 80*)

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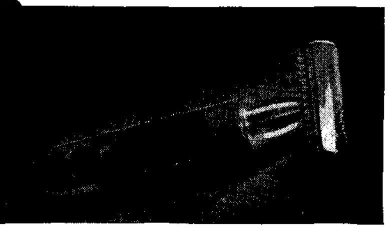

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Spur Tie

(*Continued from page 79*)

men in retail stores are paid more than women doing the same work. Likewise the men get the preference when opportunity for advancement is open.

Just how many women are supporting or helping to support their families in this country will not be known until the pending census is complete. It is more than three million—possibly much more.

The observations of the Women's Bureau were concentrated upon four cities which in their opinion offered the most compact and variegated cross section for their study—Jacksonville, Florida; Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania; Butte, Montana; and Passaic, New Jersey. The other thirty-one surveys took in the rest of the country from New York and Chicago to the Southern mill villages.

How to Break up Homes

Out of it all, from stories like Mrs. Heergust's, Mrs. Castro's and Mrs. Wellsing's, very definite conclusions were reached. For example, marriage no longer necessarily means release for women from their breadwinning activities, but frequently brings greater economic responsibilities. Also, the inadequate and casual care that children get, when the mother is compelled to be out at work, is discernible in much of our juvenile delinquency.

And it became clear that the easiest way to smash a home is first to smash the mother. In a hospital in Passaic the investigators found Mrs. Callimo, who had collapsed in the street on her way home from the mill. Getting up at five-thirty every morning for seven years, setting her house and family in order before going to work, had sent her out a little too tired to finish her job.

After nine hours at the looms she had to hurry if she was to be home in time to cook the family dinner, see that the children were reasonably clean (she had always insisted on that), do the washing and ironing and mending, and attend to the other hundred and one claims the family made upon her. You may call her unusual and you may be right. The survey doesn't make comparisons nor grade the women interviewed—thousands of them.

At any rate she had tried it and, physically, had failed. Inasmuch as Mrs. Callimo was a widow, there was no husband to interview. Just the four children. And they were divided among three state institutions the day after Mrs. Callimo, still worrying about the rash on the baby's shoulders, died.

"Sooner or later," said Miss Peterson, "we'll have to do something about all this. The sooner the better, too. The whole danger is not in principle either, although the economic phase with its attending evils is the most prominent. But if men will insist upon confirming the growing conviction among women workers that chivalry is a myth, they'll regret it in, among other things, the change they will find in women's attitude toward home life."

The Flying Dutchman

Continued from page 23

dapper athletes of post-war vintage, who own college degrees. One and all, the veterans were products of corner lot and boiler factory or the more threadbare hinterland farms.

"Temperament was no asset then at all. I got $2,000 a year, for instance, and nobody got much more, and if a fellow held out for better terms we'd have put him down as crazy. Imagine getting $80 a week during the season for playing baseball!"

Although nobody doubts that Wagner ranked with Cobb as a gate magnet for at least twelve of his years in the big league, Honus never stepped into what the boys call "real money." From $2,000 he was raised to $2,400 and after several years to $5,000. Along came the outrageous Federal Leaguers, invading big league locker-rooms with false whiskers and certified checks. They offered Honus $20,000. For a trice—not more than a trice—Honus became a stern business man. The Pirate management raised him to $10,000 a year—mild but effective reward for his loyalty.

In the old days the boys had time only for intense fun and intense hate.

"Harry Smith, the well-known catcher, was the Pirates' jester," says Honus. "One of his best gags has been attributed to everybody from Ring Lardner to Judge Landis.

"Among some of the illiterate lads who came up from the sticks every season to sign their contracts with crosses was an outfielder with a huge appetite. We trained and traveled through hotels on the American plan, with elaborate menus. This player sat next to me at meals the first day he joined up. He'd pretend to read the menu after I'd ordered my meal. Then he'd toss the card aside and say, casually, 'Give me the same as him!'

"The next day I was under the weather, so all I ate at dinner was two boiled eggs. The mug ordered the same. When they came he glared in disgust, swallowed them quick and barged over to where Harry Smith was eating a porterhouse. He ordered the same as Harry. After that you couldn't separate him from Smith at table until Harry went on a milk diet—publicly—having his real meals served in his room.

"After a tight game with Boston somebody—I've always suspected Harry Smith—framed a telegram and handed it to this outfielder. He called me aside in the dressing-room.

"'My eyes is bad from the sun,' he said. 'Read this wire, will yer?'

"The wire was not addressed to this guy at all, but to some other player, telling him a suit was waiting at a tailor's in New York.

"'Sure,' I told him. 'The wire says they've got a warrant for you down in Tennessee.'

"The fellow turned pale, but when he went back to the showers and they kidded him about the wire, he said it was an offer from Frank Chance to go to the Cubs.

When Diamonds Were Rough

"Managers in that stone-headed age of twenty years ago wouldn't permit fraternization," says Honus. "I used to like Mathewson very much, and also Doyle and Eddie Grant of the Giants. The Big Six was an inspiration to everybody. I recall once how he brought the house down at Pittsburgh when the Giants were trouncing us Pirates and our crowd was booing every pitch.

"The mob was so great barrels had been rolled on to the outfield for seats. I remember one little girl sitting on a barrel in right field. The garden fielders objected to her and others sitting so close. The Giant right-fielder ran after a fly and kicked that barrel over to reach it, sprawling the youngster on the ground. He threw the ball home and

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scored an out. But Mathewson held up the finish of the inning to walk from the pitcher's mound, help the fallen girl to a seat in a front-row box and apologize to her in behalf of the Giants. That's the kind of a fellow that Big Six was.

"These gruffer chaps on all our teams were good-hearted down underneath but savage with the opposition. For two years I'd been waiting for an opportunity to talk to Bill McGuigan about his work in center field for the Giants. He kept a close mouth, like one of his home-town clams. Finally, at the last of the 1913 season, when the Giants cinched the pennant by beating us three out of five in a closing series, I caught up with McGuigan as we left the field.

"'Great work, Bill!' I said.

"'Go to hell,' was all he replied.

"And afterwards he explained to McGraw that he had to be nice and talk to an old veteran like me!

"There was little hard drinking among the old-time clubs, and not enough crime of any kind to make scandal. I recall one player who was a kleptomaniac with a passion for pianos. In three separate Georgia hotels he stole pianos by moving them out at night with the aid of confederates. Finally, he was dropped from the club, because, although a good player, he was incurable.

"A year or two after he left us we were billed for an exhibition game in Indiana. The umpire on bases wore a mustache and was a terror. He stole the game from us. That made me study him closely, and before the end of the game it dawned upon me that I had seen this chap before. Finally, I asked him.

"'Certainly,' he said. 'You know me and I know you. Care to buy a piano?'"

As the incidents of life go tumbling through his mind one understands why Honus Wagner appears fresh, even impish on a big-boned scale. After he retired in 1919 Honus became a coach and followed basketball. He had been doubling on basketball through winters at the height of his fame. That was unwise, for basketball involved bouncing on the feet, which overstrains the ankles —and if they go, speed in base-running vanishes.

"That's how you feel yourself slipping," says Honus. "On the bases. I can throw and stop fast ones and hit almost as well as ever—but I can't run." (Honus hit over .300 practically all his career.)

Frankly, he thinks the game has become a trifle sissified in late years.

"They've taken the kick out of pitching," he moans. "In my day, or heyday, a pitcher could almost be a conjurer with spitballs, shine-balls, slippery elm and trick motions. That's all banned. The players are older and perhaps better business men than we were. How many of them would play, as we did, five games in one day—doing the fifth by electric light, as we once did at Paterson, New Jersey?"

Honus went home to Pittsburgh and business and the bosom of his charming little family of wife and two daughters. The three lady Wagners are daughters of ball-players. Mrs. Wagner, besides being Honus' most fervent admirer before and after marriage, is the daughter of John Smith, the celebrated pitcher, who quit professional baseball when whiskers were banned and he was denied the privilege of naming his catcher.

The greatest shortstop of all time took a generous chew of tobacco before making his closing remarks. Pondering, he wielded a huge thumb that almost outdistanced his forefinger in handling a pen, and signed what seemed endless letters to secretaries of clubs in the flourishing Honus Wagner baseball league of Pennsylvania. Then he made a date to play the very next evening and to lecture in a high school the following Monday, and turned from business to name, by special request, the Honus Wagner All-Time All-America Baseball Team.

By Choice

"Mathewson as pitcher, of course," said he. "And the catcher, Johnny Kling of the Cubs. What a battery that would be!

"First base—Hal Chase.

"Second base—Larry Lajoie.

"Shortstop—Joe Tinker.

"Third base—Jimmy Collins, who was the first to break up John McGraw's bunting game by inventing the single-motion scoop and throw-out.

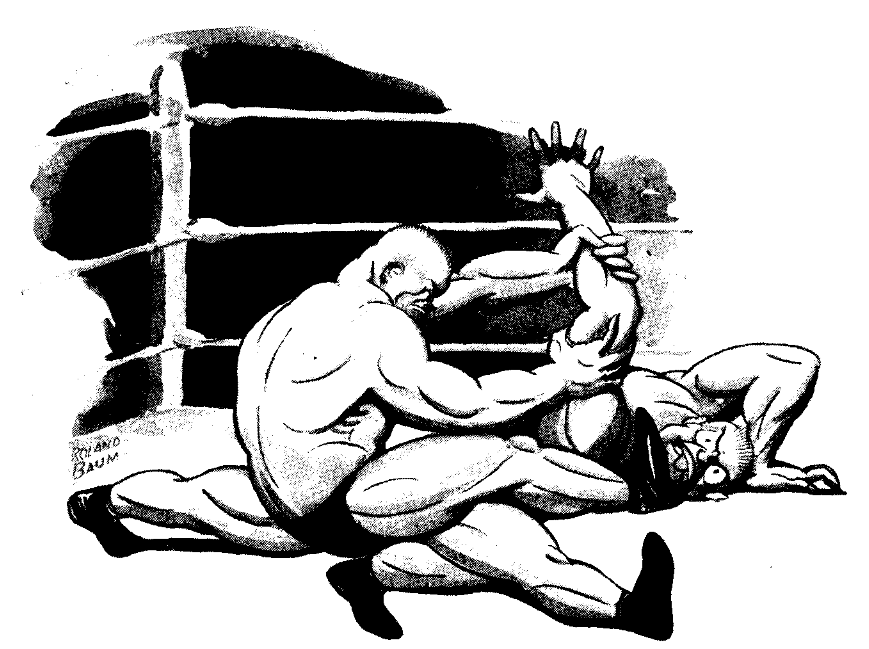
"Left field—Fred Clarke.

"Center field—Ty Cobb.

"Right field—Babe Ruth.

"For manager of that team I'd nominate John McGraw—a hard man, but a just man, who always protected his players. And the ideal umpires for the team would be Bob Emslie and Bill Klem."

A modern may disagree with Honus Wagner's selections, not because he omits mention of a great shortstop like Bob Parent, or of a modern marvel like Frisch, but because in modesty he leaves out Honus Wagner. What immortal nine of baseball would ever be accepted without Honus?



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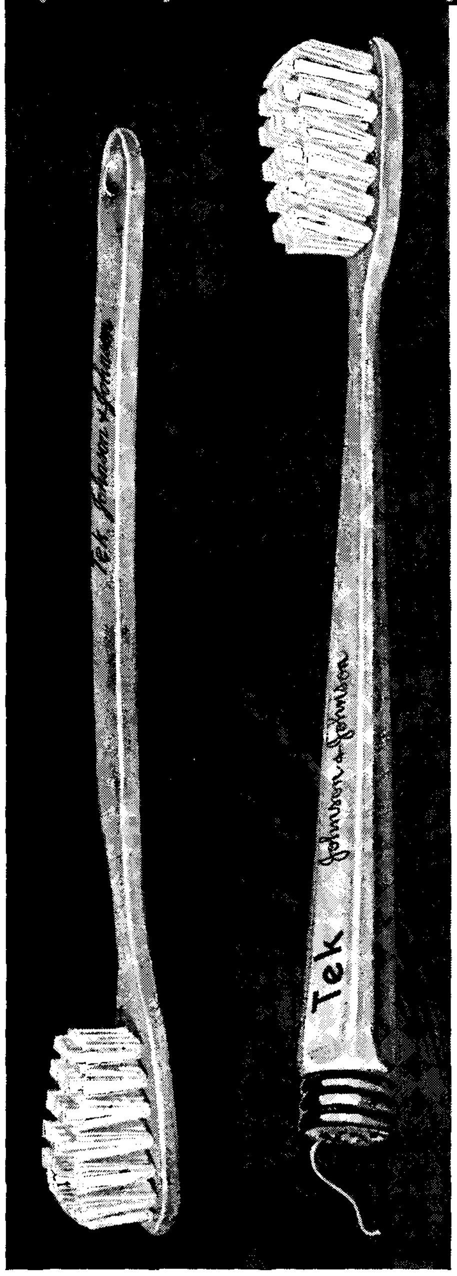

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To Have and to Hold

WHEN stock-market prices tumbled last fall it was said that securities had passed from weak to strong hands.

The little stockholder, the owner of a few shares, was supposed to have lost while the rich were reported to have reaped the harvest.

If this condition had been true, if the small investor had been deprived of his accumulation, a very heavy blow would have been struck at American prosperity. For the economic well-being of this country depends upon a very wide distribution of wealth and emphatically not upon the concentration of riches in the hands of the few.

Recent reports from many of the largest corporations show conclusively that the small owner was not crowded out by the stock-market debacle. On the contrary, the ownership of American industry is much more widely distributed than it was six months ago.

The change has been highly spectacular.

A group of very important corporations, including banks, public utilities, railroads and industrial concerns, has reported a growth in the number of stockholders from 1,820,988 in 1929 to 2,546,247 this year.

Most of the largest corporations are included in this list. Among them are the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, General Motors, United States Steel, the Pennsylvania Railroad and the largest public utilities.

The significance of this fact can scarcely be exaggerated in estimating the outlook of business at this time.

Fifteen years ago—before the Liberty Loans—it was estimated that there were not more than half a million investors in American industry.

Last year that number was about 15,000,000. The change measured by this vast widening of the capitalist class was nothing less than an economic revolution. Ownership was distributed by thrift to a degree unimagined in any radical philosophy. Now, despite the difficulties which arose out of falling security prices, the owners of American industry are more numerous than ever. The new prosperity has come triumphantly through its crucial test.

The secret of our unprecedented prosperity lay in the discovery of the domestic market. Fifteen million investors had money to spend as well as money to save.

We spent and saved. We were like the Eskimos, who support themselves by taking in each other's washing, but after all there is no firmer basis for prosperity than the exchange of useful services.

That great new market, ourselves, remains, and remains unhurt. We can't eat a hundred dollars' worth of ham and eggs every morning for breakfast but our appetites are still good and our capacity to buy is unimpaired.

The removal of the tariff bill from the range of uncertainty will unquestionably have a stimulating effect upon business. Even though the importance of the Senate debate upon tariff schedules has probably been overestimated, it is true that some orders were held up because of possible price changes due to the new tariff. Besides that, the mere elimination of the tariff discussion will serve to turn attention from politics to business.

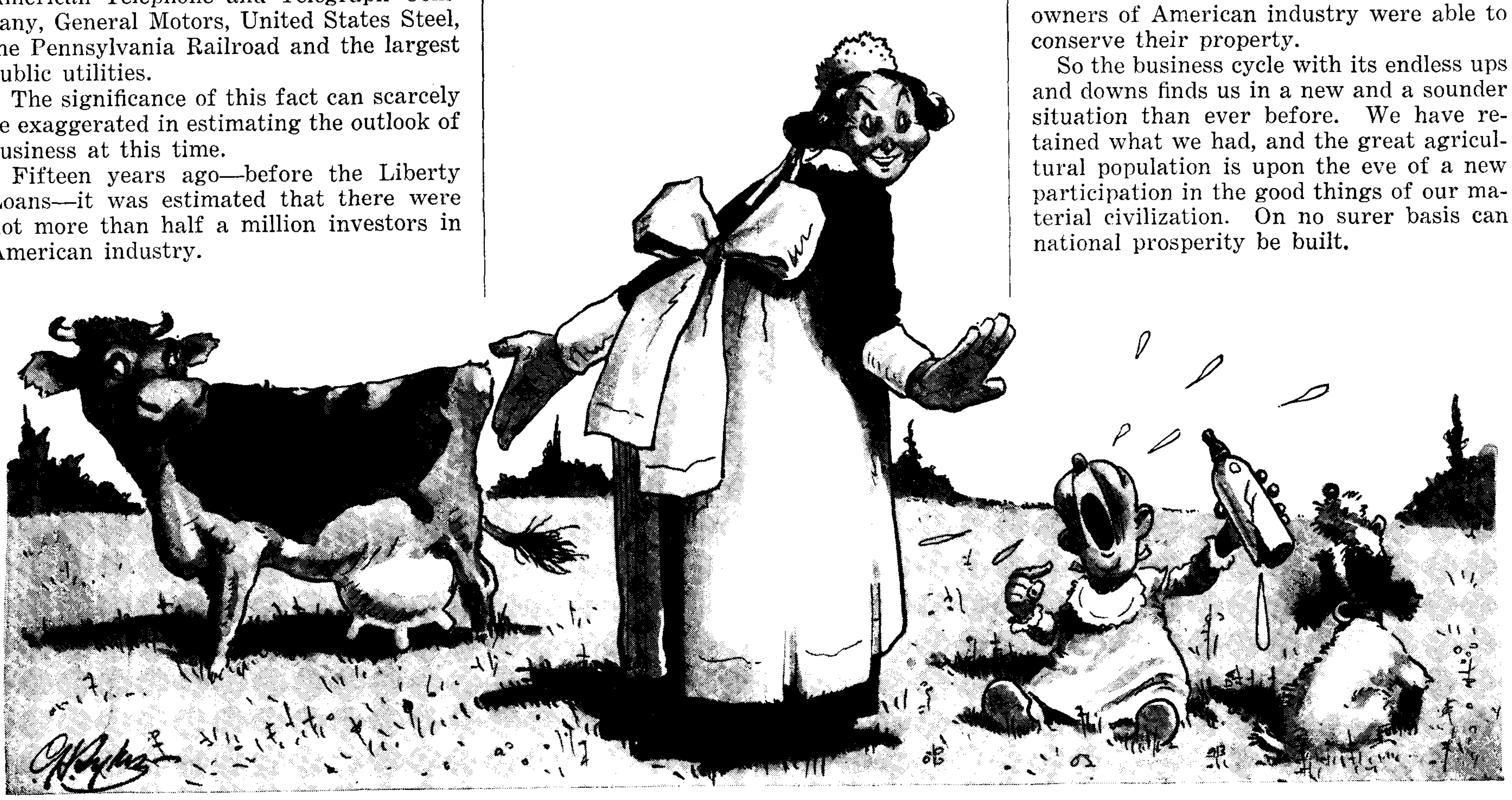
Another fundamental consideration is the operation of the Farm Board. The policies adopted by Mr. Legge and his associates will inevitably arouse antagonism where the business of traders in farm commodities is hurt or threatened, but much more important, from the national standpoint, is the increase in the farmer's purchasing power which may result from the Farm Board's policies.

During nearly ten years the farmer has been out of the market for things which other classes were buying and consuming. Yet farmers and their wives and children are just as eager to enjoy the comforts and luxuries of our civilization as are any other groups.

It is reasonable to expect better agricultural prices during the coming summer and during many years ahead. Purchases by the farmers should be on a larger scale than ever before.

The new prosperity survived the stock-market crash because the millions of new owners of American industry were able to conserve their property.

So the business cycle with its endless ups and downs finds us in a new and a sounder situation than ever before. We have retained what we had, and the great agricultural population is upon the eve of a new participation in the good things of our material civilization. On no surer basis can national prosperity be built.



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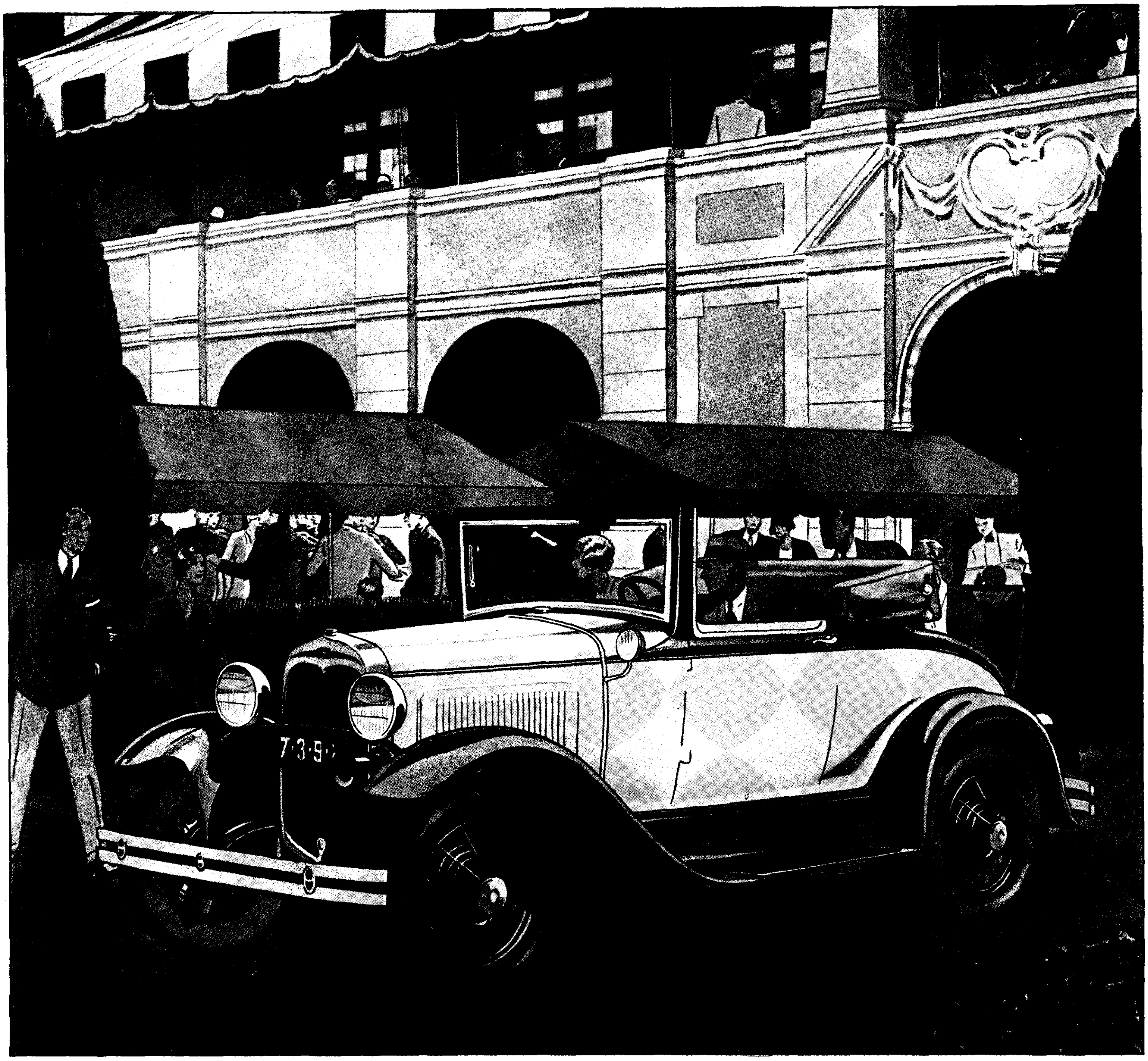

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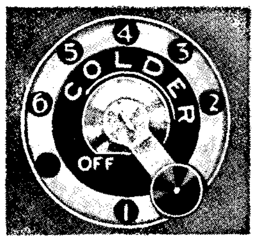

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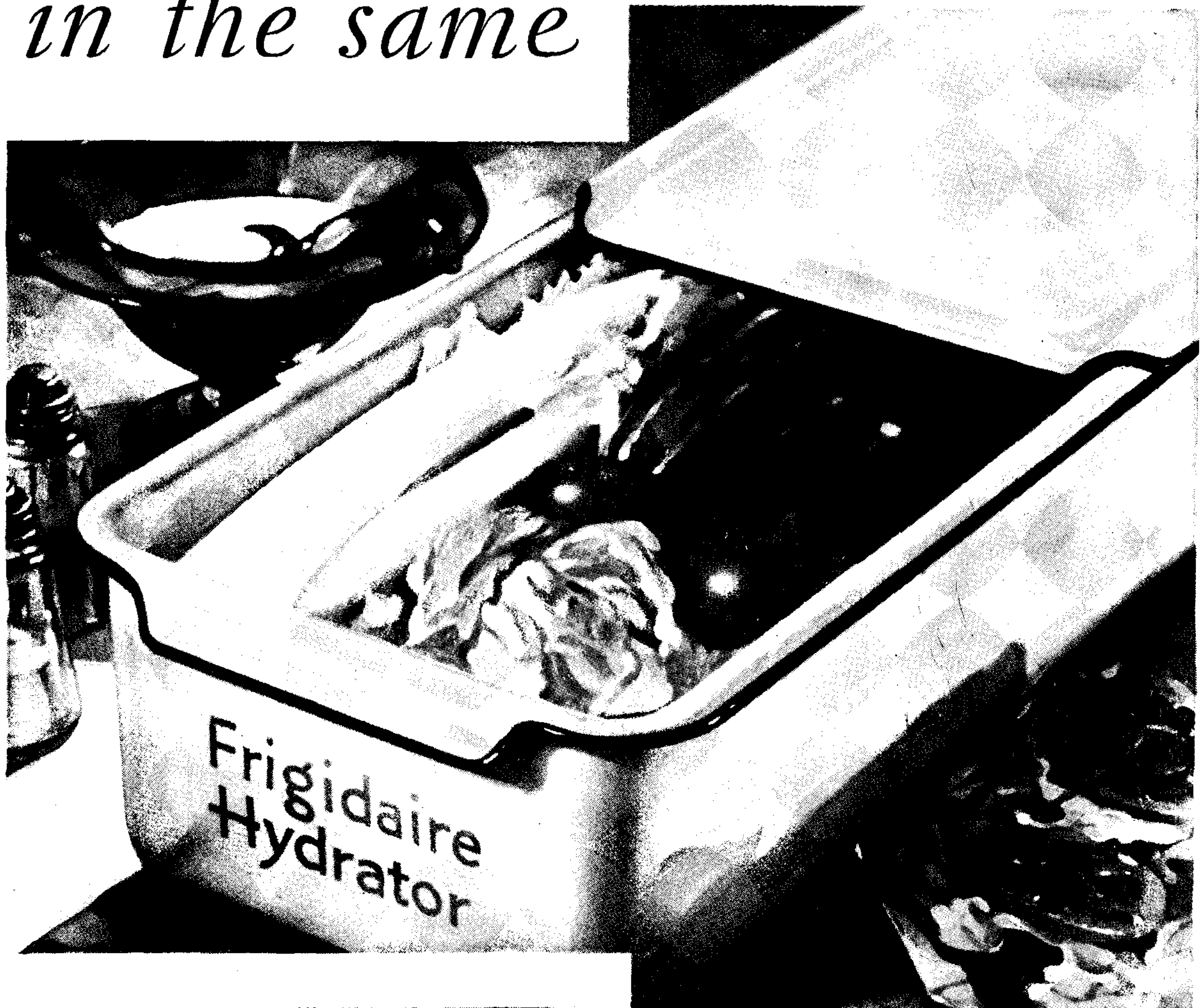

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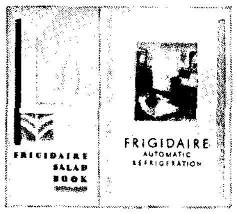

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